

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.