

WHERE SHE LIVES

This is the time when the man
and the moment come together.

—Richard M. Nixon

When Mr. Nixon
comes to dinner
it's Wichita, someplace
lonely, some anxious kitchen
where it hums
like dwindled flies
warming on a window sill.
In the next apartment
the whole population
of some other planet
fuck, a commotion
cheerless as those cheers
heard distantly
on football afternoons—
or something stumbles
thoughtless, half Dracula
and half November,
through the bedroom mirror:
the pale husband
reciting in a voice
as clear as water
draining in a sink
of severed hands
why the lightbulb
in the lamp is loose
or on the table
why the bread just sits there
soft, inexplicably white
beside the broken radio.