*“distance learning”*

*a.c. flyer*

I.

they told us that it’s not safe

to go outside anymore;

now, you and I can just

lie in our bedroom(*s*) and

touch each other, with no

regard for the world that is

crumbling around us.

II.

here is a crash course on

online learning: I am

teaching you about bones,

all of their curves and

edges, all of the places

they meet, engulfed by

soft tissue and cartilage. are

you following along? the

only skin within arms

reach is my own, so I

need you to do most of

the touching for me. it

will have to be enough.

III.

right now, our lives are

this: waiting, wanting,

wondering when and why

everything had to

change. it is in this liminality

that you and I connect like

a fork and a socket— in this

ghost town, in this dead

air, in the hours when we

start to hear birdsong in the

dark and no one is awake to

hear you sigh.

IV.

I want to kiss you on my

three favorite bones: the

mandible, the clavicle, and

the ilium. and did you know

that teeth aren’t bones? you

wouldn’t think that, not when

mine sink into your bottom lip

like a body in a grave. they

feel too close to the real thing

to be anything but.

V.

you and I are learning distance

and everything it is not;

miles apart, we speak a fantasy

where I cradle your jaw as you

stroke my back and we

fall asleep breathing

the same oxygen.