

Country of Glass

I dreamt I was alone with the baby grand,
your porcelain vases facing the window
as if they didn't want to see me. My life, yours,
with the boneless chicken dinners from a box,
the tatty pink toothbrushes by the kitchen sink,
the red hair dye on the bedroom bookshelf.
When I woke, I saw nothing changed:
the usual head of blonde hair in my bed,
the white voile curtains behind him,
the lump of his body encased in blankets.
Yet something had shifted.
I stripped down, laid down in the cold bathtub,
tried to decide what to care about.
Maybe it was the dream before this dream
that made everything seem a country of glass:
my own black molars sparking into small pieces.