

**viz.**

I call a repairman. In fact, I end up calling two, both named Mike. The tip of the first Mike's nose is red and pitted, as if it's been gnawed by a small but angry animal. Three-hundred dollars later and the fridge still isn't fixed, just broken in a new way – the postmodern idea of progress.

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You point. I look up at the sky, making a visor of my hand to shield my eyes from the furious glare. Far off a hawk is floating. Unless it's a crow.

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The goldfish I won at the carnival and carried around the rest of the night in a clear plastic bag? My mother flushed it down the toilet while I was at school. I've been thinking about something else ever since – that kindness is cunning administered with caution. Your small white dog flinches when I shoot out my arm to pet it.

### **death is love turned inside out**

"Oon," our 2-year-old says. He means "moon." Glancing up, I don't see one. The sky is less like sky than it used to be.

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As I tumble in the backwash of our weekly lovemaking, death squads of angels prowl bedrooms and bathroom stalls, not despite or because, but with all the energetic aimlessness of dandelion fluff.

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At work or just hanging around, it can happen, every breath a suicide bomber in a dynamite vest.