



**LIZA KEANE SS26**

























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.