

sometimes the sad bubbles up between us

like clams' exhaling punctures the sand  
you said you could never imagine owning a home  
like the ones we saw on the way to the beach

I see it in the ocean, too:  
sucking on threadbare docks where my girls might sun  
in the summer, under the ghost leaves

I know it, too:  
I can't dream of a day where I don't want a cigarette.  
A day where I'm not pinned to the soft hum of dying.

between self and aspiration, there is a lowering tide  
chinese finger trap  
improper boots  
a stubble of reeds

I could muck across  
but might be alone when I arrive  
ghost leaves fluttering in my lungs

I lay with the crook

I lay with the crook  
of your elbow against my brittle

ribcage, waiting to hear  
her name in the night.

Nothing is worse  
than this second-hand

indecision. I wear my choices  
attached warm to my collarbones.

I track the months, the weight  
of these things, considering

each small mistake.  
We have been built on this mist.

I strain love from the dregs of your throat.

## How to Skin a Rabbit

You work the knot  
of your mind into a panic.  
From behind I begin to untie  
you with my teeth. You  
haven't been able to stop  
talking, even when  
your jaw begins to crumble

Exhausted, you explain  
how to skin a rabbit.  
*With a few quick incisions,*  
*the skin just slips*  
*off.* Still behind you,  
I search your pockets  
for sharp objects.