

## **I Acknowledge Mine**

You crop up, just as spring starts closing in.

Can't say I've missed you: my happiness  
starts when you're gone and I stop noticing.

The empty closet, the bare mantelpiece:  
these days, isn't that what we're being sold?

But all my caches are so overladen  
the only remedy is to abscond.

I turn you up while looking for my keys:  
a snarl of undiscarded sharps and cabling  
from antique gadgets and accessories;  
your battery-acid heart's leaking a bit,  
your rusted nails are hooked into my skin  
and I am stalling, stalling. Right, that's it.

– I've got to get out of here. Get in.