

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.