

SETH ABRAMSON

Idiot House

Lifting the luggage I found luggage beneath it. I lifted
for hours, & soon there were hours

where my hands had been.

I moved from the sofa to the door, I was traveling or
was going to travel, & where my steps were—

my irreplaceable map—

were more steps, more sure, leading from the front of
the apartment to the sofa. I sat. I considered the floor
beneath the floor, & hopped down

to remain
engaged—

is the way I'm telling this new—

I was bird-dogging a man of traceable value; truthfully,
it was everything it promised to be. So: love—

impossible.

At least anywhere. Maybe not *somewhere*. Around
a corner, maybe the secret that could last me a lifetime.
Maybe a man who, every time he suffers, falls further

into his luggage. Maybe a woman who puts her hands
wherever my hands have been. & beneath us all, maybe

a city
of asymmetrical emotions,

the ones

we otherwise might've kept in plastic, for the duration.