

Picture of an Ex-Boyfriend

His ribs rose in thin white horns a lacing around and above
 The sunken nape of the belly,
 The umbilicus softened by this high
 And empty amphitheater of muscle, bone.

I would be lying to say I was not jealous
 Of the taut drape of his legs
 The white lines within him
 So contained and fleshed
 His stillness
 Waterskin on a faucet stream.
 That day
 The arches of his feet stiffened

And careened away from each other
 The two comrades white bone carried
lost in a sea,
 in the fluff of black blankets.

I took his photo
In that shadowed place,
a thin twin bed beneath
a half-covered window
 And kept it for just this moment,

this reminiscing of him,
 A half-hearted invitation the flatness of his chest
To drum, stretch the fingers,
 beat the palms.