

Why the hell not? It happens to us all.
Why should it pass without acknowledgement?

Suits should be dry-cleaned, invitations sent.
Whatever form it takes—a tiff, a brawl—
The end of love should be a big event.
It should involve the hiring of a hall.

Better than the unquestioning descent
into the trap of silence, than the crawl
From visible to hidden, door to wall.

Get the announcement made, the money spent.
The end of love should be a big event.
It should involve the hiring of a hall.

Sophie Hannah
in *The Hero and the Girl Next Door*

Divorce

He has flown headfirst against the glass
and now lies stunned on the stone patio,
nothing moving but his quick beating heart.
So you go to him, pick up his delicate
body and hold him in the cupped palms
of your hands. You have always known
he was beautiful, but it's only now, in his stillness,
in his vulnerability, that you see the miracle
of his being, how so much life fits in so small
a space. And you wait, keeping him warm
against the unseasonable cold, trusting that
when the time is right, when he has recovered
both his strength and his sense of up and down,
he will gather himself, flutter once or twice,
and then rise, a streak of dazzling
color against a slowly lifting sky.

José Alcántara
in "Rattle" Winter 2020

The Day Beauty Divorced Meaning

Their friends looked shocked—said *not possible*, said *how sad*. The trees carried on with their treeish lives— stately except when they shed their silly dandruff of birds. And the oceans did what oceans mostly do— suspended almost everything, dropped one small ship, or two. The day beauty divorced meaning, someone picked a flower, a fight, a flight. Someone got on a boat. A closet lost its suitcases. Someone was snowed in, someone else on. The sun went down and all it was, was night.

Leslie Harrison
from *Displacement Poems*

Once two spoons in bed,
now tined forks

across a granite table
and the knives they have hired.

Billy Collins
in *Ballistics*

Loving

When we loved
we didn't love right.

The mornings weren't funny
and we lost too much sleep.

I wish we could do it all again
with clown hats on.

Jane Stembridge
anthologized in *Waltzing on Water:
Poetry by Women*
edited by Norma Fox Mazer and Marjorie Lewis