

#2

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At daybreak I go to the mirror—
no need for light.
I just touch the switch anyway, and brush my hair.
Should I shave?
I don't know, maybe if I could talk to you
about this loneliness.

Rainwater fills a metal cup on the deck outside the room
its rust grows on the thick grains of redwood.
I see your hair spread out on the bed
with no pillow, the sheets pulled from
the corners, breasts like sleeping
kittens. Your eyes closed
and still you call my name.

I stare at my dark outline,
feel lips the rough texture of my face.
I know I should shave.
Admit it, the morning confuses you.