

Hardheaded Aubade

(forthcoming in *Ninth Letter*)

In the way I was told to do, the door
to strangers was shut, still he opened mine—

left me alone to my own devices.
He gave his name again when I asked. What
a bad actor—I've got my lines backward,
doubled over. On top of each other,

beside ourselves. We were a looped track. We
ran wordless night's deep redundant blue. We
pled our bodies' losing arguments. We
called each other by other names. Who we

were could never do the trick. My shirt
in his shirt in a pile. It all felt backward—
the bedroom I no longer knew. In what
else should we have dressed decency? *What is*

your name again, one of us asked. I said mine.
Closed my hand around the knob, forced the door.