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Domestics & Accidents

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DOMESTICS & ACCIDENTS

A Roadmap

i.
Some words are pebbles
and old grass.
Some fill the room like a road.

ii.
I press your words into maps.
Fold them so your chest bends
and the road runs through you.

iii.
At night I leave
our sleeping children in the yard
so I can run the road across their backs.
So I can be childless and dark.

iv.
I gravel up
at the shoulder.
Never go anywhere.

v.
If the world stopped spinning
we would all be heavy and seasick.
Then it wouldn't be just me.

vi.
The road makes a sound
like everything is coming
and then it's gone.
Sometimes I do.