

Dirty Picket Fence

she can recall who you are,
just barely.

you languish in the cinnamon sweet nothings
that cling to the roof of her mouth
whenever she swallows
whenever she wakes, avoiding your name.

she remembers the bonfire smell of sweat and cedar
the cicadas rattling faster than her heart
the licking of petals by the stone wall when you...

and then she's driving,
driving to you
with a tetanus lock grip on the steering wheel
a cigarette bobbing
up-down, up-down
between her lips.

she feels it now, right now.
and it's going to snap her bones
like a load of
raw iron ore
and she's still learning how to swim
she is going to do it,
do it for you and she's going to
wrap her arms around your neck and
croon with the curled lips of your
hollow polished trumpet
when you see her and...

she can't remember how she, how she,
she is standing by your picket fence and
she can't remember how she, how she,
she is standing on your white washed porch
and she can't remember how she, how she
forgot her middle name.

but she remembers yours.