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## Coming Apart

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## COMING APART

Hawk-eyed wind the day she lets you die  
your spine along the bed. Hawk  
by sunset too. Hawk hanging from mountains south.  
High in the trees, your final hour.  
Pack the luggage and send it home. Empty  
your pockets when evening winds blow pale  
with heat. The running hills, that darker bush:  
a confluence of green.

When she wonders why you've come so late  
tell her you have no answers. Label the books  
*for father*. Tell her you're here  
because you have to be. Demands  
must be met. Leave the shoes for brother.  
Make up a reason: hawk  
on the mountain or June sun settles  
with wings. Wipe from your neck  
the dried slowed breath of anxious children.  
Close your eyes and day falls ruined by shadow.

Like any good woman, she opens for you. Grows  
at the mouth. Those huge thighs cold  
when she finally brings you in, below  
the bridge, to fern and mud, minnow  
mad for your face. She tells  
you hunger, biting rock, your unattended eyes.  
She tells you she is kind. Her undercurrent blind.  
Her darkened bed, an afterthought.  
She tells you how you'll come apart in every proper  
place. She palms you to her breast.  
Hawk eyes at the bottom. Smells of dispossession.  
Belly up and belly up and up  
and belly down.  
Buckled. Broken on the bed.