

MELISSA KWASNY

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*Clairvoyance (Your Word)*

Your word is *echo*, mine is *unfold*. My lover has picked the word *pool*. We have let a cool room, walking distance to the shore. We have each left a known paradise for an unknown. You unfold slowly my gift from its box. Cut-velvet, the color of merlot. But time unfolds is not unfolded unless one says by whom. Some butterflies flail so wildly they rip from their shroud. Some pelicans land so clumsily they break their wings. We sit at the pebbled beach, picking through the precious stones—what is it that will change my guests and me? What word, what jade, what carnelian? The pelicans sail like parachutes with brakes on over the waves, the slowest gliding we have ever seen. The ocean, with its huge shoulders, moves its furniture across the floor. Our mouths are not wide enough to make that sound. Though our bodies, being twin, can absorb it. We unfold our small words, one by one, against rock walls. Only *pool* echoes.