

(excerpts from *Syringa Vulgaris*)

And Not As Shame

I want to wear your memory
as a red overcoat

the one you tried to throw away
but I keep it anyway
even though it's too big

(I shrunk it in the wash
but you hate it when
I do that)

July's Herald

I wonder if the dog knew
you were drinking

weaving through piles
of mail and clothes

I remember the color
of that carpet at the top of the stairs
dirty tan lighter than I imagine
perhaps
the way I remember it is disorder

staring out a window

no line I can follow but
one jagged through the house

and in the doorway of your bedroom
I felt the tug away from you

a joint trying to dislocate

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Unmention II

the first time you tried to lock me inside
was maybe the fourth time you decided to hit me
but the first time my head hit the wall

I learned how to block you
because you always aimed for the head

a long time ago you put a hole in my dad's eardrum
he used to say it was from ear infections

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On The Brink II

at 1:38am I read that you buried the dog
in the back yard

that's what happens at the house
we bury dogs

I sent a pseudo-prayer from my bed tearless
said she was better off dead
but she had you to take care of her
while she lost her brain and her hips
to the floorboards and grey frigid March

she was nice to lie next to while I knew her

On Returning In June

two years and the cat's still fat
the room's no longer mine
the wallpaper's gone and the desk
isn't under the windows

I remember every thing
I ever lost there
in that basement
I always find new blankets and shirts
I forgot to take with me

I'm sure there are moments
that haven't moved yet
the ghosted sound
of a wineglass set on a chest of drawers

a wasp's nest in a railing
a day's quiet
rupture