

from *Abandon* by Melissa Fair

Drowned Woman

No more of the house with carnations on the ceiling.
No more empty rooms with tattered curtains breathing
through broken windows. The unfinished floor

and its splinters like love, naming you with blood.
The raw-knuckled fist of morning in a birdless sky.
Your night-colored eye. Your faithless hands at your side.

You are a heavy thing and the water reaches out. Opens
its thick arms. This is your last embrace, your last deep kiss.
The river's cold tongue a homecoming, a dark threshold,

a marriage. You sink like anything good. Crystal or bone
china. An unlucky vessel. How will you sleep dressed
in a fine moss, smooth stones laid across your throat?

Tiny fish glittering above you like stars.