

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.

