



Tonight I come
back to the castle erected just for us.
I walk
wet groove licked into the earth by dragging feet,
a path polished slick by my return.

Inside, my pulse swells, sputters —
the heat of remembering singes
your smile split and never finished,
your thumb dragging spit across my lip,
Hunger burgeoning,
But nothing feeds me here.

Upstairs the bed keeps faith.
Its hollow holds the shape of you;
the sheets have learned your folds,
mattress bruised with the toothy curve of your spine.
But press a cheek to checkered sheet
and I will find no scent of you.

This is how i keep you —
Not in forgiveness, not faith —
but in feral formalin, brining you,
tonguing notes of you from stillness.

When I return again, maybe you'll just be
static spliced with silence,
heat moving ahead of me up the stairs.
I'll follow,
mouth open,
wetting the wound,
helping it split another night.