

Architecture of Heart Break House

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You
sat outside
and formed skyscrapers
from your breath. I furnished the
home I made for you in my chest. You
kissed the moon through a skylight. I gazed
at your lips as if at stars. We held hands like kids

You built the church. I tucked myself into a
gravestone. You chased me up the unfinished
staircase, laughing. I picked out the wood
splinters from our feet. You wanted to build
something beyond two honey-boned girls
awaiting rain. We made a den out of sheets.
I scribbled hearts onto the black edge of
blueprints. We poked our heads through new
doors together until. You had sketched the
foundation and then I tried to move in. You
told me I wasn't worth the bridge building.
So I waited inside the river until the bed just
gave in.