Diall Garvin

Something of the Lonely Gravity
(after Hotel Room by Edward Hopper)

This new melancholy tastes
of the bitter figs we had
slathered in honey
to drown their tough texture
to force them to be sweet
the way the August sun
smothered me following
the burial.
I only knew her
through grainy photographs
Danny carried on pilgrimages
back to Tiffin.
I never cared enough
to hate her diamond ring.
I never thought of her breathing.
And now Danny’s spirited me
away; here
where they were and loved,
where they conceived a newborn son.

Perhaps it was an apology;
perhaps it was unnecessary
that eventually I dressed
and left.
The truth refused
coercion.
The page obstinately
remained blank on her pillow
the way it silently—
in brilliance—
was over.