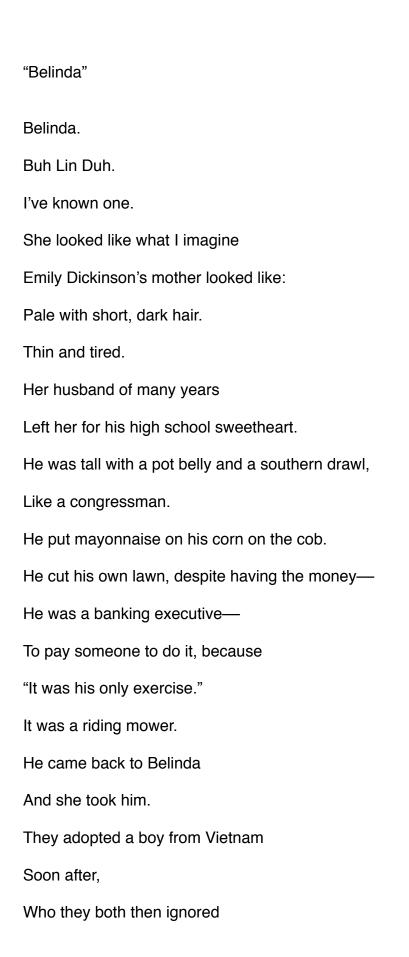
You used to do this to me: Call him for backseat trysts Not far from where I lived While I slept soundly, Thinking your goodnight meant you'd be doing the same. You married him But kept me circling. Caught in the gravity of your curves I could not resist a call to come Crashing onto your surface, Concerned but listless that the symbol Of your eternal unity Sometimes scratched my dick. Two car seats in the back now. Our lust constrained To fewer cubic feet, I cannot share with you this stillness, So I leave you shirtless, No longer orbiting you.

"831derful"



By filling his hands always

With screens.

They and the boy retired to North Carolina

Where they lived in a neighborhood

With a man-made lake

And a pool.

He bought a golf cart to get to the pool

And a boat to cruise the lake.

Presumably, Belinda has driven both.

But I have trouble believing it.

"Monopoly"

I'm in shorts and a t-shirt,

Basketball in hand,

Sticky from summer heat,

When my grandfather arrives

In his blue Buick.

He's holding a Monopoly board

From McDonalds as he greets me.

It's colorful, covered in creases,

Dotted with stickers he's pulled

From sodas and burgers and fries

As he drove east.

He explains the game,

Tells me he might win a tv soon,

He just needs New York Avenue.

He's got Park Place,

If he gets Boardwalk

He'll win a million.

He's never spoken

In paragraphs to me.

He's excited about a game.

This quiet man, talking;

This serious man, playing—

Some part of me makes sense

Of it all in a flash

Before I am aware of any confusion.

A deep sadness crushes my young chest,

Moves out from my center

Into my limbs as I confront

A new knowledge:

Despair can surface as exuberance;

As I feel a portion of his mourning:

This is his first trip without her.