

Deborah Saltman

Recycling Rubbish

The divorce is final
My outbox is no longer overflowing
With sour dates and half burnt accusations
Like the cooked food scraps and organic vegetable peels
That are growing in my recycling bin
I can smell the overness
As the last drops of her lemon verbena wash
Ooze onto the untouched body she left me

I chose to own very little now
Even the nite mice are desperate
Crawling around the emptying containers
She expertly sealed in our kitchen
And like a one night stand
They leave in the morning
Despising my depression
Soul property from the legal settlement
(Besides the Freon in my veins)

I ring the local council to complain
About the unwanted garden
Greening my undersink
Will the same place where we married
Care as little about my rubbish too?
I do
The consoling voice tells me
Just store your toxic waste in the freezer

Someone will come sometime
To collect and bury it

Speak to me in numbers

Long
As it was to learn
How to divide the whole numbers
One atop of the other
Squeezing them between my equals

Speak to me only in numbers
and I will answer in kind

Now
Behind the ballgirls
I ask myself
What kind of twosome is it
That starts out with Love
Travels forty points to the Deuce
Only to surrender to the numberless Advantage?

Way beyond the baseline
I am bored
Not we and certainly
Not them
Will be victoried
By the tension
In your strings
Will no one in the crowd curse our divorce

Guide to the Political Pirouette

Practice pirouettes in a safe place

Clear of any sharp tweets or echo emails

Know your retracted position before you start

Keep your shoulders and back covered

Quell your lip stick

Arrange your weight so you can always push off the back foot

Execute when ready

Focus on going up not around

Husk after every turn

The last lift

With one eye closed to the world
The overworked biceps
Stretching the roses on
Her not-so-cheap shirt
Opens the door

I position myself
Over the echoes of adult size
No longer mine
In the passenger seat
But the smell is still unmistakably
Sour milk and wet dog
Quells my reverie

The fluffy pink dice, the shaking head buddhas, the kitsch wooden hearts
The arguing twins and angry glances
My dashboard of motor memories
Have registered
The other eye opens
To the leftover husks of Exs.

Labors

Symptoms quell the pain
Reliable fiends
There for the invocation
Above all the echo of reproduction.

Riding the stirrups of labour
All those midnight snacks
Outing the belly
Why my belly and not hers?

Maybe it was really meant to happen?

Right
How was your day?
Just fine
How are our twins?
Ah, the twins, they're well inside my house
Should I have said our house?
Well, I would like to see them
Wait for it
The little Caesars inside me says....

They already has the measure of their custody

Need to nap during each day - us
Difficulty falling asleep - me
Difficulty staying asleep - her
Absent-mindedness - all
Difficulty reasoning
things out - both
Forgetting what you are
trying to say - her
Difficulty finding the
right word - me

Difficulty following up things – twins
Difficulty understanding - all

She adds the last two to my list
She hopes
They both will climb out of the husks
That sink them