After I Lost You

Night’s thumb rubs the television screen
into snow, & I am no casualty

to the moon. I am awake.

Terribly. The dog crawls onto my pillow
like a dream trying to escape into an egg—

what breaks black in my stomach?
Just another stone.

Even snow talks, shivers, & disappears—

hangs up the phone. At 5:38 a.m., the dog barks
at weather that sounds like music notes

in a frying pan.
Somewhere, I was tucked into a sweater because we were still cold even in late March even with the arrival of brother & rosebud.

You missed the first freeze, the hard ground, a different kind of break than glass, a different biome.

One day, it will surely describe itself to you: Antarctica, mal de aire. A drink of tea, anise seed, or a paper cone in your ear lit on fire.

The world waited for your first cry, for night to break into its brittle skeletons: Carina, Vela, & Pyxis—the straight compass.

If we only had one row of stars to follow, we would never be lost.
My arms finally found
your little body & you
like the sun
plucked of its feathers.
Corpus Christi, before Hurricane Ivan

The building reads: “Black the roses.” The crumbling courthouse is cradled sorrows—much like our own architecture, attached wall to wall with marble gargoyles.

Cities separate us—the interstates, little people living in between. Like the coast, we slowly glide farther apart from another defeated shoreline.

Fuiste mala con mi corazón:
language separates.
Water released from an invisible palm

slaps us.
How do you describe a hurricane?
Say nothing. Watch all the edges disappear.