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Coyote kisses, sweetheart
I hid them under your pillow
the night before your trip
to the bottom of the lake outside.

There wasn't a note,
a fight, signs.
Just an advent calendar
with your empty bed behind the 3rd.

The hallways grow longer
& the light grows sinister
in the way it leaves rooms.
There's no revelation here, nothing tidy
just a lonely home with the moon bearing down
brutally.