

On a Sunday

by XXXX

It is always midnight in my heart;
and melancholy advances from handsome men
only take place in my mind,
where the slithering crevices reek
of muck and grime, from misuse, from neglect
from being dropped into sewers and black holes.

I love, for the time being, an Irishman,
who whispers to me through the computer,
and when he leans in, I observe
the crook of his neck: I fit there,
as a puzzle piece, so perfect that
it must have been created by impressing
my pre-cosmic head on it,
and when separated, I long to return to it,
to lay my head on his shoulder and feel familiar.

I have been here before, or: I was here
before I was ever here. I have returned,
my love.

