



Unfaithful; Apology

The body breaks but I still love calligraphy.
I could never get it right,
The looping call of a perfect double Aa
Or how to say, "I love you," and know what it meant to hear.
The quiet shudder of morning caught before sleep dries the eye.
I saw that
But not how it hurt you—
The way I'd turn to the sun spearing gray clouds,
Reminding you of your lack of majesty.
You knew the smile was hollow,
You knew,
But it was yours to throw coins into, wasn't it?
Don't lie to me.
It won't do any good.
You are no moon above a public park escaped into
You are no broken cemetery statue watching over nameless dust
You are no ageless swan always drifting in paint
You are but simple witness
And again I turn to the robin's red breast
And again I turn from you in bed
To face the gorgeous dark.

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