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Money is a Crime, Rape is a Personal Experience

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Money is a Crime, Rape is a Personal Experience

My friend Denise said
she takes up too much
of my time.

She just moved
into a peeling pink house
on the East Side—
two bedrooms
for seven hundred flat—
a little too close

to where my ex and I
wanted to live,
where the doors locked
in the morning
when he woke up,
and key holes
were a low voice
spoken through the
deepest black mustache.
I light a candle whenever
he's mentioned,
plant a tree every year
in the woods where
I burned his name
and threw it
on the wind.

I smoked a bowl
and across the room
in the mirror,
saw Denise and I—
like water when
the ground is too cold,
and the air is too hot.

We both slid our armor off
like wrapping paper
and let a man
close in on us
like a claw.