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Apology (Drafts)

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Apology (Drafts)

APOLOGY, DRAFT #1

I apologize. The poisoned seeds I spread
across your lawn were supposed
to spell out, in dead sparrows:

MY HURT GROWS

At least the mess
is expressive, yes?

I planned to fling a Molotov Cocktail
made of your forgotten “panties” stuffed
down the mouth of a bottle
of our favorite tequila, then fling it
at the Mexican embassy in protest
for our now worthless honeymoon,

but I, as you well know, am a coward.

Instead, I walked through the two-story house
our imaginations sketched together, slogging
a gallon of gasoline behind me. I flicked
one of your disgusting cigarettes at it.

APOLOGY, DRAFT #2

I regret that I broke
into your apartment
to leave plans, apparently
scratched out by your cats,
to disfigure you in your sleep.

But the expense
of creating a fake newspaper
with an obituary of my suicide
(noting an undisclosed
woman's name carved
into my chest)
was worth it.

APOLOGY, DRAFT #3

Your heart
is a cunt.

APOLOGY, DRAFT #4

I am ashamed of the erection
that distracted me as I knelt
on your sidewalk to draw
those chalk outlines
in sexual positions.

I felt ready to move on when
I sent you that skin magazine
with my photo pasted
over all the male faces.

APOLOGY, DRAFT #5

The mornings I put on my wedding ring,
I pretended it was you I was entering.

Our children, unborn ghosts
bearing features from each of us—
they refused to stop following me.

I couldn't keep from seeing them
as I walked, swallowing sobs,
across the parking lot.

I held their heads
down in a bathtub
filled with nothing
until they finally
stopped kicking.

APOLOGY, DRAFT #8

Yup, I hand-painted
your blue azaleas black.

APOLOGY, DRAFT #9

I owe you one
champagne glass.

I am sorry I can still feel
its wispy stem,
feel the way my fingernail
fits into the etched curve
of the J of your name.
Those pretentious cups

of specked light we raised
to each other's lips just
as that ripe sunset wiped
blood oranges and pomegranate
across the sky the day we married...

Did you know if you
smash two glasses together,
only one will shatter?

-W. Vandoren Wheeler
Portland, OR