

*You Don't Know What Love Is*

but you know how to raise it in me  
like a dead girl winched up from a river. How to  
wash off the sludge, the stench of our past.  
How to start clean. This love even sits up  
and blinks; amazed, she takes a few shaky steps.  
Any day now she'll try to eat solid food. She'll want  
to get into a fast car, one low to the ground, and drive  
to some cinderblock shithole in the desert  
where she can drink and get sick and then  
dance in nothing but her underwear. You know  
where she's headed, you know she'll wake up  
with an ache she can't locate and no money  
and a terrible thirst. So to hell  
with your warm hands sliding inside my shirt  
and your tongue down my throat  
like an oxygen tube. Cover me  
in black plastic. Let the mourners through.