

# *The Feast of Saint Thomas Tastes Like a Lucid Dream of Her, Stretched on a Beach in Saugatuck*

BY SARAH SORENSON

*for J*

Somewhere in Manhattan, she verges. An unknowable practice in a place I've never met. Thomas was once the same, I'm told. An un-imaginer. The verge I know is proximity, the pull of unbearable closeness. Desire and likelihood combined. Tipped close to an edge, the ridge of her tongue at the entrance of my sex. We verge, transitioning to distance, absence. My fingers have maps traced through the streets of her hair. My soul has maps, traipsed across minor keys as I write to her on Sundays. Tell me again that everything's fine. Her photo before me on the internet, an intimacy I resent sharing-- though I love the ease with which my fingers can raise her again and again.