American Husband
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You sing because you say you get sick if you stop.
You go out for a walk
and the trees make a trail right through you.
Your blue coat wears you and your shoes just barely
bear you left, where the blackberries snatch at your sleeve.
So you’re singing when you say the leaves
in the street are the colors of a bus crash,
which is to say, still singing, that it’s been raining
the way it’s always raining, mainly, more:
the way you want the girl to have already caught you
against a car door.
So you sing to a sound with a similar song
as the words of what you’d say,
invented by Bach, played by Beethoven
and eyed by the red light on the radio
while you ring when the telephone calls
to say the tables are waiting. The tables are waiting.
The tables are tapping their silverware.
The cigarette smokes you and the bicycle
rides you and your glass pitcher pours you
like one last beer. The television tells you
that the girl says she loves you,
right there: on the criss of your double-crossing ears.