





i can't smell your neck through the screen so i don't know if this date is going well at all  
you say taste this

things we can't share beyond sending an image a meme a shout a sigh something integral to  
being human our beingness

the ballerino practiced at the barre in the empty student dorm the dark day was becoming a  
darker night the fog settled deep in the branches and huddled close to the ground like a curtain  
or film scores or a mirror

dusk

but without any open sky fireworks of sunset the sky stayed locked shut but the lamps made a  
cozy cool glow I was feeling looser if not better by then because we had left the city the sirens  
the tin-can smell in the air we climbed the steps of the mossy green stone amphitheater a council  
of crones in a circle of trees the layered stage set for commencement

we are starting over from here



























