FLORIDA EPITHALAMIIUM
Alyse Knorr

I knew divorce before marriage;
defined marriage, then, as a double negative,
a word problem with consequences—
I was never good at math. Still

I stop to count the numbers,
to show my work at this—our marriage

before marriage. What gained
and what risked by changing

the terms? The term “wife” and its history.
How easily they say it, like a shorthand,

like it was only a type of bird. Before
long I’m lost again, unable to separate

soul from spirit, practice from law.
I want to keep all my thoughts paired

neatly like socks, like the animals two by two.
I start with the sun. The sun is hot and

lives in the sky. Then the moon.
Cold, white, and also in the sky.

TO LOAN
Sophia Galifianakis

from leipein, to leave.
Think of Rodin’s Camille,
her hands stroking his face

of clay, sculpting features:
scalpel cleaving ellipses
into eyelids, cheeks

like scales turned inward, bound
by the mouth’s arc, suspend,
at either end, the beard spilling

over his jawbone. Forget
the eclipse of skin, the failed
permanence, the stone-cast last

glance of a lover caught
at random. Inheritance happens
like this: first, you’re abandoned.