For Erin Elizabeth Smith

The Guardian posted a map of New York, showing our home as a star. Have you ever seen it that way? You write poems about the wishbone rivers, couches and cat hair, bruises left by slow hockey games. There’s no such intimacy in my work – just ethnic diners, empty mills, a city that lost the Cold War.

Tonight, the two of us eye the soup in your kitchen as reporters book hotel rooms on Water St. We are both Bearcats, the only two at this dinner party who have watched the sun collapse over mountains. So stop your stirring and hold me; place me on your collarbone – You know how the chin leans toward a chest in a winter storm.