

Weekend

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The light is left on over the table.
One rose in a plastic vase
shriveled as a red star. We have brought
the history of our feelings here,
the withheld words. We've come to bear
all, to see nothing. We have permission.
The earth spins without noticing.
It's always the same bullshit,
she says. The bombings, the petty
wars. The city is ringed by artillery.
We scavenge for what we can find;
a rough crust, green meat
we would at another time
go out of our way to avoid.
The clouds a mass of spittle.

We are learning the laws of supply and demand.
There is need; there is always
need. She opens her arms
and I enter. The craters still warm
on the streets where the shells
have fallen. Our words are rubble.
We pick around jagged entrails
of metal. We'll grasp any splinter,
anything smoke has shined.
We live without a thread,
without a pattern. When we lie
down, we are flat as flags,
an unclaimed country
where the language has shattered.
Where we could almost imagine the names
for love.

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