

Wilderness House Literary Review 12/1

Gabrielle Caggiano

Confessions in Exchange for Cups of Coffee

I don't love Her anymore.
I never thought I wouldn't love her
in this lifetime.
My hands are freezing.

I will not marry an artist.
They leave me.
They mean well.
They are broken too.

Only post production.
Only L.A. and Seattle;
West coast lullabies
for lack of serotonin
dopamine oxytocin
only acetylcholinesterase

Only farewells
Get out of my car
Go, get on
Turn yourself in watchful words
Take your ruinous indecision
your inarticulate

I'm holding the blonde roast
Contemplating how to love
Enormously how to condense
these afflictions into one
cup of coffee

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I write to avoid you.
I write to ignore the cigarettes.
I will not marry an artist.
I puke on their birthday.
I exterminate their love.
I exploit them for subject matter.
I adore them in
the name of poems.