
POETRY | FALL 2013

I Kiss You

By Tom Whyne

I kiss you
Across the bed rail
Amid the plastic vines and steel
In your soft sarcophagus.
We are beds apart now,
Skins apart.
I lean across the rail -
Another kiss -
Forehead, nose, mouth,
Joking, mocking, meant.
There's a deep smile there
I know.
Beneath,
Like mine.

Tom Whyne is a retired drama teacher who has been writing all of his adult life. He returned to the craft of writing poetry after his long time partner fell and suffered a traumatic brain injury when she was 86 years old. His poems were made from the highs and lows of the three-year period that ended with her death. His first published poem is forthcoming in the Still Point Arts Quarterly.

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