

She Tried

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She tried
to leave
her last
lover
in a small
carved teak
box.
(Wood
smooth
as his
skin.)

Did a
ritual
when it
was over,
when he
had said:
"I care for you,
but..."

She put
a full moon,
a few hummingbird feathers,
a ring

in the
box.

Thought:
“Now
it is
over.”

Somehow
at night
he lifts
the lid,
invades her
dreams.

His arms, smell
float to her
like his breath,
transparent.

His weight
capsizes
her bed.
She awakes,
dawn poking
through blinds.
She reaches,
pillow next to
her,
spoons around
it.