

gambit

Knowledge
Hillary Warren

“You can never truly know
another’s heart,”
said the English professor
whose pretend wisdom was pulled
from a scholarly journal.
I lowered my eyes,
feigning note-taking.

And when you smiled, invited me
to lie down that evening,
I was humbled at my altar,
memorizing life rhythms
imagining a blue and red labyrinth
of complexities I concede are
above my intellect
but beside me, too.

Weaving stories of this moment,
and the ones past
your heart spoke to me in tones of consistency
but layered as the intricate net
of sinuous strings pulling –
an orchestra that plays
with hardly a rest,
sheets of music that

gambit

span years to accent
a life's trials and wonders.

You breathed, and you spoke,
for hours,
and I listened,
and I knew.