

# 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  
tore at the roots the spiny hurts  
too late for I love you. . . . that last evening  
spread out against the sky  
with mathematical certainty gone  
not even so long, it's been good  
to know ya  
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  
so 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