

A Load of Darks

Never again will our pants
move against each other like this.
You've been dead a month
and I've just found the nerve
to give away a few bags of clothes.
I'm washing them now to free us
of the scent of the place
you spent your last days.
After an illness like this,
there is no burying my nose in the folds.
How I used to love to lie my cheek
on your chest and breathe,
bringing me the children we'd have
like a rhythm rooted warm in the belly.
You were exotic to me as the deepest
familiarity. But now our jeans
are deeper blue and soaked through,
and you are gone to me and who?
Last night I dreamed you rose
from our lovemaking and walked away
a paler man. We could hardly believe
you were leaving and we screamed.
The whole dream had that yellow
tinge of hell we'd come to know so well.
Yet when I woke it was the worst pain
to realize that nightmare was false
and this one, with you gone, goes on.