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I Watch When He Stops Her, Tuesday, in Passing

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Toward the end, he splintered a frame on the floor,
scattering glass across their bare feet. In it,
picture the portrait of what was to come, her
direction of lens

at a mirror already sectioned, his ghost-
arms holding from behind. Picture the divide
of reflection. He was salvation. Today,
she answers him in

a voice that hangs between *lack* and *want*. It is
her arm he reached first, the hinge of inner skin,
of inner intimacy, the previous
grasp: the hinge she used

to close him out. He stopped her mid-breath. In this
pause, a lightness falls outside from the sky. Snow
comes. With it, the cold air slices through me.
I know desire

is a hot vein of inhalation. It burns
like running in snow must tear the lungs and legs
too far. I could leave her; I mean death. I mean
the end of desire.

I mean: then will the slender fire have run
its course. I know the subterfuge of leaving
and ending. I leave marks with my teeth instead.
Pain is the word *yes*.

—Mary Ann T. Davis '00