

GRID (15)

What's going on here? What's got into you? What made her stop dead, pressing an index finger to her lips? What I want is this: Venetian blinds, his body pinned under felled columns of moonlight. And the family video projected grainily behind these words—what will *that* accomplish? What about the others? What about the sorrow of a blue glove dropped on a sidewalk? Ooh, I love what you've done with the place, what you've scooped up static-glitteringly out of the darkness, what with the scent of woodsmoke and the crunch of bootsteps in the just-melting snow. Wait—what? We can't change the fact that he's gone, camo jacket still in the closet, shower cap still wet on the hook, seeking some spiritual whatever. I mean, what *is* real, anyway? (It is what it is.) What is lost in this gesture? What are our next steps? Climb a mountain, forget what she looks, smells like. Like what you wish you learned: how to remove wine stains, how to watch parents from staircase shadows, clutching a banister. Dirt-crust-ed fists rattling the cage of—what, his heart? O bloodsmoke, O starmatter, what too-harsh slasher soundtrack synths the air? What, honestly, is she walking away from? What difference does it make? What visage in black lacquer? *Abhor what is evil; hold fast to what is good.* I will find him again, come what may, blowing his trumpet in our motel bathtub. Now tell me what they did to you. What oozed in under the bedroom door. What are you—last pill in the bottle, trench-coated silhouette slow-dissolving in steam—what are you waiting for?

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