神话 Myth

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I
myth leaves me
rain jacket blown open
and there is only the dog
who follows me as i remember
        the way to hell, close like scent of lilac

seven turns and a stop light
brittle voice stripping birch trees,
bare and exposed
the wound tender and blooming
        violets trampled beneath our feet

there is a corner store
the sign is blinking
about a discount while
this life has no discount
        but death in the alley, the ashes, the eyes

light through the branches, stray plane above

the dog knows the color of wine spilled,
crook of an arm drawing her closer,
softness of a smile because of her
        running onward through the wood

II

hades wants to know what it is to die

hades wants to know what it is to love

hades wants to know what it is to live

i tell him:
sometimes they are one in the same—

temporary, desperate

last call like a fading youth

seven carnations blooming in a mason jar

        severed from their roots

placed in the light

i tell him:

i'd stay longer,
but someone is waiting for me

above

III
at the airport:
lives are condensed, disassembled
not unlike late night pondering of disappearance
beyond gate C12
shampoo bottles mislabeled
cherry blossom, sunscreen half open
crumpled shirts for warmer weather
frayed teddy bear, anxiety medication
extra change, contact solution, sun dress
the color of carnations dried, photos

of the dog in the woods unburying a path
to last call in the underworld, shaking out her fur
leaving darkness behind as i stand behind the
camera calling her home;

when i am alone, the dog becomes
brown spotted myth and my body floats

through the world, untouched
until her nose presses wet against my cheek
and we return
return to violets blooming once more

and the corner store dry after rain