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.