

LOVE CRUSHED US WITH ITS BIG DEATH TRUCK
Andrew Michael Roberts

and kept driving, and night clapped shut again behind it. Now the house is holey. The bed. We lie here differently. Quiet like fruits. From above in the dark we look halved and opened up. We are covered in skin and tiny hairs.

I have done terrible things. I would sell my books. I would turn my houseplants ninety degrees every day. They would be healthy and well-rounded.

Are you still awake? Do you wonder if I wonder?

A fly in a waterglass is a kind of poorly designed boat. I hear the ply of hairy oars and think of standing and flapping. I think until I fall sleep. I fall and sleep the sleep of the drowned.