

The rat in my crawlspace, the vicious rat:  
No forgiveness necessary.  
I, who put out the poison:  
God of rats, forgive me once again.

### EACH FROM DIFFERENT HEIGHTS

That time I thought I was in love  
and calmly said so  
was not much different from the time  
I was truly in love  
and slept poorly and spoke out loud  
to the wall  
and discovered the hidden genius  
of my hands.  
And the times I felt less in love,  
less than someone,  
were, to be honest, not so different  
either.  
Each was ridiculous in its own way  
and each was tender, yes,  
sometimes even the false is tender.  
I am astounded  
by the various kisses we're capable of.  
Each from different heights  
diminished, which is simply the law.  
And the big bruise  
from the longer fall looked perfectly white  
in a few years.  
That astounded me most of all.