

## Marriage: A Meditation in Adverbs

### *Carefully*

How we got here isn't as important as what we've become: ragged plums. The hat you wear isn't the hat I gave you. The clock is broken. I wanted you to move the bookcase. I wanted the dishes run. My wrist hurts. The suitcase is packed. I've eaten enough of you now. When I told you to touch me, I meant always & this way. Pain either needs to be explained or it doesn't. Like this

### *Suddenly*

When I was obsessed with physics, I'd take objects down from the attic and drop them from the staircase. Birdcage. Doll. Ukulele. You'd watch the falling, ask me questions. *The attic is empty now?* No, the objects are empty because they have no home. *So the attic is full?* No, it is also empty. *Are we the objects or the attic?* We are the falling. In marriage, nothing and everything happens. Like this

### *Nearly*

Where are you little body? I was once fastened to you like a button. Please knock on my door. The house, your ass – things I miss almost or most. There is a line drawn across the bed. This is how I measure *t'ensellure* against *m'ensellure*. This takes time always & none. Also, there are measuring spoons in the kitchen, plenty of milk. This recipe calls for exactness. Oh how close we were to failing or not. Like this

### *Deliberately*

Why we've gotten here isn't as important as how: once I was gold, then tin. I changed elements depending on the light you'd switch on and off. When I was gold you would call me sunbeam. When tin, you'd lock the bedroom door. It is the space between want and action – this tizzy. To get to love take everything that is not love and drop it to the ground. Like this.

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