

*Untitled*

That summer we made love in the middle of the day,  
listened to Bruce Springsteen anthems,  
watched coral light seep past the curtains and into our eyes.

Sweat uncoiled from our fingerprints,  
wetting our fingertips, salt  
dry on our skin, like the blood of my miscarriage,  
a red lipped stain swirled onto the sheets.

The secrets between us congealed and hardened into  
mysterious bruises hovering under our skin,  
dividing and multiplying, like the would-be child we lost,  
in empty places that summer.

That summer you would touch my belly,  
your eyes half-sad, and half-relieved.

A slow-motion summer of little deaths  
that we scattered like beads across the floor.

*Café Noir*

Coffee cups:  
2 islands on the ocean  
between us.

Nilsson, jukebox  
interrupts.  
Waitress, ancient,  
interrupts.  
Hallucinations, terrible  
interrupt.

This diner would be better  
black and white.  
Easier grey areas.

Shaggy head old man  
fog rolling out your mouth  
out the door  
down the hill.

Flicker neon sign  
flash on your face  
Cheshire smile.

*Vous: café noir*  
*Moi: lait*  
*Nous: non sucre, merci.*

Skin, translucent,  
lucre for a palm  
upturned prayer, pray old man.

*Day for Night*

you said I looked like the martyrs on the candles  
as we bought twenty at the Mexican grocery to make  
an altar of our bed

I said I was tired of sophistication  
I was tired of beauty

at the bar after hours  
the girl her shirt so thin you could see  
a birthmark sitting below her heart  
she was standing at the precipice

*oh I am acid and broken too*

she stood too close to the fire  
I took her hand  
led her home

there was blood on my shirt from the last tattoo  
my hands were empty of any guitar as I played

we held mirrors up to each other's faces  
as we sat in the middle  
of a star  
I saw flecks of gold near my iris  
as my pupils dilated

in the dark she was a bird  
we watched pollen falling from the trees  
in the light of a streetlamp

*Chiapas, January 2013*

We drank wine on the rooftop,  
we drank until our lips turned black,  
like the time you pressed your mouth against the earth  
kissing your *tierra madre*, your buried heart.

We talked about the robbery.  
Our backpacks for sale in some desert market  
our sand dollars bought by other tourists,  
or everything thrown to the dogs on the side of the road.

We named the things taken from us.  
Listed the objects we had tucked into pockets,  
wrapped in socks to keep from breaking,  
all the memories we had paid for.

We sat above the rows of drying laundry  
and I watched you  
pluck the seeds from a pomegranate,  
and float the pith in a bowl of water.

An offering, a discarded moon  
below the empty yellow sky.