

MELANIE PIERLUIGI

NIGHT WITH AN ACTOR

Wait until the mind is blank. Wait for the lines
to come like uncluttered comas we wake from.
Undress this mystery of rain, white noise, night

a calloused limp into March. You think I like it rough,
words mimed around the neck, an unfitted
puzzle in shambles on your table. Piece the past

into appealing positions. Into an apparition I've
orphaned, held grinless to my side because who
doesn't like to pretend desire is a tangible,

malfunctioned crack along your wall?
A forgotten sentence. A script with the
characters missing. No line to repeat.