

## Grief is like standing

in the rain you belong  
to the sky and sea while being  
contained in a body what else  
is transmutation cut fruits are  
perishable so you bandaid flowers  
to save them from growing a comet  
is an ice rock lost in the orbit  
of sun a glass of soda and the view  
of white pine trees why won't you draw  
curtains and let the window be  
a part of your day you cook mutton  
rice and freeze fish what did you do  
with your loss after burying it in the earth  
of your chest and smoking cigarettes  
to morph your mornings to nothing  
an onion now with long green shoots  
reimagines the language  
of growth while living in a fruit  
basket and it's called magic  
the earth's shadow on the moon  
I wanted to tell you to come back  
from the rain shed take shelter  
in my arms I tire from filling  
the contours of you with blatant  
imagination I threw my hands into  
a tube of paint a bottle of beer  
what else is grief if not a pressed  
flower in a pretty glass pendant  
you once said that this doesn't make  
sense a fish grows to the size  
of its tank something else about  
the quality of water and aquatic pets  
when the wind blows hard the rain  
doesn't fall it slaps upwards  
so you sit in an empty bathtub  
I'm sitting too in the one full  
with rainwater a jellyfish disappears  
in a few hours of being at the shore  
becomes air becomes cloud  
the sky a well of blue



I have many questions for you

What's the right way to melt a cheese slice?  
I put bread in the microwave to soften it  
but every bite is soggy and chewy instead.  
A few seconds late and you can ruin everything.  
You're good with eggs, have a knack  
for taking things and tossing them brown,  
your hands can hold a body like a prayer.  
We both know you don't believe in God.  
Then making love is another name for sin, a subtle  
act of cannibalism. Do you like your eggs scrambled?  
Over the phone, you teach me to cook—  
tell me to heat butter and oil together, tame the harshness  
of ginger and garlic before adding onions.  
You always cook with onions and when I remember  
your face, I only think of teeth.  
You can't go a day without eating meat.  
While I hold the line, a silence falls—  
I still remember crying in your car, my cheeks were  
a bush of roses and your eyes looked at mine  
as if seeing tiny fireworks for the first time.  
You did everything to fill that pall of silence  
and later texted me that you got horny  
after seeing me cry like that. You come back  
and go on, tell me to use vinegar  
to poach eggs. Your heart is always hungry  
like the tongue of a shoe.

## Dream Sequence

The sun leaks in the sky. It is leaving so slowly that the sky is beaten red. The sun won't remember this leaving in the way the sky remembers it. This is how you leave—with nimble feet as if you're wearing socks. Or like geese swimming in rivers, rivers growing darker like the chiffon sky. You can never tell where the geese went. Or you leave the bed after I slip into sleep. I sleep in some mornings for hours because sleep is like the geese, I don't know where it goes at night. I think about your favorite butterflies and these monarchs find me in a dream, slow sailing towards the light. The sun has leaked and headed to tomorrow. The sky is battered, and lonely blue. I hear the front door quietly shut. I'm waking up with a faint flutter in my belly, mourning a loss, drooling from the sleep I've feasted on.