

the enlightenment

instead of arguing about it
about who gave whatever we got to whom
and how
i went to the doctor then came away
with a his-and-hers prescription

still life

my daughter was still here when your letter came
for three weeks i said nothing
just watched the calender move
i continued to water your plants
when the gardenia died i knew
you wouldn't be back

while your father's scalp was being sewn back
for pure love of life we fucked in their bed
before dawn you went back to your room
dry eyed

next time we went to that house as strangers
we tried to tell your mother who we were
but she wouldn't believe us
we zipped the bags together and slept on the living
room floor. she saw us in the morning
on her way out to mass. the first time
we slept together without making love