

Christopher Watkins
cwatkins@gmail.com

What Did You Say?

You say *You*
make me like
talking in

words, and
eyes, meeting
between drops

of rain, say
you despise my
making, but

you make your-
self like and
despise,

and hurt visits
our slab
of sidewalk

like a home-
less man, my
eyes and words

drop to your
neck, and I
hear full

words filled
with sorry
and good-

byes like
Swiss cheese.
I

love you
slips,
through teeth

that bite down
on speech,
tasting void.