

## I'm Developing a Fear of Sinkholes

I mean to tell you, but *not now*,  
*sbbb, not now*, you're on the edge  
of the bed, bouncing a ghost  
on your knee, the air a whimper.  
The sun loosens our ears like  
warm oil. A new leaf unfurls on  
the Calathea and the stems shudder  
to make room. Our fingertips stayed  
up through the night, counting the  
ladders in the tights of our skin,  
found an itch somewhere around  
daybreak. I mean to tell you  
about the ants in the yard, whipping  
themselves into a ready march, but  
the up-and-down jig of your thigh,  
ball of your foot hinging to the  
floor. You are searching the space  
above your lap, taking a guess at the  
small of a ghostly back, woodpigeon's  
coo on your breath. Behind you,  
the floor splits. Barely a coin slot then  
gaping scream swallows yesterday's  
crumpled clothes, open drawers, the  
shelf with all the books you're  
yet to read. God or some other  
thing has turned the volume to mute  
so you don't notice the loss going on  
over your shoulder. And I mean  
to tell you; sit to chew the words,  
make them soft, but the cavern, mattress  
tipping and your hand and mine like  
an oyster, clasped with the idea  
that it could hold something, still.