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Though You Left Me I Still Water Your Plants

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THOUGH YOU LEFT ME I STILL WATER YOUR PLANTS

There are days I want to make you understand.
Days piled like a ship's splintered timbers
in a stockyard of the throat-slit moon.
There are days I want to call you
from the miles of my quiet to tell you
how she wore the same panties
you would sometimes wear. How with nerves
I worked my mouth down her frame,
hands rubbing for warmth,
to maybe catch a spark,
her opened jeans I pulled away
and saw them there in cotton,
the horizontal stripes and lacy trim,
gray and white and everything
left me when you did. But these. You left me
these. I am no werewolf but
I took them all the same in my teeth
and I tore you open gently, that I might
find myself in you again, get lost in the trees
with your lit match in my mouth.