

The Divorce, Her View

There are too many of your things in this place:
carved pigs, an old swimsuit, an old issue of Sports Illustrated,
and paintings that mean nothing now that you are gone.
It has become an emergency to rid myself of you.
I stuff paper bags and cardboard boxes with your belongings.
You don't belong here anymore,
but I still need an intermediary to deliver the small deaths,
and I pray that with every rupture you feel some small pain,
and that you hide the boxes and the bags that remind you
that they are all yours now and that you know how it feels
to be alone.

Anna Di Bella