

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.

