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Cospandamo, Artery and Eyelet

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Merrifield: Cospadamo, Artery and Eyelet

CONSPADAMO, ARTERY AND EYELET

Jennifer Merrifield

Snow was coming, and when I thought of it
I saw his face. How it scrunched up one-sided
to muster a wink. How I was deep-folded in the creases
and happy. Driving together, it was enough
to open my arms in a world of center-line blur,
to scoop lungfuls from the window and feed him,
dew-stained fingers to oxygen-high breath.
When a blue jay perched within claw-swipe
radius to serenade a purring cat, it was love
because it was unexpected. A monocle on a hipster.
A new alphabet set down in cursive frill. We traded
artery and eyelet before the fireplace, before
we collected ash, held hands and slipped together
over the single body of ice, let cinders freckle the drive
for traction. When the door clicked quiet so he could comfort
his wife alone, I was happy to be two hinges away.
When the phone rang and his voice disintegrated the two
hundred miles of cable pushing our chests apart,
my voice hummed smiles and spaced out its regret
for her: sad, to swing closed with such a flimsy wooden door.