Dominique Davis

Our Apartment

The quaint cobblestone exterior; the pristine walls where we hung
photos of lovers tangled in each other; the papaya & mango
candles I chose & the futon you chose; the him & her towels;
the dining set for two; the third party you invited & the shattered
glass on the tile-floor; the mud-stains on the off-white carpet
& the water ring on the wooden table; the sink, filled with dirty
dishes & the closet, filled with dirty laundry; her panties, hidden
under that damn futon & her smell on my pillowcase
& all of the lies you left breathing in our living room

has burned.