Eating Kit Kats During the Last Hurricane, We Decide to Split Up

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It's the same every morning:
the house folds itself up like a map when I leave it,
static infecting the radio.

I wake the avocado not a real avocado
one from the garden where our ghosts hide.

I'm bored with my eyes,
I close them open them pull off my lips kiss my own nose,
the salad tongs in my hand.