

PETER NATHANIEL MALAE

## Evening

*Para Mi Esposa*

The end arrives again, as evening settles into its precursor role  
to guilt, the colors of the palette smeared together by a million  
finger painters.

Let the creatures cursed to live among us burrow ground  
beneath our feet, and  
let the feathered mammals climb the sky to flee our point of  
view, and let the sun retreat behind the moon to fuel its light  
of fire, and find me underneath this  
blanket of our disappearance: torn, condemned, bewildered.

Kiss some other boyish-man goodnight upon those toes of a  
romantic pirouette—  
I only want to huddle in the lush of darkness, rochambeauing to  
the perfect match, oblivious to what will crush what.

Buttress me: your bones on mine, your joints on mine, and I will  
palm your ears from getting at the sound of truth.

Our hearts are built to beat and beat and beat, and beat us  
down.