

you were a mouth you blew
abuses like loose sugar you fanned
casually across the counter I was
glass & cracked up you were knees
& left impressions
you were a tree with endless branches
despite hatchets & were oppressive
despite being a tree I changed
my shirt so often I wanted
to be as special as you promised
inimitable like orange
navel or blood
I was moved so often
you were moved so little
our friends they said nothing