

I Acknowledge Mine

You crop up, just as spring starts closing in.
Can't say I've missed you: my happiness
starts when you're gone and I stop noticing.
The empty closet, the bare mantelpiece:
these days, isn't that what we're being sold?
But all my caches are so overladen
the only remedy is to abscond.
I turn you up while looking for my keys:
a snarl of undiscarded sharps and cabling
from antique gadgets and accessories;
your battery-acid heart's leaking a bit,
your rusted nails are hooked into my skin
and I am stalling, stalling. Right, that's it.
– I've got to get out of here. Get in.