

House of pair-bonding.

I obviously know the man in these pictures, I'm letting him hold my hand. Is this the time we waste on our roses. Limbic revision meant if I check your face often enough, read for frustration or rage, study the shape your brows and lips make, will there be an explosion or just muted self-loathing—then all is rejointed, made lovely. My poor young groom, slender, limping, one foot held uncertainly off the sidewalk, stone-bruised. Snow on the shady side of the house glows an eggshell violet at twilight, I bungle, can't breathe, try to start the car with my house key. He made a fiddle of her breastbone. Some men offer more than gesture. I'm going to bunt, deny everything. I haven't ever seen you venomous with shame, never watched that spiral savage you, you never took your pillows and slept cold on the floor in the study, there have been no visits to urgent care on the weekends. I don't dream my cat drawn into the woods by the witches' singing, didn't find an inclined stranger for the drive-by body pierce, not at all curious what lay around the next warm bend, not always getting ideas from somewhere like the girl who put beans up her nose, don't keep you awake all night long with the light on, doing this.