

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 aches and teeth
begin 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.

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.

Another winter

the morning cars drive
along slick black
streets to jobs downtown.
your call
interrupts the whir
on wet tar. you list reasons
you can't love
me and I imagine how I could close
all the cracks in our wooden
windowsill, decades
of paint split open,
so the mold
won't come this year.

andromeda

he bows
his erection
quivers in orion's
belt, the removal
a warning
the quick hiss
of loops
a warning

how to tell
what is wanted
in this
quick universe