

[ protection from scarcity ]

do you remember how all the shadows                    swayed  
before the slow groan of halogen light                    the night

we didn't meet?

                                i never reached out                    and you  
never agreed to    and we never again                    enjoyed

quite as cold a summer    forget what                    Jack London  
said about your City's winters    we                    never needed

to be protected from or reminded                    until we did  
of sincerity: our scarcest resource                    we never

couldn't sleep for the drumline                    connecting  
our chests or drawers or                    whatever    do

you remember waking up                    before separating  
& then officially waking                    up before anyone

entered the apartment                    to check in on  
and then spending the                    day & most of

a night then sleep                    walking to an empty  
airplane? for all

                                i knew i never used to mind

the leaving                    seeing spread out all slow post-  
departure                    a pink frontier below, blossoming

[ on becoming the body haunted ]

this haunted possession of      my body, all awkward  
assemblage with two left      hands keeping a sinister

time tapping to a half-      cocked collective of players  
and absences in re      arranged deck chairs one step

ahead of that one      with a scythe not to be confused  
with batman or      sailor moon who relentless will

need to wait      a little while longer. thought he had  
me in that      oregon coast cave twenty-five years ago

at high tide -      - not yet tangá now i may have some  
extra baggage      bad knees and worse lungs since then

but i get by.      i slept in till past noon the other day  
after kava and      didn't regret it as much as i might

have. martyrdom      i heard is just so fifty years ago.  
like roger reeves said      we must be the grass must grow

wildly over the graves      small pockets of love amidst  
ruins and maybe we      linger there a while after the

music ends and the      lights come on, before we filter  
out to the temporary      places we end up being from