

Advice For After the Affair

Dress the evening in cheap melodrama.
Bangles. Scarves. Fuck-me

pumps. Every gesture a testament
to pleasure. Roll the moon around

on your tongue until it drops
like a stopped watch down the pocket

of your throat. For each crime scene
left behind can I get an *Amen*?

Broken bottles. Broad strokes
of Merlot bruising the tile.

I get it. I've been there & own
the shirt you're about to buy, but

let me share with you what I know
about solitude. About fear &

those boundless hours
once they decide to love you

less. It won't be long before
rain returns with its awkwardness,

its candid shame. Try this: inch
the calendar back by days,

weeks. Months, if necessary. No one
needs to know why you check

each tilted mirror, lift the rug's
braided tongue. & whose business

is it anyway if you down mimosas
for breakfast, leave the TV burning

'til dawn. Remember Joan Crawford,
glossed in sequins & tears, deserting

her heels across a vacant stretch
of sand? How glamorous she made

loneliness look. How believable
the moody score, her unforgiving

symmetry. *Here's to love*, she lamented,
& the ocean, in its eagerness to press

regret against its ear, reminds you
why you've kept the room so dim,

so remote. Why it cups between
quivering hands a sorrow

heard only below the slope
of your collarbone. If someone said,

Listen, I hear it, too,
even I might turn to pour myself

inside the sighing. The singing.
A world humming with salt.