

Went to work with a will. A power of sorts long lost within me. I had forgotten the drop of my eye in the rearview mirror. My hand distorted. Radio jumbled into sounds that sew wounds. There is an effort to snap my skin back into its bootstraps. Give it a talking to. We cannot be the kind that sails to falter. We cannot be the kind of woman, human, lover, that screams or shouts, that makes small incisions, that slaughters small animals once uncaged. Whatever mess of fragments you are, after getting loose in crossways facing waves or striking rocks or drifting down or getting knocked up or running towards bad rapids stern parts to pieces, finally get safe. Emma got into a bad place and had a close collision. Another steep fall. Yes. We know it all too well by now. The heart part sinks us. We leak badly through various passages. We slack a patch job. Camp out again next to mirrors we hope are portals. While we build nests out of past love's hair, movie stubs, and that godforsaken carton wrapper. While we coach our child self as a mother, a father, a husband-ed wife extrodinnaire all bottled up into one bird perched on a willow weeping for Sunday mornings again. We work incessantly after the car crash on the river to build a home for ourselves within ourselves. Objects of comfort or abjects of desire and yes there is no roof, no windows, only doors for him to make his french exits, for me to leave ajar, to watch, to wait, for the shadow of him lulling through fall breeze. The house grows haunted, shaky foundations, the birds heckle. Emma gets caught in a complete nest of whirlpools. It drifts in and out of waves. I can almost see her waving or is she flagging us down. While we are cooking this image, a whirlwind sweeps and an instant fire runs everywhere. The body's heat learns the colors of another. Alone we spread less. Our back less arched. Flat across the sheets. It's the memories that sting here. Not the flames or heart's passion. But, the lack of sweat, of spit, of man. It all goes up in red before me. Forced to ash. Yet, still, we work. We will to un-falter. To touch the same heat with personal fingers. To kiss mirrors. To arch backs. To fall in love with another beast. A more permanent one. Start to build again. Laugh at the ludicrous scene.