

CHARLOTTE PENCE

Love Between Parents

Once I gulped sex, unsure of its bounds.
 Now I read how scientists are unsure
 of computers' boundaries.

Outside, winter hardens into March.
 Blood-dot head of the woodpecker
 needles.

 The essay theorizes
 Computers' limits are
 the mind's
 limits.

My theory admits sex after a child
 is weird.

 Our bodies have become
 a rented text weary with underlines.

Love is a square of white
 where once hung a picture.

Memories of cravings—
 sleet-shined and treacherous as winter roads.

We are
 too close. Double pane windows dull
 the brighter the sun shines.

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When I see my love
at a distance,

leaving a drugstore,

sliding glass doors stretching, too bright day,
long strides,

I almost don't recognize him,

then do—that feeling
like a rush and being rushed,
one screen to next.

Always I wonder where is the end?

So, I turn to what is in front of me:
the window, dimpled with ghosts of rain.

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