

# babe

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Aish Thamba

i called you babe,  
accidentally, of course...  
perhaps it was a slip of the tongue  
just as much as your fingers  
slip between mine or perhaps  
your shoulder: a steady  
warmth against the light of  
day.

i hope you didn't notice,  
how i played it off with a laugh,  
a casual shake of my head,  
a spasm of my mouth since  
my words are meant to be  
casual—slip on your shirt  
in the hallway and fall  
into the bathroom with  
me.

yes, casual like *that*.

maybe tell me your gods  
and i will tell you my fears,  
the oldest ones are the worst—they  
lurk in the wallpaper and comfort me  
when you are gone. but don't worry,  
this is all a temporary  
inconvenience.

leave the kitchen teapot on while  
you go, and *maybe* i won't watch you  
leave. i am driving in the rain and giving you  
my notes and *perhaps* between the pages, you  
can smell it on *me*.

*babe,*  
i have never called anyone that before.  
it's not something i mean... i am  
afraid it is something i mean too much

*babe*

and too earnestly—to be used more often:  
when you eat your orange marmalade,  
when your eyes crinkle,  
when we yell,  
when we hurt,  
when we feel.

*babe,*  
i wish i could be more,  
i wish i could be myself  
these days. it's harder on me  
or maybe it's harder on you.  
i don't know—the clock ticks faster every  
day.

*babe,*  
come back.  
slip into bed with *me*.  
forget about the light  
of day.