

Blister & filth.

by JSA Lowe

we were poets at the end of the world and every night I
grew toward what it would be like to die, I was not

in love with anyone. for every thing that is cobalt, that
sure is a lot of things. sand sifted in soft drifts like snow

when I walked the shoreline, still your widow, shelling.
we were missionaries in the field, played griot, cantor,

we told it, we wrote it in script on the surf-wet beach,
said it into the salt sea with our hands, it was only

witchcraft. obviously no one listened or cried. I spoke
a few words when we met, *meat*, *chew*, and *sadness*:

you learned me careful at first, then later rage, lies,
even your face schooled me in untruth, its various tells.

my inabilities at poker sieved justice away. we unwrapped
warm paper from a kilo of tortillas de maiz, más rico.

that was the holy day when I first teetered, slid askew.
we held a speakeasy, uncorked the viscous chardonnay

before its time. now I eat plangency, drink plain
water; wake into the grateful morning glad to be

alone, have no one angry with me, no one's mood
spilling like bloody paint outside the frame. when I

think more on how the cat died I get this crawl feeling,
go to hands and knees around the floors, mouth

open, keen. I found three stiff whiskers, her black
high gloss. having forgotten which partner it was

who would always cough while falling asleep, I grew
limp and emptied, I was not in love with anyone, we

were the last poets let at the close of the carbon era,
dazed by information, wordy, supposed, unremanded, it

was the end of the world, we were right
down in it, we were not lost—