

echo & smear

I wander
the old house
in the endless temporal
liminality of my memory. I trace
a finger over the art we chose
together, pinning it into plaster—*you*
always put it too high on the left. the
cutting cold swims out from the uneven
doors and the gaping windows, and
an owl watches me from the powerline
outside. I can hear you through the walls;
I can feel your grief screaming through the
locked door between our bedrooms. these
infestations follow us wherever we go, blood
on the warped wood floor and the stinging
smell of clorox. *I think this particular fixation*
of mine is here to stay, I really do. jumping
at the jar of my unexpected movements, lamenting
my cracker crumbs. arguing about the validity
of cardinal directions. *I suppose it depends*
on whether you are thinking about the question
from earth or space, I say. You are unhappy with
me. You are always unhappy with me. I feel your
resentment blistering in the periphery, almost worse
than I feel my own. *we are so miserable,* I laugh,
nearly crying. *what happened to us?*