

Lima,
peru.
fingertips touch,
hands clasped together thru the
peaks
and
valleys.
dry desert; deep ocean.
lips graze--
bound together, discovering
every nook.
every corner.
my performance deserved an

Oscar.
rain clashes with concrete at
home.
where is home?
it is not
34C.
it is under the blanket--
wool--
where our hearts aren't at war,
yet;
where we clash:
little battles, little wins,
little deaths.

Victor
-y
victory.
victory.
a crescent rises,
we fall,
it falters.
rays reach for
our unclothed skin
early in the warm light.
call out your name just to hear it
reverberate;

Echo.
your voice.
your sweet dri
p
p
ing
dew.
dawn's cool air;
blades of green, i run
my hand thru, i find

familiar fog
and
long drives.
was it one too many?
for now, i hold you
and--
sand--
grain by grain i watch
you slip thru
my arms that were yours
in peru.

Oscar

wilde
once said:
"no yesterday, no tomorrow"
us,
we are boxed into a
purgatory.
i found
refuge in my solitary drives
to the base—
every light to nightfall.
i told myself it was
for you.
it's always been
for you.
but you wanted a home.

Romeo,

you fell for
romeo.
you tired reaching for her
in a foggy space where she tries on
m e m o r i e s.
lilacs in pottery vases,
folded notes in jean pockets.
but romeo wears,
too.
the lace found under
the bed.
our bed.
i heard your car at 2:51am.
i heard it.
oh, the last line is and of the same.
we played a losing game.
now, i remember the

Lima-

beans.
you made them.

boiled water,
shelled, seasoned, salted
tenderly cared for our meal.
 (did you long for me to
 care for you like that too?)
and a fabricated focal point,
masking what cannot be said.
and once it's said—

 dish smashed.

 last words you begin

 and i end.

“what is wrong with you now?

i'm fucking tired of this.

tired of what?

...

do you love me?

of course.

say it.

say it?

say you love me.

i do.

...what's her name?

what?

i'm not fucking stupid.

please, just stop.

i can't live like this.

...

if you walk out that door,

if you leave me alone again,

i am done.

...

i just can't take it...”

...

car door—slam. gone.

 i pick up

Oscar

 's

 tacos on the way with

 silence

 as company.

 i drive the same route

 to the same place

 in a uniform

 clean

 yet

 tarnished,

 with memories

 no god can purify.

and im sorry,

because by god, you tried.

im sorry. I should've seen u were hurting
maybe we can talk together. i need u with me.

"i'll b back soon

hey?
pls lmk ur ok? im worried

i love you."
Delivered 8:51pm

...

51 days.
without you,
the wool is cold.
the crescents move slowly.
I made an empty promise,
you filled with an empty grave.

familiar fog
and

a long drive.

three passing cars,
two windows lowered,
one lone driver.

stopping at a neon
haven;

the smell of stale newport cigarettes
and forgotten garbage
encompasses the area blanketed by
fluorescent lights.

ding.

welcome in
i read her name tag,

Sierra.

(from behind) 22her hair curls
on the ends
like yours.
i keep my head down,
digging thru a pocket with
folded notes
to put coins on the counter.
i can almost taste the
smoke and gasoline
as the engine of my mopar
sputters.

oak trees block piercing rays
throughout the silent drive
alone.

my bottle of

Sierra-

mist

is in the seat you once sat.

the road is an

escape

yet it only ever leads me

back

to your

ghost.

it is for you

every

road

curves.

and i am left with straight ways.

51 miles.

a grassy floral stretch.

those trapped in boxes under dirt

are six feet under me,

shut out from a world that goes on.

not me.

which of us

is truly beneath

now that

you're

gone?