Wrecked clean through, I am all ache these days, thinking of my friend who tried to hang himself with his coat and a shower curtain rod, how glad I am that men are not made to be shower curtains, that some things can't hold our weight. How he said come over and I prayed in tongues all the way there because sometimes our language is stolen, and we need a spare. Because even words break down: migraines fold into a migration of cranes, paper birds sharp in my head and unable to find south. No compass or stars. Blind creatures with only edges to speak of. And me, groping.

There are so many war poems about the body—cancer or heartache—but how to write one for you when love is the landmine I can't stop trying to set off. How to speak against breaking when birds begin there, hammering their heads against eggshells until the sky cracks open bluer than anything.