

Sarah Turmail

Lucy, I'm Home

Pal, I need to weep. The rubble of my life
is naked, catching cold under the woodpile
while I pair socks, fuss with my eyebrows.
Disillusioned with botched handwriting,
an epitaph I thought of just now.

You lay on the warped linoleum,
and the curve of your hip as you hide
your penis from me hangs a crescent moon
in the kitchen. The dog's run off, pal,
because you left the door open, again.

Whiskey drips off the window sill—
tears meant for the dog hair dusted
on the baseboards. The smell echoes
from his mouth, bouncing from the yellowed
cavern to the winded light of dinnertime.

He is Babylon, collapsed after a seven
lapped walk, and if I fold enough socks,
find the right brow pencil, I can forget
that I ever loved whiskey breath and bad teeth.
Pal, I'm leaving, now, to look for the dog.