

DAVID LIVINGSTONE CLINK

End of the Line

When I thanked you for everything
you told me I left something out, in the rain—
it was the trash, uncovered,
the lid blown off by the solar wind
or removed stealthily by midnight bandits
feasting on our past life together.

You blamed me for the lid blowing off,
the neighbours from dark windows
watching the discards of our life together
flowing down the street—
the ticket stubs and pizza boxes,
the candy wrappers and invisible diapers
swimming hand-in-hand toward Armageddon,
chased there by witching-hour prowlers
lurking in the shadows,
waiting to pounce on our ethereal children,
if we left them unattended.

You told me I wasn't the same man
in our wedding picture,
and you wanted that man back,
and you asked me whether I had him
holed up somewhere, with plans to rape him,
and kill him, and then encase his body in cement
and dump it in the river,
and I finally said, "Enough," and
I told you who I was, repeatedly,
my whole life coming out for you to see,
but it was a run-on sentence with no punctuation,
and no possibility of parole.