

Gluegun

Draining in bucket of others
Mixed craftly, tirelessly with palms and lip-drool
of your design, by my allowance
I loved you like I did the others: when you needed, in the shadows,
Checking in unbuilt rooms, leaving early.
Checking out the upcoming vacation
Away,
Skating on ebbs and flows of the shoreless desire
You,
Kept plastering the sky with discounted paint
Getting more, lasting longer
Until the forever dripped on threshold
Under your slippers
rushing for the mailbox news
coming in frontpage waves: an illegal abortion, another war, a youth pill
And never again,
Me.

Shelves of yearning are empty by the register,
impulsively pushing the buy
The hand picks up in a hurry, down the line,
from get-go, a scalper's bundled attraction
Not in storage.
The beyond,
Unreached, after brief, preterhuman love encounters
Is out of stock
Of us.