

Trespasses

by [Gary Sledge](#) in the [May 3, 2005](#) issue

Among small things there are no boundaries
Not the sparrow, but the spot the sparrow leaves
Between the shaking limb, the sunlight and the trees

Beetles discard themselves as husks
Even galaxies pass right through one another
Not us, not we middle beings

We own and occupy, stack stones at borders
We find what we lack everywhere and lack
Everything we find, wanting everything

I wait until you are asleep and warm
To touch your hip, and voice your name
To ascertain whether you are there—or only I remain