

PETER FUNK

UNTANGLING

The ferry takes us into the fog.
Onboard laptops spin to life,
coffee is lightened and sweetened,
conversations pick up
where yesterday they left off.
The golden morning plays
a miniature extinction
as the boat slips from its warmth.
It's not so unlike the untangling
that people do, this movement
from light to fog,
when post love-making,
the tension spun out into the room,
received and released,
each cell individually relaxed
into a gentle fullness,
an absence looms
as suffocating as a boat leaving sunlight
and entering a fog.