

Broken Spring

I'm doing my best to clip him
in the jaw, to knock him flat, but each punch

checks, softens, the instant before impact.
He'd changed his mind – like that – leaving me

dripping, flushed. The flowering apple out back
is seconds from blossom. I've no choice

but to level him another way –
I'll invite his friends to watch me pack the china

as I roll teacups in tissue too short
to cover fragile handles and gilded

lips. In spite, in spite. I want him. In sleep,
tree buds, tight as fists, tick to the sun's certain

clock. They march toward their uncoiling
as punctual as dust

that blooms on tables
when my back is turned, the way a spring

has a duty to unspool.
The way we must start over. Now in a body

of water we are wading toward a movie.
I stand behind, wrapping my arms around him.

The screen is larger than life.

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