

**Vaya con Amor**

(for Tracy Putirka)

The love, our glue  
is overflowing  
onto the floor  
turning this house into  
flypaper as two little selves buzz,  
trapped within one heartapple

Your teeth are worn from chatter,  
Your bite lost,  
so if we're going to get  
our selves out of here  
it will be up to me...  
but when I eat an apple  
I eat the core:

    I know you find it hard  
to swallow

but your loving hands  
no longer fit like a glove;  
I'm putting your eyes back in,  
try to keep them open this time.  
I didn't want to jar you  
but I had to bring you  
into reality, bit by bit,  
since I couldn't share  
in your fantasy

You drive me gray-haired  
into a mule, 'onery and strong,  
so I guess it should be  
no surprise that I pack up  
the old bag glued to my back.  
It's the only way  
your fantasy can end:

Me lifting us both out of this  
while you carry little  
more than memories  
of the love that you fancied.