



I've been told what's left  
over romance  
is a room  
stripped true to life  
a residue clinging to frame and bone  
nights waking in the thick of it and too  
believing in the deep clean I avoid  
of remembering the second person like the plague  
the grime of the past  
tense

(and no this does not do shit)

the trouble with loving on the spacetime continuum  
is entropy  
entropy  
when a heart holds only so much entropy  
packing tape and moving places  
on doors opening outward  
swinging spirals  
everything  
a hinge