

phantom limb

It's the blood in the eye
of the street cleaner, the tracks
that loneliness leaves

in the dust that gathers
on our supine frames.

There will always be more love
to atone for—

my venae cavae merely
nesting dolls

for passing apparitions

& my ribcage
an elaborate hoax.

across the shields

If not for me
then do it for the metronome—

in tribute to its impartiality
& its constant tones.

Do it for the post-
coital curvature of your eye teeth.

Later you can hold
my face under the water
until I promise

to be a better kind of sad—

the kind that's never spent
an entire winter with Coltrane
on its turntable

& has never once tried
to cut its own hair.

dream house

Everybody wants to bed down
with a black lung.

But in the end, which
is more dangerous—

the arsonist
or the solitary nature of his cause?

If I had the chance
to do it again, I think I'd carve

my initials
on the inside instead.

reconstruction site

It's time to sing the milk
teeth to sleep

with keening notes
that resonate like a thread
pulled from a poorly

knitted sweater.

If disappointment could
make menses

blossom like milkweed

then perhaps we won't need
our heavy coats again
this year.

september gurls

Streetlamps line the freeway
in groups of threes

like ellipses

& some people look younger
when they're angry.

When the ache
begins to taste of bone ash

& coriander

it will be safe
to resume our selfish ways.