

S a m C h a

What you lose

The softness of her back. The movement
of her hips. The tangle of hair. The creak

in the bed. The bed. The topographies
of stains. The sun through the blinds.

The sun. The small furnace in your
chest. The child's hand. The other

child's hand. The half-closed eyes
of the child beginning to wake. Smell

of milk. Yogurt stains on the carpet.
Diastole, systole of heart. Of sun

of sky. The black hole at the center
of the galaxy. The black holes

in the center of other galaxies. The black
hole, ordered from Acme. The coyote's

tumble. The music. The what's up,
doc. The prickling of your father's

stubble. The two lines between your
mother's eyebrows. The two lines

between your father's eyebrows.
The two lines between your father's

eyebrows over your mother's nose
on your face. This body. This stubborn



hair. These fragile fingernails. These
scarred knuckles. These paintchips

just under the skin. These eyes.
These black holes in my eyes

which widen and narrow, like tide.
The tide. The rhythm of it. The weight

of the sea. The moon pulling the weight
of the sea. All of it. All this, too.

