Made a calendar out of her hair
on the pillow
    each day marks one
strand less startling there    dark S
swerve in the milk sheets
margin trophy survey of loss

That first night she reached
for my hips dizzy with whiskey
growling between us
    two women
at the threshold of something
nickel-edged and toxic
    at the threshold
of her door she put something in
my hand when I looked
at the bus stop it was change
Striped sage in the menswear section
looking at ties—*Ties earn more tips*
she said *They think it's sexy*
and there I was tucking my scattered
odds away, shaky and squidlike
before my offering, my boilpoint—my love.
Starved for a sip of her mouth then, but
the real plague was still months to come.
Now with my last kamikaze breath:
I thought you were all eyes, too.
A space an emptiness a woman
a potentiality a field a saucer
a man growing older eating chili
out of a paper cup a hole a thought
before it has faded a drain a dress
milk a staff on a page of music
a room a cancer a blight an owl
in the cells a parking lot full a
phone ringing a man on TV talks
about reading books a moon