

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.