There’s chairs & more chairs that look like all the other chairs but are also slightly different by virtue of curve, color, material & blink there are tables now, beds & beds & beds, where will I sleep & wait & hold & curse & blame & snooze into the future, as we’re here to choose a cozy setting for my wanting & my wishing to not want anything from anyone, which only makes the want & wish too bold, but are we not tame towel racks & terrifying paisley duvets all at once in our impossible to pronounce Nordic habitats—so THIS is how to screw your past life into the present tabletop that holds our cheese & seltzer—& we wonder if this hand-woven rug will make it all better once & for all with its tightly knit piles complete & uniform, this maze of how-to instructions to build your whole life more pleasantly cannot wrench our dismantled & mutable alliance nor construct for us any pictorial solutions when we stare deep into the hamster’s eyes through mute glass & search for the correct dried krill to feed the tropical fish

I’m no painter & have zero idea where the green should go although I know I like it when I see it when you’re on the floor there crawling with a brush between your teeth to make something appear where it never had business existing because you saw something on the side of the road & thought it needed an afterlife from your hands & head & that’s a pearl-sized thought to have about creation, about the world as it must be taken & struck for daily fire & nailed to a wall to view blankly because we’re trapped serpents inside a wicker basket our nighttime spent in constant revival to conjure discrete forms that go into our bodies like lost squirrels in a mine shaft & this is how I say it’s dangerous as a solitary arrow in the gut you just get used to as it grows a new home inside you, but you don’t know how to say with certainty: TAKE IT OUT no matter how many vital shades you scrape off the side of the embankment or scraps of bark you hide in drawers next to the condoms but still there are things we do with our clumsy hands that seep into our sun-filled bodies, sink & stay & leave a fuchsia splatter stained on white linen that has no clue what it needs, but it takes what light it wants

He was shot in the neck right here, you say, as we cross the intersection against the light & you reach for my hand as if holding it would save us from bears & guns & each other; an invisible shield locked in place by fingers that could stop a hurricane short & everyone sent home safe & we haven’t had any coffee yet but have already asked: would you push a man off the cliff if you knew it would save a town—but how could you choose to push the man, that’s murder, you don’t push the man, you say, *you don’t push the man* & we wake up & we play screw, murder, marry with old masters, driving to my car in the lot where I hold your head above my eggshell breast & sop your ochre curls with my whole face like horsehair & glows like Madonna col bambino in a barn fire & the smooth strands brush my cheek as I push away, climb out of your car & sink like a wound, back into my own