

Son, Ambulance, Billy Budd

You came by yourself, but you left in a train.
Following close to whatever is in front of you.
Rails lay in their beds from Boston to Maine.
And they trick themselves, dream about waking up.
So we fold like paper.
Into a desks top drawer, something I was writing.
Into a tunnels dark mouth, the boxes have disappeared.
And we laughed out loud for each one we never opened.
So now the poets can guess at what we might have had.
For all their loveliness, my page is just snow.
And I follow your footprints, fill buckets with tears.
With that hot water, I will make you tea.
Cause now you say that you're sick, but I think you're just bored with my jumbled words so inarticulate.
But I told you one time we were two twisted vines, green and inseparable.
That sturdy of a weave it just isn't possible.
So I will change my name, you can pretend you never knew me.
And we'll fill up our floors with the discarded clothes.
A skirt pulled up from under my bed, something I loved on you.
Can you tell by my face, because I think it shows?
It is confusing here, feels like I am in a fog.