

# 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