
Your Place

After, as you say,
doing it,
our first time,

two passengers
in one seat
of your Honda,

you reclaim
the driver's side
and crank the window

down and wipe
the windshield
down with your shirt.

I blot my hands
about the car mat,
finding my bracelets,

and shove each stocking
into my purse.
When I look over

you're a long place
away from when
you first went

for my hair
like you do.
Looking straight

down to the end
of this sleeping
residential street,

your head up,
your jaw tight,
your eyes take on

everything
with the same
consideration

of the old Romans
who asked questions
regarding the State
and the hereafter.

She No Longer Looks at Herself

In the new
and happy life
she is not looking

at herself crouched
in the easement
channeling her pee

downhill between
her feet, moving around
the gravel run off.

She is looking at
her love, who rocks
in the car of loud

soothing music.
She is looking
at the browning