

Nostalgia Is An Illness You Might Die Of

Last winter I lit a candle, placed it in the window
to guide the night birds to me so I could sleep.
Morning now. I face a slice of pink sky and await
words, dormant bulbs interred in dirt. Your absence
invades my slumber, I will die of it. The rawness
is too much. The final verdict was disclosed
as the blinds were closing, closed. I think of when
we sat at the rough-hewn table where we speared
pears and dared lay slices in each other's mouths
with the knife. Maybe you believe in angels still.

I should ask for help—
a kiss, a pill.