

## **Pressed**

I've scraped the last remnants of a crispy dinner  
from the pan and crushed the crumbs like snow between my fingers.

I've blown out the candles, kneeling too closely  
and letting the wax dangerously coat the tips of my eyelashes.

I've pressed my head against the empty dining table  
in a prayer that this will be the last of our disastrous last suppers.

I've mouthed a promise to myself, like CPR exhaled,  
that I will stop trying to resuscitate our broken and tangled sweetness.

I've flung the dishes against the wall and knelt among  
the collage of broken shards to remind myself how much he hurts.

I've forced myself to hold steady against the front door  
and draw the chain across the lock, in case I lose my nerve, to keep him out.

## **Fangirl**

It's never easy loving the dead, but it's necessary when you've clearly  
come from another time and none of the writers or singers or painters  
of today mean much of anything to you. Now those old ones, the corpses  
rotting in crypts, knew what they were doing. They knew how to make words  
fly off the page or write a song that made the world melt into a honey-coated nest  
where you could lose yourself for days or months and cover your skin with browned magazine  
pages like a librarian's spa. You could love those old dead people until your own  
bones weathered and simmered back to the 50's or 20's. To other decades and  
centuries until you realize with a gnawing acid in the pit of your stomach  
that actually everyone's telling you the same damn thing whether  
it's rhyming or not, in blues or millennial pinks. They're all screaming and purring  
identical messages in bottles, only you've got to open up your ears and your heart  
and rise from the coffin of other times.

You've got to listen to the world around you and step into the light.