

After The Fall

After the fall, I'll tell them—as agreed—
that you were an apple that bit into me
to forget its own knowledge

Then remembering the city was not a garden
yet still grown out of my marvel, your rib bones
I'll show them the hollow

spaces you carved out of wind out there

I'll show them my sinful yellow dress, those
little red shoes. Here's a photo of my breasts
cut by tire treads, the car you drove far to get me

the stars we ate

Here's the photo where I stood on those heels
as though they were my sixth toes and showed you
where to park. But that's not

where it ended, chokecherry
heart in a desert.

Here's the postcard I forgot to send: impossible
light like pollen, falling
and falling

through my hands