Object

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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 carwash 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.