

ONLY HERE

I've come to
realize as I
bag and
trash and
wrap
we've only
ever lived
here since
we became
inseparable
despite
it's poor
amenities
this place
is
a friend
it is
braided
into
the love
story I
tell my
husband when
I make
his Sunday
breakfast or
the
bathroom
mirror
where
I first looked
at myself on
my wedding day
now
it's time
to sort
and pack and
trash
the kitchen
is so
small we can't
even stand

together
yet
I feel
grateful for
its letting us
inside

BESIDES SALT AND WATER

This is what happens
when you work
more
than we talk
when I ask you
questions you
don't answer
then
I don't answer
questions
you ask
after
only a year
I still can't
see your thoughts
like smoke or sunlight
unless you
utter them
maybe in
ten or twenty
you won't need to
respond
because
I will
already know the answers
but for now,
today,
I need
speech
I know
my silence
doesn't improve
circumstances

but once
you've actively
proven me
not to be
the wife
I want to be
by asking
only
for things
I didn't bring home
the only reaction
I can find
besides salt
and water is
silence

BEAST INTO A LADY

The heat outside
Is only a
picture
like a letter
from a friend
I miss what I am
missing
focused on this
process of
purging
the unnecessary
is bagged and
placed by the
door
I've been locked
inside this
shifting space
for days
marveling
how redundancy
follows me
leaving its dusty
skin like a
film in my

dreams
packing tape
wraps
like a
chrysalis
transforming
the beast
into a
lady
with black and
white
wings