

DARREN C. DEMAREE

EMILY

EMILY AS I HOLD THREE OF HER SHOES

I would
write poems

about swans,
if I gave

a shit about
swans.

The swans
you're

thinking of,
do they

have anything
to do

with Emily?

EMILY AS THE REPETITION DOESN'T MEAN WE ARE TRYING TO GET IT RIGHT

Like the last cigarette
of the first pack
of the first carton
of a whole truckload
of tobacco that is
delivered to our door

every day, obviously
this, us, isn't about
living forever, it's about
a million quick fixes
that are never exhausted
& never put out by our

hot breath. If we ever
run out of lighters,
I could always move
to Alabama again
& see if I can return,
with that much fire.

It, the tectonic nature
of marriage is supposed
to be shifting constantly,
but did you know, after
I came back from 'Bama
the first time, that we

would rely on the daily
routine, the rush to
delay, to make it through
this many almost years.
Yeah, I knew it too,
it became true that way.