

AMY E. BISHOP

Natural Disaster on the Right Side

I see you and a sky-chunk falls—
meteorites my rebuilt pavement.
The mattress clings to your imprint
until your voice crackles in on the answering
machine. Check it once a week,
in the meantime,
I collect hairs
left on your pillow—DNA love
notes compiled until the next time
the ceiling tremors with your footsteps on my floor.

You play Pachelbel over the phone, leave
Canon in D on my voicemail—my mother tells me
this is the boy I should marry: this is the boy I wash
from my hands when the door swings
shut on his shadow. I ode
train station kisses, tables set
for two, orbit empty space, I should marry
the regrets you send on hotel

stationary. My sweaters inhale your dandelion
absence, exhale lemon peel
smiles with morning coffee. I clothespin postcards
to empty hangers—dust bunnies hop
under my bed, left
side. The neighbors one floor down call
about the earthquake, did I feel it?—
your tread seismic on the welcome mat.