

Three Stages of Intimacy

by Alexandra Magearu



"Abendrot, Acryl, 2008" by Brigitte Thonhauser-Merk

I.

TOUCH

Touch me as softly as possible,
you said,
and I passed my fingers
over the palm of your hand.

If touch is reversible,
and the skin touches and
is touched
in the same gesture,
then who was doing the touching?
And what is the difference
between my skin
and yours?

I'd like to know,
not because
I'm interested in distance,
in separation,
and the movement of air
between two bodies,
but because
I want to present myself to you
as I am:
transparent skin,
scars,
and a small animal heart.

II.

SYNCHRONY

There is something about synchrony,
unreal,
unstudied,
and unending,

as if our bodies were once joined together,
negligible parts of an enduring organism,
but had drifted apart
long ago, before memory was invented.

Awkwardness,
discomfort,
loose and disarticulated movements;
these are to be unlearned,
as we peel away the layers of dust,
the incidence of the fog,
obstructing objects,
thoughts of concrete shapes,
and the awareness of presence.

Contrary to popular belief,
synchrony is not about practice,
routine,
or learning.

It is the unthought,
the instinctual,
and the intuitive,
freed from the filters of the real.

It is life as it should be
between bodies in motion,
rushing at the same velocity
towards the same obstacles
and broken dreams,
towards the unraveling
and the exhaustion
of movement.

Synchrony,
thus,
is short lived

compared to the revolving motions of stars
in distant galaxies.

III.

DEEP TIME

I remember having
the sense of endlessness
and magnitude,
infinite depths
beyond the surface of things.

I felt there was no other way
but for us to lie down on the beach,
holding hands,
an endless chain of breathing bodies,
sinking in the sand,
brittle seashells blending into our hair,
as the waves would wash over us.

Only in this way could we
perceive the infinite rhythm,
the back and forth of time,
deep centuries,
humbling
and indifferent,
under so many unchanging stars.

A vast silence would wash over the streets of our cities,
while the thinking forests would swarm with wild animals.

And we, stretched on our backs,
eyes closed,
caught up in pure sensation,
would forget about the impracticalities of life,
about our burdened chests,
our apprehensions,

our small betrayals,
and our debts to friends
and old lovers.