

## **Sunday Bathers**

by Samantha Lê

I want all your Sundays—  
naked on the sofa Sundays, locking toes and counting out loud your freckles.  
Accidental moans from your mouth skirt my lips. I say,

I want all your Sundays—  
ten more sit-ups, chicken salad wraps, dog-chasing relays;  
give me your nose to trace, your hair in my face, your story from every angle.

I want all your Sundays—  
naked on the sofa Sundays, locking toes and counting out loud your freckles.

Triolet

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