

Rehearsal

i.

I can bray too
the body as arcade as parachute as spare

the poems won't stop me from dying but maybe the stratus clouds the sunlight doubling a beetle
on concrete

I haven't drawn the card deck in months
actually I did and the cards didn't matter

I am waiting to be told what to do with my body
this has become a pastime

a tryout three strikes and you're

ii.

I call him *ornamental* in the middle
of a fight, only it's not to his face,
it's whispered in the dark of the
living room, *ornamental*, and this is
love: knowing you are as bad as the
other sometimes, worse maybe,
because you know what you're
aiming for.

iii.

I cry into the telephone that I'm unprepared for everything that is coming and Z
doesn't waver

this is practice
says it firm as gravel *every morning you get up you are practicing*

I am returning to myself like a hangdog husband
all apologies and bad daisies

we pause our bickering to watch the neighbors making love through the window, their bodies slapping back and forth, and just like that I'm not angry anymore, because I remember what it is to anticipate, to curve into the hollow that someone else has made for you.