## Something New

Wallace Stevens Poetry Contest, 2nd Prize

He traces his finger down through the ravine between my breasts.
The peaks of pale flesh rise and fall with each breath.
His skin looks like a shadow against the cream-colored landscape.

This finger continues
down
across a third peak
rounder
and taller
than the other two.
The landscape shifts suddenly beneath his finger,
which jumps
then skips
across this sloped surface.

We are light and dark.
We are separate languages.
We are borders and boundaries that share
this new
life.

He traces his finger down through both our histories to the place where they converge.