

## ALMA IN THE DARK

She reaches over and puts a hand on his hipbone  
and presses. He turns softly away and she makes  
his shape against the back, her arm around  
the waist covering his unguarded stomach.  
He does not wake. Her heart in its nest  
sings foolishly. It is awake and happy  
and useless at this time. Saying dumb things  
like *The stone house is firm*  
or *The almond tree is blown around in the wind.*

## NEW YORK ADDRESS

The sun had just gone out  
and I was walking three miles to get home.  
I wanted to die.  
I couldn't think of words and I had no future  
and I was coming down hard on everything.  
My walk was terrible.  
I didn't seem to have a heart at all  
and my whole past seemed filled up.  
So I started answering all the questions  
regardless of consequence:  
Yes I hate dark. No I love light. Yes I won't speak.  
No I will write. Yes I will breed. No I won't love.  
Yes I will bless. No I won't close. Yes I won't give.  
Love is on the other side of the lake.  
It is painful because the dark makes you hear  
the water more. I accept all that.  
And that we are not allowed romance but only its distance.  
Having finished with it all, now I am not listening.  
I wait for the silence to resume.