

## **Missing**

I ignore the peeling trim, bare spots  
on the lawn. A grocery list: beer,  
detergent. No warm dinner waits.  
I eat two bowls of Cheerios,  
drink the last beer, step outside to smoke.  
Stars blink. The dog paws the dirt and barks  
at nothing. By morning, I practice  
concern. Should I shave? What to say  
when calling her work, her mother.  
Nothing is missing. I look through her jewelry,  
piles of papers, her poems. After  
the third day, I know I'll need to go  
shopping. I imagine her sitting  
in a stalled car in some foreign  
neighborhood, lost. Lost in the desert  
with sun parched lips, a bump on her head.  
I call my mother to ask when  
the laundry will be done.

## **Eventide**

Night's blanket wraps us.  
We whisper dinosaurs,  
monsters singing like birds.  
Out there, a dead planet  
for each. What we know  
could fit on a blade of grass.  
What we don't know is enough.