

# **VINCE BAUTERS** ANNIVERSARY

In my mind you're ten stories tall.

And you shoot red

across the sky. The harvest moon  
is cut by kitchen knives and I go around

picking up debris from the backyard.

Stripped roof shingles and flakes of photographs.

You and I in our early twenties.

And the bedroom windows are closed.

I untie the knots from your hair.  
Arrange everything into parallel lines,

like arrows in midair.

Or a sky of unnamed stars. Like ice  
melting in a glass. And your red lips.

The moon turns around in the wind  
and a wedding dress falls to the wooden floor.