

*Become an expert at loss*

Become an expert at loss

At losing the proud ground beneath you

At being thrown

At vanishing.

Become the acrobat

The small dot the doll

Tumbling

Marionette cut quick from sticks and strings

Become the compact body

Spinning through space

Hard valleys plunging beneath you.

Execute the perfect fall

In line with the laws of physics

Subsume the connections

Between mass

And speed

And flight

Gravity shows you how.

Understand the contradiction

Of your solid body falling deeply

Into new dimensions

Leaving the complications  
Of time and place and heat.

You are the shortest distance  
Between two scant points you are  
A law of motion  
Unto yourself.

Grow familiar with the  
Slow surge the loosening  
The wide arc of waves  
Rolling you.

Become the falling  
Everything emptying  
Your very molecules  
Dividing.

Realize this:  
You are nothing  
But a voice  
In wind  
A simple vibration  
With all of its echoes  
Learning to speak, to sing

This sputtering, foreign language  
Called grief.

*Mikvah\* reimagined*

*(\*Jewish ritual bath for women)*

Imagine  
that solitude  
Is a tin echo  
Vanishing  
At the tail ends  
Of dimly lit halls  
Where a woman like you  
Can  
Periodically  
Go by herself  
To shed the flapping urgency  
And the noise of each day.

You eagerly disrobe, dropping  
Articles of clothing, prerequisites of shame  
Scatter  
On the locker room floor  
To emerge  
Weighted

By the power of anatomy  
Femaleness enduring  
Ageless, no apology  
For all of your necessary protrusions.

This is where  
Cylinders full of warm liquids are tipping  
Into wide water baths  
Taken in rooms of cool tile  
Almost quiet except  
For the sounds of  
Buckets refilling, and  
The sloshing wetting footsteps  
Careless mess of puddles expanding  
Maybe they are dark  
Like matter  
Like failed oceans  
Or planetary mistakes  
Step around them or through them  
Don't try to be careful  
Let them easily  
Pull you under  
Just for a minute  
Draining away  
Your sticky regrets, misgivings  
Like second skins outgrown

This is where you come to shed them

See, they are melting

In water, dissolving memories

Of all of the yesterdays

A floating

Peaceful forgetting.

### ***Losing to the virus***

Here's how we knew:

We saw the bright red arrows beckoning at entrances

Walk this way they said

Into forests of pine cones

We traveled through wooded lots

Paying little attention to the fact that they were

Littered with the occasional corpses

Of squirrels or field mice

We knew:

Nature's losses were piling up

Time shrugs on with never mind

Leading finally to the cigarette-strewn cities

Logos twinkling

In the smoke of dusk

We keep arriving

In new moments

They unwrap themselves

Drop at our feet

Will you remember this

In the coming years how

The accumulations of minutes

Were really

Small birds with beaks

Wide open, thirsting?

We all have toes, they point forward

Pull us down quiet streets

To peer in at the windows

Half shuttered

Of dark cafes

Fork tines and triangles of light

Fall neatly from table lamps

Everything evenly spaced.

*Recipe edit*

Stir beat medium

Soft peaks rise

In time beating

Spread small

And undisturbed

Use the paddle

Salt in. Stiff peaks.

Smooth, not fluffy

Follow together in large clumps

Kneaded

Shape wrap freeze cool slice

Drop in batches, top

With ample chunks

Forever pressing.