

HIGHLIGHTS

The kids that came before
me already colored in

the pictures, circled
all the missing stuff

in the Spot The Difference
drawings. I'd look at

their marks and pretend I
would've made them, noticed

the missing pocket, vanished
vase in the waiting room.

I'm sick of stepping into rooms
certain something hidden

has disappeared. Standing in
the kitchen loving you and still

so unhappy. I finally have
my chance to make

my mark on this
blankness—the sun,

when did it stop being
that clean color-in-able

circle? Is that a bird
under your butter knife?

A watch where previously
only a wrist had been.

