

Gregor Samsa, Abutting, Dismantling

This time I'll be more careful,
I won't let us grow weary.

But all the neighbors clearly
care for their own landscape.

They perfect shapes and states,
leaving ours dry and blank.

What a way to be loved.

In time I will lose all focus,
forgetting the moments that I had once missed.

I will see the end of all this.

Then you'll go, I'll stay and wait,
wishing you'd not left.