Good-night Kiss

We bath in the same water,

drink from the same cup.

We have been naked for so long

in front of each other that

the ridiculous no longer registers—

tufts of hair, folds of skin

showing up where

they’ve not before been.

We know each other’s night sounds,

whether they mean nightmare or dream,

and we know that

one day one of us

will not wake from this,

which is the sweetness

and the terror

of every good-night kiss.