

When I Miss Them I Pretend They Don't Exist

The day he dumped me, I watched one crow
eat another on a parking strip

while it was still alive. Bubble gum colored
bits of intestine spilled onto the grass

as hundreds of crows looked down from the trees
screaming like humans. When you're in love

all you can say is *I'm in love*, and you manage
to conquer anxiety, that cardboard box

of mice waiting to be dropped into a maze.
Some days I feel like I have two bodies

and am inside of neither. The problem is
I'm always in the wrong place, like the blank

space in one of those sliding puzzles, only
it's not like that at all. Last night I drank

a beer in bed while listening to Mazzy Star
and messaged a sad looking boy on Grindr

something about Phillip Glass I hoped
to forget by morning. I imagined my bed

was a shore, the tide receding, like
someone pulled the ocean, and the ocean

pulled back. One night, he drove me
to an abandoned lot to look for shooting stars.

He saw so many I didn't. I told him,
When I miss them I pretend they don't exist.

I didn't watch that crow die, though maybe
I should have. I didn't need any more proof

of what an appetite can accomplish.

First Love

At the edge
Of my sleep

More sleep
You were kind to me once

We cut a hole in the day
Animals went in

Your silences
Stacked like cards

Then suffering
Doing its little atom dance

On our boat
Was another boat

We ate it
We ate everything

Blindfolded
I carry an envelope

Of fire
Slight as a wrist

A painting
Of a painting

Of your face
Hangs

In my skull
Like a potted plant

It is not enough
To die alone