

Party of the First Part

By Stephen Wing

So which one is the hugger
and which is the huggee?
I mean if two consenting adults
apply a mutually inclusive measure
of muscular encirclement,
freely attaching themselves at the heart
in a fully symbiotic, non-virtual embrace,
exchanging equivalent amounts
of sensual tranquility and consensual bliss
for a precisely equal number of minutes
that seem to stretch out luxuriously
heartbeat by heartbeat
into a lifelong friendship
the very first time we meet, well,
how can we even tell ourselves apart?
And for that briefest of eternities,
is it actually possible to distinguish
the ones doing the hugging
from the hug itself?

Stephen Wing lives in Atlanta, where he hosts an “Earth Poetry” workshop each season to explore the city’s many urban greenspaces. He is the author of three books of poems and serves on the boards of the Lake Claire Community Land Trust and Nuclear Watch South. Visit him at www.StephenWing.com.

