

## DYNAMITE DECEMBER LEGS

you preen yourself by the fire  
while i grow december legs.  
when i come back, cross your threshold  
tomorrow, i may roll an ankle.

look at you, clean-shaven,  
legitimizing my broken teeth.  
i expect to turn a corner  
& find you singing on the street,

anticipating me. the story we agreed on  
might not have life's ending. we lie to  
everyone about where they can find us.  
each blue step the night takes behind us  
is a breadcrumb for the loves we have hurt  
to be together.

o instrument, shake  
the sounds from my throat  
into something beautiful.

\*

i am unmarriageable. i made you an animal,  
then a different animal. i blew my own ears  
apart. i thought that if you gave the young  
men gray hair, but kept them otherwise

young, then you could boast about it  
at sunset on your wedding day.  
this is sunset on your wedding day.

i shake love into the dirt. it roves  
across the field of your eye.  
my goodbye burns your neck  
as you leave & i inherit the scattered  
earth. i am learning to effect people  
into themselves. not affect. there  
is a lesson you missed somewhere.

\*

we were 18-yr-old boys together.  
sad & trying to make something  
with our sad hands.

we looked into each other's eyes  
and saw different eyes there.

we were no joke.

protected under the wing  
of liberal arts,

no idea this was our last chance  
to be ourselves without consequences,

i taught you where to put your hands.  
was surprised you didn't know.

\*

death is the equalizer but  
we ignore him because  
he starts pitching  
from such a long way off

\*

shaking in the dirt,  
i taught you where  
to put your love.  
was surprised you didn't  
know where.

horizons bore the weight  
of sunset weddings.

red origami flashed  
from wallet to wallet  
like a promise.

we were 18-yr-old boys together.

each breadcrumb changed  
the animal i made you.

\*

you preen yourself by the fire  
and grow december legs.

i teach your hands my broken  
teeth. we are protected by goodbye.

i am more hopeless in light  
than in dark—unmarriageable,  
but a willing sunset.

i let you lay sticks of dynamite  
all along my birth canal.