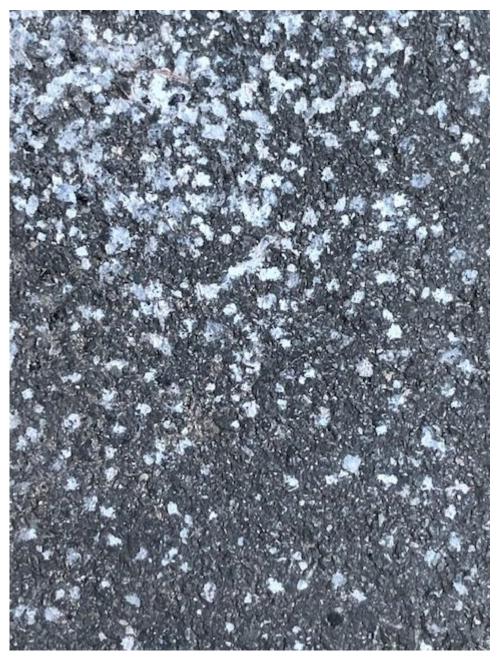
New Poetry from Gladys Justin Carr: Numbers



THE WAY WE DISSOLVED / image by Amalie Flynn that night we forgot for a while the broken country where we lived in hearts discontent walking backward into unicorns, rainbows, butterflies grazing beauty until blood oaths shattered and you left, the hard leaves crying out under your step it was good once, you said

well, thank you for that, you touched my face a scribbler's tender touch, is there a better way than this, you said, this nuclear family two dogs a cat the twins asleep until the rage of words the spiny hurts tore at the roots too late for I love you. . . that last evening spread out against the sky with mathematical certainty not even so long, it's been good to know va unique, I think, the way we dissolved into yards of ancient lies it wasn't deceit no not a pity party not even a rave of dances and songs just two shills selling our micro myths glasses raised here's to the years left after you left I wonder how my new lover will like my plastic cheeks my potty mouth my breasts of steel even now as I scour the rooms of your scent where we died in an instant in this freeze-frame of memento mori I still turn down the covers and wait