

## Chrysalism

*n.* the amniotic tranquility of being indoors during a thunderstorm, listening to waves of rain pattering against the roof like an argument upstairs, whose muffled words are unintelligible but whose crackling release of built-up tension you understand perfectly.

The front door has not even closed behind me  
before I am shaking all trace of rain from my hair, tip-toeing around  
an archipelago of puddles in the foyer to follow a blues tune into the den  
where I find you, fingers stretched across ivory, coaxing out a melody.  
The wind through the gaps in the French doors murmurs, and  
the fire leaps in syncopated time.

Behind you the window is an oil painting of sunset trees  
against a canvas sky, and like gravity you pull me  
to the hearth, cocoon me in blankets,  
layers of them between me and the cold, until  
I am imagining white sand beaches and long days,  
far from the cinnamon-scented candles that do their best  
to lure me back to you.

Wind hammers against the roof and  
echoes throughout your home, demanding entry.  
The time on your wrist doesn't match the clock on the wall.  
Maybe you've forgotten to set it back an hour, or  
maybe you just don't need to.  
And who would, in this artificially heated paradise  
amid these autumnal tones?  
When I reach to set things right, you pull away,  
content to sit in silence as the storm rages on outside.