At this site, in 2006, Nothing Happened

I never should have loved you,
I hear myself say, four years too late.

Tuesday night, last call & this will be your last drink
Repeat: this will be your last drink

I wait in our doorway. Dread the sound of you
swallowing the sun. I know that sound

like the back of your hand.
Last Call, I hear myself say.

It is illegal to sell your body in America.
In love, it legal/tender even.

You adorn my neck with finger-paintings
that fade & lose value. I was drunk too.

You left me stumbling for soft hands
beneath your calluses & for your kiss.

Note: It rarely tasted of my skin.
It hurt me to love you

my voice drowns at the bottom
of your glass. A shame.

A shame you don't hear me.