

## 10 PM, AND SHE SAYS THE MOON IS BEAUTIFUL

And it is, though skylight glass blurs the ball rolling in its practiced groove and she hasn't left the house in a month, vomits mercury-poisoned fish, sleeps alone in the lumpy king bed you shared. You have learned so much about neurology, psychology, immune response, but still manage to pretend you live with a healthy person instead of a silhouette. *Who's Frankenstein and who's the monster*, your analyst asked in a flourish of rhetoric. Hours ago you ate a loaf of bread the size of a fawn like that actor ate an entire pie in *A Ghost Story* and later you might dance to Joy Division, thinking of Ian swaying from his rope, but the twelve-step friend said *you are thriving* in spite of tinnitus yowling in your ruined ears and twenty drugs she takes to function and the ghetto bird just now flaying spring's first night and even the hyper acute imagery on the new smart TV is just more *dukkha*. Better slur the serenity prayer,  
get grateful for yellow  
grass and cracked birdbath.

## THEORETICAL CASKET

What if you were widowed at fifty-two, June's sunken cathedral  
fuming at the windows, her pill bottles and syringes lavish relics  
of all the hours you shivered in separate bathtubs, two televisions  
flickering, two beds wetted by night sweats, the rotten trellis where  
creeping roses stretched Godward, the dark rum satiating summer  
hours given way to prosecco in flutes, bourbon to scotch and always  
the scorch of basement leaves or pills to pestle and snort; and now  
you're a millionaire widower, house a torrent of clutter, her ashes  
stashed in a vase for the volcano. Go ahead, admire moonlight  
bouncing through dark to wash her empty shelves in milk,  
all the supplements she swore by,

spiritless orphan  
sliding nowhere like months  
over cracked concrete.