

At Bay

Threshold: salt-lined. Sage
stinks up the basement. Shallow pools of water

reflect what we've told them to reflect, which is
a tomorrow with all the lights
of heaven on

& us in that light.

When you come

you will hear your name repeated
over burnt-out incense like a prayer for *stay-*
the-fuck-out.

We love better without that weather. Invented or otherwise,

there is a story & in that story beds are for hiding
our monsters under. So we burn the beds. We drag your fable
out onto the lawn & let it rust.

It is raining. It never stops raining.

The earth smells faintly of sex. Non-consensual, oceanless. Sky:
just a few brittle stars up there keeping it all from falling.