

## Wednesday

I cried again,  
third time this week,  
a 4-year-old cry:  
palms coated with  
tears & snot.

I'm 29 with a wife,  
but no clue how  
to love and not belittle, how not  
to utilize the fewest words  
with the harshest intent.

Photos are only mimics—  
wall décor to humor our guests.  
Squares & ovals rest  
on ridiculous doilies that are  
always synonymous with dust.

But without her?  
I can't handle,  
just a bird caught in a room  
with a bleeding wing.  
And I am way too hysterical  
to tell her where it hurts.

Maybe I'll try tomorrow.

## **Amazing,**

how we step in and not over  
how we step over and not around, or

how we change hearts entirely  
and step backwards into the sun,  
amazing

how we fall in love & fall out;  
how we fall to pieces either way

how we give in & give up,  
how we persevere and give it our all

or, how we just pretend  
the way katydids pretend they're trees

and blend with the leaves so the snakes  
can never tell the difference.

## Apartment 1A

The flypaper hangs like ribbons,  
catching clusters of what one might mistake for black pepper  
but is actually dead flies and the ones that aren't dead  
are feasting in my tiny kitchen.

Trash covers the countertop. The sink is full  
of stagnant dishwater—an oily film collects  
like the one on my flaky scalp and for the sake of comic relief,  
I chuck the closest object: a plastic ladle, confident it'd crack, rather  
stunned when instead it shatters a couple of stale Coronas,  
rotting limes fall on linoleum. And all the while is apathy,  
lingering with the fruit flies.

The power was cut today, three months past due.  
I'm not worried though, I don't need much energy.  
All I really need is to remember  
that the carpet is not the ashtray  
and at no time will my piss covered bathroom  
ever feel the urge to clean itself.

And I refuse to squander the few urges I have left  
on Pine-Sol and scrub pads and showering each day  
(underarms the smell of barbecue chips).  
I even refuse my very own mother,  
who will never refuse me,  
who falls asleep before the sun goes down and will never remarry  
as she withers with pride but still withers nonetheless,  
suffering in private just to spare me the guilt  
of the selfish and ungrateful son.

## Home-wreckers

My penis unravels like a black snake firework:  
a pharaoh's serpent to revel in instinct.

Her nipples are hard from tease. I feel her  
feel me, my heart is a soft mallet

drumming against her breasts, her hips & waist  
bloomed from inside an hourglass.

I feel the warmth between her legs,  
smooth as they are long, my tongue glides  
like rain in reverse—up her inner thigh  
in linear direction

all in reach for the pink pearl,  
its impeccable touch & curvature

its purity (uncharted & rare)  
Its capability to destroy families  
and extend itself from the flesh with  
a sort of superficial sustenance.

She feels my tongue in-between  
eight thousand different nerve endings  
as they flail like microscopic sky dancers.

And when the volcanoes erupt,  
and blue veins don't pulse like lightning anymore,

when her nipples soften and plateau,  
and the climax begins to settle,  
and all that's left floating is regret—

only then do I hear my little daughter  
cry for me like a kitten left behind, but,

I'm not home to help her.