In This House We've Built Together

for India & Evan

I can put the boxes down. I can sit here beside you without a face. You won't ask why I'm a different person than I was in the photos

from ten years ago. I don't need to share the list of what I'm carrying these days. I can sit here beside you and come all the way apart. Inside

out myself, remove every bone. You won't ask how long I need to sit without my skeleton. You'll stack each piece on the shelf by the fireplace,

like you always do, and when I'm ready to rebuild my body, we'll give each bone a new name. This one, that goes in the arm — most beautiful sunrise

over the ocean. The third rib from the bottom—my favorite song that I only know because you played it for me. In the yard in summer, yellow flowers

bloom in the grass. Here we are, with all our seasons coiled inside us. What a gift to meet you again each morning, as the uncoiling looks like unraveling,

as it looks like a party with friends and many layered cakes, as there is no music

but the humming of our cells dancing together. When you come home,

exhausted by the world's cool indifference, you can put the boxes down. I have our list of names. When you're ready, I'll put you together again.

Pluto

we gazed into your heart- shaped birthmark

and for the first time saw ourselves

in your pale cold face

how much sun does it take

to turn your frozen heart to vapor

often when I press an open palm

to my chest I feel nothing I am empty

an ocean resonant as an instrument

I too have been shadowed by

bold brilliant bodies with their own glowing

retinues of moons

I am soft and full of blood I am

only small from a distance

like you full of worlds unmapped

on which I can stake no claim impose no names