

wet silverware

"This strange thing must have crept"

--Charles Simic, Fork

one // our hair hangs / heavy / from the pillowed corners of alison's old mattress / unmoved / through the open door / the stove light / from the kitchen / finds half your face / before exiting out the window / to disappear into the street / the dishes collect again on the counter / casting a range of stretched shadows along the floor / though she did them one last time before leaving / for good / i guess / it's fine / to leave bottles in the bath now / our clothes strewn along the linoleum / to spill wherever / wear nothing more than small hills of water on our skin / be soggy swarm / we'll call ourselves a valley / river-licked / i assume / in her distance / she'll understand us as the sink / piled / wet silverware and white teeth

two // adrift / anchorless / i remember / we once built a boat with only a dresser drawer and a cyan sheet / sat then / in the same porcelain cup / as earlier / watching the sun rise / again with damp curls / radiator drip steam ping / tonight it frosts again / chainlink clatter / footsteps on the sidewalk / corner women hoot / like owls / do / flashing quick ass to the slowed trucks / chill / i too tremble with the draft / vacant lot pastoral / city drains sing / all basin-blown like fluting bottles / held close to your lips / my neck holds air for you too / so / hold your hands the way i've were taught (to)

three // i leave small piles of dirt on the kitchen floor / after thumbing my plants and filling them / i toss myself into stance / i drag my feet unintentionally / this is to say / i am not a broom / nor are you / at times / we've thrown ourselves against the wall in the shape of broken dishes / pulled up glittered thorns from the cobwebbed corners of our home / found gems / blinding charm / from a fork-footed imp / scalingly beautiful / with our splitting / sharp tongues / muddied with emotion / and gritting jaws too proud to march to truth

four // we fell in line with our bows dropped / fists unclenching / learning to sag / subtly / cables held by lulled cardinals / we learned to wield our liveliness with prowess / polite behavior / profession / all i've ever wanted was you / without knowledge of your name / still / somehow / heard it chirp / felt it / in my mouth / fly 'round the pink spoon in my throat / i fought the swallow / became a prism / to your light / and spit up feathers / like a full-bellied beast / relief / relief / in the handle / of our tempered alloy / i am impressed by you