FORECASTS

It might not happen, but if it does, we’ll be unhappy until it’s over.
(When she switched from How could I to Who did I think I, I kept thinking, Take cover.)

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The rock fell from a great and far-off height and plummeted silently through the roof into bed, where it replaced your heart.
That’s what I think. It’s why you’re so aloof.

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There’s a change when I come home, like a queen batting her fake lashes as she tells the jailer that today it’s forty, not twenty lashes.

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The kids are watching television while we ignore each other and the vision of a young John the Baptist cursing his future God. We’ll fix things tomorrow, first thing.