

DOUGLAS GOETSCH

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*Measuring*

The method you would use to weigh  
a baby or small pet — step on the scale,  
step on the scale without it — was how  
he weighed his heart after she left.  
Step into the apartment without her,  
curl his arm around nothing, drink wine  
alone in the bath tub, like Archimedes,  
measuring by what was hollowed out,  
the soapy tide rising and falling  
a quarter of an inch with every breath,  
the lonely note fatter every time  
he took a swig and blew into the bottle,  
as Coltrane echoed deeper in the room  
ever since she took the furniture.