

# Dispensation

by Jane Flett

My life was growing on me  
like a soft Scottish moss  
like a habit becoming ingrained  
like a Hollywood kiss I allowed myself to swoon in  
again and again  
camera forever racing for the close up.

"It's just something you fall into,"  
said A, as we lay on the floor.

He meant ageing.

We giggled ontologically, thinking  
about life. About ageing.  
We giggled existentially.

By slaying dragons and spitting into gorges,  
we had earned the right to mock  
the whims of fate.

By sitting still and shivering  
within reach of each other's palms  
we had earned a dispensation

*—sit this round out, if need be,  
for you must be so very, very tired.*

It was true: the months had been  
ludicrous. I was almost ripe to nestle  
in cutlery drawers and eiderdown.

"Perhaps," I said, folding my legs

and considering  
keeping it all to myself:

lips / grins / tricks & ankles

considering  
taking a break from the process.

We were allowed, goddamit,  
but then a feather twitched outside the window  
a whisper snickered round grate, and  
somewhere, in the city, there was kissing.

I sighed, and as the sigh left my lips  
it snagged on a rusty nail  
and morphed into a howl at the moon, so

I gave myself up to participation.  
We gave ourselves to  
the tongues of the night.

