

a shadow of your hand stretched out to mine in the curtains?

- a branch.

a rock at my window? oh romeo oh romeo?

- a bird hit the glass. you sleep sound.

your eyes, they are red?

- onions, allergies.

I

leave sticky fridge handles, chocolate mustaches, teethmarks in the cake.

with my plastic bag of metal that smells like

Men—

“put it in the old couple’s trash bin down the block before my parents are home”

- *clorox wipe it all down,*
- *collect their cigarette butts*
- *put the mangled pillows back on the basement couch, neatly,*
 - *comb your tousled hair,*
 - *pull your shirt up.*

still I smell of barley,

and I forgot one of the PBRs on the kitchen counter

my mother’s eyes still glance down at my patchy neck

neat room.

//

{but there's too many books*:

- - that(/they) smell like my reveries of you•;
- they/it/you•*
- absorb(s) into the leaves*};
- - •with your cup of coffee pored over them*
 - on that chair in the corner,
- - •at your library in the desolate corn fields,
- - on the q train to prospect park.

you are a double entendre that ill never be certain you meant

a stare into the wall with eyes that say who fucking knows what

before carefully planted, meticulously specific
codified deviations,
that make your honesty complicated.

*You offer an itchy wool blanket as a “token” of prescribed comfort
thank you, I no longer shiver
but now these hives linger longer than that temporary relief*

- *an armadillos shell*
- *a hornets stinger*
- *a skunks stink*
- *a robbers mask*

your words

no probable cause, no trace left behind