

Last Year Without

(with lines from Richard Siken)

Tell me about the dream where we talked on the rooftop
of a dying warehouse on eighth avenue, overlooking
the forest, and trains at our feet. How it was late
and no one could sleep, the moon rising

until it was behind us. How we climbed
to the top so we could dance, and the night
was apple flavored, and every time we laughed
there was another morning to pull the covers over.

Look at the light through the windowpane
That means it's noon. That means we're inconsolable.
Tell me we lowered our bodies back down
the bricks, returned to the sidewalk

we traveled until daybreak, and ended up
in your living room—both couches missing—and the dog
not in the yard. I walked out the minute I knew.
Tell me you cried on the uncovered carpet,

that you looked out the window at least once.
Tell me you took the long way
past my house that whole year.

Haley Van Heukelom