

# LETTER TO MY WIFE WRITTEN ON THE WALLS

We've built a city of drool  
beneath Aunt Patricia's afghan.

OF A

Gnawing a yellow pop bead  
like a corn cob succulent

BLANKET

our monster is the only candidate  
for mayor, a job the invisible  
charter deems payable

FORT

in ice pops. Earlier the sprinkler's  
lethargic rainbow soaked  
our cut-offs as I drafted  
a petition against petitions.

Our muddy towels reek  
like dead yaks rotting  
in heaps by wilted basil.

Ground into the plush  
mystery of carpet your hair  
and mine are indiscernible  
at eye level. The mayor  
just zonked. Annabelle,  
if you find us dreaming here  
know this morning I awoke  
to the pale wet flash of your back  
and named every beading river.

ADAM TAVEL