

still life with bickering

like a jinx i gifted myself when i named our unbodied love *Easy*
it wouldn't be the world if after we weren't fumbling

my internet doesn't work i'm telling you in case
you want email to sort this all out

a word box is a madness madness, any list of possibilities

and on a sunday, a litany can become restless, a restlessness
ends up winged—

i'm not out here calling *come animal [settle] lie down*

my instinct is domesticated after all, desire is a verb
just like lonely and want is any bird withholding collision

aren't we, despite despite, some kind of angels? paper spines
reframe the night / / not knowing what we move

toward or why but everybody with a body
grown knows fever + sweat, knows love as a palm gathering for a home

where's the little path you cleared for me just wide enough so i can shovel
at skin through your clothes it is warm there a nest, unspectacular and warm