

Love, Your Tangled Face

Love, your tangled face and clarion tangled
hair ice down the pane of this windowless
room, your fingers crackle and shrink in the vase,
legs angled impossibly under the stove.
All these drab exposure, Love, farts
in your ears, impressions of style when all
the while the grammar of you is never.
Hour by hour your leather heels limp
along the corridors within these walls.