

1.10

we speak sometimes of the countless folds
crinkles in the bruised blue plastic of the world

and what of ours, two shadows
all edges, bed of collarbones, bone folds
you are very warm for a ghost

your heart felt loud in your neck this morning
I texted you from work

in your room the white walls pulsed grey matter
static without my glasses on
a shelf inside a fever dream, dull void beneath

2.14

you sit on the edge of the counter and read
centerpiece
of the kitchen's cosmic scatter
condiments, plates, pieces of paper,
and all that beached human flotsam

head bowed,
haloed figure from a byzantine painting
waiting for water to boil

and on the other side
your night sky eyes
that unknown immensity,
universe expanding