

Hungry House

I found a white moth for my hair
a bathroom sink found redemption in my presence today
but you

how far will I go?
too far from home
so close to where you used to live

I don't know what happened to break you of me

I want to tell you about my father's columbines
how no one says "golly" like they did in the 50s

I clean a different house every day
at each one I think of you
I want to poke into closets with you
show you glass doorknobs and how we could walk through
and make a room better

in a room full of pennies I'm hungry
but I miss you like water

Spring Street

during quietness I garden because I have to

winter's lavender and verbena corpses surgically removed
from the ground today
you surprise me

you water me

I spent the day in wait
so instead cut sage until my fingers bled

if there's a way to paw the leaves away in front of me
sometimes I think I don't want to do it another day

without you
can this settle into a planter box like rain

I wake up covered in flies

Interlude

on the edge of death
I got in your car
the end of July
the road near my house

biking home from the trains
sometime before it lightly
was over between us

now the floodlight sharpens
corners of the barn at night
black windows depthless in December
seller's remorse

just once more?
but I was already on the subway
death sitting across from me listening to his iPod
or dancing on the platform

so that in winter I would succumb
to forgetfulness

Knives

we both like knives
that was one reason why
to you I was perfect

the burden of perfect
keeps my door shut

I never use my knife for anything
but I threw yours into the floor one night
a black snap-shut sharp steel

you must have loved that I loved it
watched like a panther you
fling it point-down through the rug
into whatever moldy floor was beneath

I flung it next

laughed at the thud and it stood up
point-first in the middle
of the small dingy room with the
broken things all inside of it

The Nature Of This Pain

perhaps the nature of this pain
is dulled

I have trouble remembering faces and voices
just a chipped front tooth
and two silver molars
in my room turned dark grey

I checked
your eyes were dark green
I wish I didn't know what it looked like
when I couldn't do it for you

this distance from you is an act
on the edge of my bed
you make no sense

as I return to myself
stung by nettles on a humid June afternoon
along a narrow trail we walk single file
almost lost