

Aprilia

Jennifer Militello

Lately, the light dies of grief. Even leaves seem
starlings. We keep chasing through statues, through skin,

through the brutal in your forearms, your hair black
as birds. We follow the path worn in grass by some

captive animal, until clouds gain distance's same red edge.
Your shoulders husk mouths out of which languages

tangle and fail, and crying is not enough sleep.
And night is a wire. And earth is a sign.

I begin to let the scent of forsythia get to me.
I let you put the door in only, the passing in speed,

the start to dark godless reactions. What once dozed
in the cold stalls of an open barn, breathing a cotton

clean as milk, now chooses avenues more dried petals
than black flies. Now an early child practices late magic;

you flush an accident of birds into several curtains
parting, to let morning through, to complicate the trees.

(start)

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I had the clock in my hands + I went through the door + the day was lightning + the door was a clock.

time held you like water time did not hold me + the clock was a door I went through + without you time was water +

you + a paper where some complacence was torn

where our hearts met and our rib cages met and our eyelids felt like water + I was where the door ended a stairwell.

was like light + I felt you go long before I held the clock + hands until they were still I held + your hands under water.

you + the computer hum of your nights alone + a black place waiting to be spread more thin.

I walked out + there was little else to go + there was lightning like a water + time + electricity filled our hearts their beating +

was so loud we walked in time apart + the footsteps so broad the water was where + we could not go a clock =

one hand faster than the around. one hand like lightning. the other, alone.