

A Hole in the Ice

Timothy Liu

— ❧ —

Couldn't make yourself fall in love
even if you wanted to. It has to seize you
from a dream in which you cannot wake,
the fridge raided, and you don't know
who was in your house last night
except for the trail of crumbs leading
back to your bed, to the corners
of your mouth. I've been sleepwalking
for almost two years. No one bothers
to look into my eyes deeply enough
to see how the back of my head
has been broken into—all the dreams
I would've had had I not already
met you—sack thrown over your shoulder
bulging with heirloom silver I'll never
get back. Colder than a mannequin
in a pawn-shop window, my skin breaking
out just when the ice across the lake
is safe enough to walk upon—footprints
dissolving as soon as the sun comes up.