

A Third Body
By Robert Bly
from "*Loving a Woman in Two Worlds*"

A man and a woman sit near each other, and they do not long
at this moment to be older, or younger, nor born in any other
nation, or time, or place.

They are content to be where they are, talking or not-talking.

Their breaths together feed someone whom we do not know.

The man sees the way his fingers move; he sees her hands close
around a book she hands to him.

They obey a third body that they share in common.

They have made a promise to love that body.

Age may come, parting may come, death will come.

A man and a woman sit near each other;

as they breathe they feed someone we do not know, someone we
know of, whom we have never seen.