

ROB SCHLEGEL

## *Recital*

Me and Baryshnikov get high  
And wreck the house. I throw stemware  
Into windows. He stabs a hole  
Into the David Salle over the mantle.  
Something peppy from Kreisler  
Carries us from one room to the next.

Gripping the crown molding  
Over the bedroom door, Misha executes  
The perfect pull-up. "What,"  
He says, "I blame for every fuck ups  
In my life my parents?" The cast  
Of his shoulder. The angle of his jaw!

Even the splay of his fingers!  
There is simply more to see in him  
Than any other! He strikes the floor  
With Pushkin's cane, and up  
Springs fresh water! I'm holding  
A bag of giant bettas I'll never be

When Misha's wife returns earlier  
Than expected. Misha looks ruined  
Over a bowl of antique marbles,  
A bloody tooth in his lap. I sneak  
Into the tub, hoping the bettas  
Mellow my crash. The water cools,

Meeting me internally. I imagine  
Misha in bed, moving in on his  
Wife, his wife pushing back  
Because she's pissed. Two or three  
Bettas fin past my legs. Delighted  
With the night exactly as the night

Unfolded, I'm just this side  
Of gone, which is to say, right here,  
Inside this body that will carry  
Me into sleep, where I'll find  
Misha waiting for me at the garden  
Table, white with wine and rose.