CAM LAVENDER

HANGOVER FROM SATURDAY NIGHT

HE RESUMES RESPONSIBILITY

By morning I’ve cooled to evidence,
still-warm like a gun. I’m cliché
as piled empties,
obvious as burned wood

or chicken bones. He unwraps himself
from my incidental body
but I persist in his bed,
a reoccurrence,

anyone could walk in
and see what we’ve done.

HE PULLS BACK

He suggests a sit-down brunch
to prove he’s civilized.

There are the usual
white candles, inoffensive music,
strangers eating food.

Glasses are added
to the crowded table,
forced into the empty spaces
like towers fitted
into vacant lots.
He dislikes the wilderness

of kitchens; somebody will translate
our demands into food.

We hold our menus like cards.

He mentions his hunger, I think;
it’s difficult to hear
from such a distance.

HE TRIES PERFORMING

We started like a fire
so he calls it an accident:

we chased each other screaming
the truth, knocking ourselves over,
we kissed for no reason.

I peer over the salt and pepper shakers’
bulbous heads; I strain, listen for the end
of his dwindling fermata.

The waiter interrupts
by reappearing.
He’s brought more stuff.

We pull back our hands
so he can drop it between us.
He instructs the waiter

The waiter deadheads
our greasy plates,
fingerprinted glasses, stained napkins,

everything dirty is plucked
from the table

when he says we’re done.