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Object

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OBJECT

Brendan Egan

Too much for me—The way that her jaw digs
square in her chest, the soft drip of tears sucked
in the breast of her sweatshirt as she slurs,
“I saw him at a car wash and never said
hello”—That his family found him, pills
stuck in his throat, no note but the one left
ringing on the F key of his piano—
It’s too much—Every sour note from her mouth
steams Cuervo-coffee—The porch light spinning,
haloing her body like a centerfold—
the way I’m told he kissed her once—pluckish,
teeth grazed—Too much, how her fingers stroke sweet
on the rim of her mug—The rum filled bottles
hollering over the bass pounding inside,
the quiet stain of wetness on her cheek—
Her hazy hot-tongue breath quicksilvering
my skin, my ear, how her lips quiver-beg
for one last cigarette, and I give four—
It’s too much, because all I see in her
stumble indoors—the sway of her hips—
All I see staggering over spilled drink—
the pinups plastered beside my shower—
her form crashing down in waves through the hall—
All I want is pinning her
naked body to the wall.