

*After the Concert*

The musician's husband carries  
her waterphone outside—  
a spiky sort of futuristic

cathedral or punishing crown  
that she'd held in one hand  
and bowed with the other,

the sound a metal shriek  
ascending to electric hum  
as she walked up the aisle

through the audience. Now,  
in the dark, he upends it  
over the storm drain and pours

the water out as it plays  
from memory a summer song:

stream from a hose,  
splashing on the pavement.

## *What We Laugh At*

When we whiff or muff  
the easy overhead —  
vainglorious vision,  
the wind of its own ridiculous  
racket. Never at falls,

for we've all seen the split  
shadows of bones on the scan,  
the white and numbered pucks  
of Oxycodone sliding  
from the vial. Never

at anyone's outfit,  
even if riled-up orange  
or unflattering, for fat  
is the word we were taught  
to whip ourselves with

in secret. Always when  
something's forgotten —  
fifteen-love? forty-love? —  
we call it even, or even  
start over because

somewhere out there  
the baggage waits  
for the trip we're all  
embarking on, delayed  
for one more game.