

Twelfth Eviction Notice

His mind served his heart.
Make of him an open space,
a sign: VACANCY

She was loved and locked inside,
ghosted heart remains haunted.

Doctor Wife 2

May 2020. We came home early
from our planned five days in San Diego,
on an empty flight.
The kids and grandkids canceled their flight to join us.
The zoo and parks closed their gates that morning.
The family vacation,
our first personal victim of the burgeoning pandemic.

More stupid, our day waiting for the earliest flight,
close to the beach having lunch in a crowded restaurant,
all the time, thinking, "This is stupid."
It was stupid, but we were lucky.

The months built a pattern.
She went to work and suited up like an astronaut.
My practice went virtual.
We masked at home,
slept in separate beds,
in separate rooms.
We ate at different tables
in separate rooms.

We could see each other across the twenty feet.

We did not touch,
We did not kiss.
We did not shower together.
We did not make love.

I came into the living room, masked.
She sat, masked, at her computer,
going over her charts and patient records.

She was crying.

*My patients, the older ones, get diagnosed,
I see from their charts when they are admitted to the hospital,
then transferred to the ICU,
then intubated.
Then they die.*

*Another lovely older woman
I have known for ten years*

was just admitted to ICU.

I held her with my voice,
with my presence, but could not console her
even if I had broken our agreement
and held her in my arms.

The National Guard provided my first shot at the fairgrounds.
She got hers the same week at the hospital.
Two weeks later, a veterinarian gave me the second shot at the fairgrounds.
She got hers at the hospital.
Two weeks later, we took off our masks.

And her patients kept dying,
the vaccine too late,
the vaccine was not trusted,
the vaccine could not hold against preexisting conditions.

And sometimes, I would see her sense of futility and loss.
No, it wasn't Manhattan with refrigerator trucks filling up next to morgues.
It wasn't ICU with colleagues getting sick and becoming patients.

But at least I could hold her, hoping
for the safety of medicine to last.

Dirty Snow

Obituary for the earth,
 leapfrog like lemmings,

obituary seconds ticking off,
 oh, botch time we never had together
dirge clocks,

bottle breadth or image epitaph
 oblige me to go on living until we stop.

From: *Not enough time to fit it all in*

To: *Too much to do before it all turns brown.*
 All turns gray.
 All turns.

Betrayal Crescendo

Julliard fingers
performed the tire iron
on his wife's lover.

**Found Poem: Sigmund Freud Interpretation of Dreams:
Section IV, The Dream-Work**

All previous attempts
 problem dreams
 base conclusions
 sought to obtain
 we develop the solution
 entirely novel dream-thoughts

different languages
 trouble the moment
 head has been omitted
 alphabet have no right
 nature

I take
 allusion relation
 pregnant aphorism

puzzle predecessors
 wakening
 day

explain escaped
 memory
 the lost thoughts
 objections
 true speak
 short-circuits

 true
 fact

 omission
 cocaine
 Cocaine the train of thought
 proceeds to

 cocaine

copious