

I AM ELATED

I am elated. For once, I did the right thing. When you yelled, I listened. Now, our split's a good thing. Now, our split's a sure thing. I am elated. I don't know who comes next. But I know I'm content. And I know what I'm good at. I am elated.

NOTHING ELSE ON

You would look so good. The woodgrain at your back. The paneling would suit you. Later, but not much later, I watch you climb the steps. A presage on the pier planks. I don't know why — when you stare at me, straw in your mouth, all I see you in is a lake house. Nothing else on you but a lake house. We'll never meet like this again. Our palms dirty from where we've been. As I lick the back of your neck, you must think I'm crazy. But I want you out at the lake.

MORE PROTEAN

You. You're so palpable. And you should never have to walk alone. Patterns trailing your gangly arms in gray. You look more protean to me. You're concealing nothing from me. Let's keep talking. Your hands, not your sleeves. You don't make me wish. And you haven't made me feel fatigued. Slowly shifting both of your shoulder blades. You look more protean to me. As your mouth moves close to my ear, you say, "I'm so glad you moved here." I'm glad, too.

OUR LIPS

Our lips are now imprinted on glass for the second time in one year. Our lips might make it easy on us. Maybe we can find out this year. Our lips seem so apt in total sharing. I thought of yours all year. Sometimes, savagely.

GIVING IN

Lips leave glass, touch, pull away again. Effortless, I leaf through your book again. I don't care about what is not good for me. I'm not quite as onerous. I'm giving in, free to engage in your lovely brain again.

SLOW HEALER

Secretly, I've given in. Then, you say you will be here. Secretly, of course, my lips will not open 'til you're here. Then you say, "I'm a slow healer." Reticently walking in, I see you smile as we meet. Stationary that you bought in my hands, covet your teeth. And I think, "Yes, you are a slow healer." I like it.