

# Cuyahoga County **Public Library**

By Tishon Woolcock

## KITCHEN

Sometimes, when we hug it feels  
Like two confused pilots landing.

If we're lucky, our bodies applaud  
When we collide.

Approaching you from behind  
At the counter in your AirPods,

I consider our attachment styles—  
How the sight of your back

Makes me want to wrap you in my arms,  
As if the knife you might be holding

is meant for me,  
And kissing your neck

Might convince you  
To reconsider.

I guess anxiety

Is my love language.

I sometimes worry we've built a house  
Out of the untouched Esther Perel cards  
In the basement—

That our knives, so readily on display,  
Reveal too much about what may eventually  
Be shorn apart—

What is hard-won  
And what is just hard.

But, sometimes, you lean back  
And your sigh becomes ours.

I see the slice of bread  
Is already buttered,

And the knife  
Is just a table knife,

And the steam  
Rising from your coffee is just steam.