

INTIMATE RELATIONSHIP

I bought a hat
of faux mink fur
to wear in the war

In my hat I sit
in my cellar
waiting

The enemy's late
I read his messages
on my phone

popping open
jars of strawberry jam
lining the cellar walls

Like a lover
my enemy sends me
flowers, emojis, words

of condolence
supplications, doctored
screenshots, explicit photos

THE FOURTH WALL

No collapse, just a gradual shrinking
of the present

like a novel adapted into a play
within the four walls

showing outlines of meadows, bridges
fluttering shadows

Life goes on

the future
menacingly open

An air raid siren
begins to wail

How many today?

We stop what we're doing
stand by the curtain, our eyes

on the sky, fearing

how normal it all now feels
how boring

WARM, WARMER

Awaiting its arrival
I bide my time
knitting a single sock

The cat plays
with the ball of yarn
rolls it like a grenade

Friends stop by
drunk on wine
bearing gifts:

greasy slabs with blue
veining—secret roadmaps
traced off a living body

winter fruit
our families couldn't afford
when we were kids

Huddled up under blankets
we watch new movies
from abroad

silence punctuated by phones
humming & lighting up
with a refrain

Are they here yet?

EMERGENCY BAG

Pack all you need to survive
in the wild, in the snow, in the cellar
two three four five days

Don't
wait for the moment
presently thought impossible:

When a city
resounds with sirens or falls—
suddenly—silent

When a street
catches fire, fills with
smoke

When the windows break
the walls collapse
the lights go off

When the men at the door
shout *Quick Quick*
The transport's waiting

STOLEN TIME

Trapped in a plan
of another's making
we're squandering time
awaiting the war

Perfectly formed evenings
of navigating between the dark
silhouettes of trees
against the purple snow

Weekend afternoons of
urgent love-making, voices
seeping through half-drawn curtains
adorned by shadows of

migratory birds—
jubilant and remote
citizens of a world
shared in shards