

muscle memory

and as i was folding the plastic bag from the supermarket
creasing it three times the long way into a thin rectangle
then folding it over and over like a small flag
tucking the handles into the open fold; i realized
this was something my ex-wife used to do

hourly rate

across Flagler from the Extacy Motel
advertising Cold AC and Free Adult Movies
he is making love to his boom box
the Spanish love songs so loud
i can hear them through closed car windows
his rough hands cradling her gently
every day worries forgotten
in this moment after climax

gone

my mind finds you still
in the quiet spaces between breaths
in the darkness before sleep
and i wonder, do you think of me?

knowing

i wasn't trying to be secretive
it just never came up in conversation
so, did it feel different, better somehow
knowing my last name before we made love

jelly doughnut

it is really early
and i have been awakened by the rain
i was drifting through a dream
about doughnuts, juggling them
though i don't know why
at some point, my mind
turned down a familiar path
i started thinking about
how much fun we could have
with a raspberry filled jelly doughnut
the powdered sugar everywhere
i hated to spoil it by getting up to write this down
but i was afraid i would forget
as often happens with our dreams
pushed to the side by the crush of everyday life