

You slide into the night

it wears you like a heavy dress.

A distant rumble sweeps your bones into a corner

and you follow

your soft paws scratching on the skin of the floor

a sound

like hooking the fleshy inside of a cheek with a long, firm finger

- the left ear wakes to listen

you are left between voices like strings on a violin

being gradually pulled tighter and tighter

the hum of things

growing

on the ocean bed

crooked and wild fish

cross-eyed

in the deep

it comes at you

with the same slow breath

that makes your feet sink

the same smell

the same attempt

to always look behind

at the precise moment

of departure

that always slips

under the hem of a shadow

and disappears

You hang the night on the coat hook and undress the sound

that came with it.

You happen by a familiar position

you reverse an action to recall its name

but it escapes you.