

# 10.

He imagines the veins on her legs, her silhouette, stray hairs. A series of simple gestures he can't nail down. He is the same without her except now he creates diversions, spends hours measuring the angle between the bed and its reflected image. Polishes his shoes until they shine. He dreams of collecting her but his hands have grown stupid. In the dark there is nothing he can write that will begin to say. His shadow points true north.