

## **Fate**

Watched him  
rush for liquor  
slashing the dense cold air

it waited  
not knowing how to arrive  
and let him know

nights when he bent over  
the unsealed boxes  
searching for the faint smell of

her packed up dresses  
fate has seen the bearded  
pale twist of his face

be rained upon  
by her sex

### **The Myth (you and i)**

Not a thing has entered    not a thing has left  
it is possible then it never happened

bones    skin  
in the close moving margin of us

how we reached for the writing  
in our faces

while days blackened their limbs  
outside

now rooms have been swept/painted  
what was caught in the throat    said

or written

### **When You Lose Her**

While you post fliers of your mother's picture  
you noticed how her eyes      glassy marbles

break the texture of paper  
come at you tempted with fear

beyond your will      frozen air  
you wear no gloves      think of her

huddled under the cold night  
her mind in disarray

how the moon would edge her  
in the arriving hours

if she is coiled on the grid  
of a park bench

### **When You Find Her**

Leaves fly through menthol air  
turn themselves      birds  
rising falling in glove light

she made of wax and  
does not matter what you call her

she checks her palms as if  
she has read the wrong name

## **Hair Ritual**

There a slanted sunlight marks the room  
where she pulls hair viciously, tuned like a violin  
a rising anger, a wild glare disapproves  
a mirror mirror on the wall and saint-embellished lets vexation  
be vexation in her voice loud  
her mockery, in her mind which they intended  
the altar of candles and grievances

Craziness?

Weren't you? An inward hallucinating  
monster who carried out the rage ceremony  
built her hand heavily across my face,  
I learnt a look that reassembled  
submission, I fed tears to her handkerchief  
taken out from her bra like a sacred shroud

## Altered

When I look at him now I think  
he's been fractured into the blue  
tie that hangs from his belt loop,  
into the sweater threads that fall  
loosely from his arms

the white nuzzle on his throat  
is not a word catcher but  
a word strainer

I watch him work on his masks  
he moves as all ornaments move  
the lights lean over his possessions  
onto the thinness that pursues him  
all collected energy rattles

why must he hang up these other selves  
as if his beauty isn't enough  
as if he needs a blanket  
as is he is real, if the others are

the mask hopes through his face  
he sticks word-drunk  
he is peaceful and anonymous  
read him as you please  
he'll let you make him up