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The Story in Which the Imaginary Lover Becomes a Small House

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THE STORY IN WHICH THE IMAGINARY LOVER
BECOMES A SMALL HOUSE

I dreamt of him again. He lived
in the room next to mine. I tried to look like there's a hole in the wall
that separates these rooms, like there are rooms in the buildings
that are always locked. Like there's a river at the end of the hall
& I dreamt that too. & you're weeping
now. I'm sorry— I wanted you to come so I loved you
back to paper. I thought I heard you say something about being hungry.
If you were, I'd wash your collarbone in my bathtub.
I'd build your bedroom in a hollow wall.
I want to unhook you.
Form your stomach muscles out of plywood;
your hands: filled-in bed sheets; your skin: wallpaper drips.
I want to make you slop mesh screening.
The circular ruins of your eyes waterfall, looking for moons.
Your knee bones,
your knee-stops,
your knee aches when it rains.
I'll make you love the weathervanes.
I'll never tell you it's not morning. Imagine it's not
morning. Imagine it's still night-washed:
Your pillows aren't soaked in anything;
your hands aren't stuck
to anything; your eyes haven't studied anything.
Not even the walls look covered in holes;
not even the windows look streaked with handprints.
Even for one minute, I will not let you open.