

Claire Christoff

The Day After He Dumped You

The day after he dumped you,
let's-just-take-a-break-style
you saw a dead bird on the sidewalk
and took a picture of it
and sent it to him
and he didn't reply
but what did you expect

like the dead robin you saw
outside the library
before it really got cold,
sort of an avian miscarriage or maybe
abortion, sinewy
and sad and kind of like chewed gum,
bird bacon

and the snow that fell on your head
under the singing orange streetlamp,
rivulets of broken yolk through your hair.
Except it wasn't snow,
it dried hard and purple
and you used an entire bottle of Pantene
to make you feel civilized again.