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.