

## Anniversary

To speak no ill. To resist locutions  
torqued from one hard-scrabble night

to the next recurrent myth – primordial  
forms fueled by drink and the day's

minutiae a tarantella of operatic forms  
flung into the densely-layered nimbus

of a latent dream – the year's congested  
turbulence giving way to the *prix-fixe*

meal translating itself from marital  
sleights-of-hand that we felt we could

afford to the caffeine of successive cups  
starting to kick in now at the opening

bars of an unscored aria, my voice  
that icy pitcher waiting to be poured –