

126 *Benevolent Street*

In the dark, my elbows will never fit
into my ribs again. I will not hang
a blackout curtain over the kitchen.
Each time sex is made, a vase
exactly opposite me shakes. I blush—
a man with rough hands rubs my inner face.
In the providence of petty shames, sleep is
momentary and monumental. It's easy
to see myself everywhere.