

Winter in the Hague

by Lou Wightman

**There is only me and the crooked pavement that leads to your
dim tower.**

**Gray sauntering in a time that is not winter or spring.
The sea rolls in and still it is miles away from your deep-set
eyes.**

**She brings the thought of high tide to the staid kitchen in the
apartment you share.**

**It was two nights I burrowed in and down to get closer.
I lay as still as I could and focused my brain,
That loose, wet, sloppy thing,
On turning in on my limbs and crawling inside of you.**

**I want to live off of the vines you eat for breakfast
But you shit them out in tough strings I can't chew through
And so I choke in the morning
But without the certainty of death
I am just left breathless and blue.**

**You don't even like blue.
You whisper about green things in the dead of the night
And her hair sparks electricity white and hot
In response to your fetid mouth.**

**Under your bed I can even feel you move toward her
Wordless and not a single expression playing at your soft lips.
Lying flat I know it's all an act we must get through.
I don't even tremble anymore when I hear wet noises
Moist squeals echo off the floorboards and travel up through
my splayed fingers
I tell you no when she is finally gone.**

**The air hangs like you are alone
But I can feel the chasm where her energy has been
And no matter how I fold my limbs I won't fill it.**

**You rest your eyes and I rest my soul
By finding the loose board and building a nest you won't ever
find.**

**I know now that it's imperative you don't find it.
I don't count on you leaving in the night
But it happens and then I am free to float amongst sheets
And breathe in the air that knows your voice
To draw it deeply back into lungs
Pink with sheer pulsing.**

**Even in my sleep I remember to go invisible
When the mists lift and you climb back.
The sound of you sleeping is too sweet to bear
And I stuff my ears full of your discarded clothes.**

