

## Pyrotechnics

Can you hear them, love,  
sizzling like a Saturday morning,  
fuses sputtering in the nooks

with the lost coins  
and pubic hair,  
puddings of skin

left for the mites  
eating us dead.  
Who was it that---

O, Boom -- the alarm clock,  
ringing time airborne, Pop --  
the shoes taking off

to the sky or the coat rack,  
unshattered lamps stripped  
Poof -- to the bulb, their shades

bloom on the floor  
in the bookish mulch  
while the pictures

burst like confetti,  
the charred edges flakes  
of powdery carbon.

Everything is quite exploded,  
fire glints in the smoke,  
burning and fragrant, the soot

settling in the sink  
with the dishes, a cold  
fog, grey and blank and soft.