

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