I Think They’re Asleep

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I wonder if she remembers
the long nights curled in her basement,
afraid of getting caught,
listening for the footsteps that made the old floorboards
squeal above our heads.
It wasn’t love,
though that’s what we called it for awhile.
It was the way her hair fell down
past her silk shoulders and how
the sweat dripped from her temple
over her soft, crimson cheeks
and down her neck.
I wonder if she remembers the way her heart would beat
faster and faster
and how I would rest my head on her chest
and listen to her breathe
deeper and deeper
as if each breath were her last.
We weren’t thinking of what was to come—
we glued the pedal to the floor
of the red Corvette and took our hands off the wheel.
We were young,
we will always be young.
We threw ourselves at each other like lonely dreamers
but only after she told me,
I think they’re asleep.