
APRIL 3, 8PM CT

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.