

# Knowing

*Melissa Kalinowski*

When you can't breathe  
that's when you know  
it has begun.

The chest constricts,  
sub-zero temperatures don't affect you.

When he inches toward you  
to express a quiet thought,  
a reserved glance.

You back away in fear for  
yourself  
what you might do  
what you want to lose:  
control.

Never has my grin lay  
across my face so easily  
like lazy girls on beach towels  
under an August sun.

Never have I wanted so much  
to be tangled, bare, needing,  
when you feel like every move  
is a sacrifice, a surrender.

That's when you know.