

BLOWTORCH

in the small hours of New Year's
morning 1:39 to be exact
I saw my soon-to-be-ex lover
walking with her arm around
another woman
I spent that first day of the year
taking a blowtorch to everything
she gave me
reshaping the silver illusion
of where I stood in her life
obviously there was a waiting line
to spend time with her I should have known
to take a number but I was eager to think
I was her number one and only
and now that the blowtorch of my anger
has melted rebar and rearranged the
nuts and bolts of my assumptions
the whole affair a faulty
scaffolding careening towards
collapse
every memory of her
is a tin can on a fence
I am blasting holes through
and that empty space
is where the wind sings
halleluiah