

Half a Brain

Together.	Alone.
We knew	I know
most things, like	some things,
how pistons work,	but not half
the mailman's name,	as much.
where to find that thing,	People talk about
how much money we had,	broken hearts,
the last time we'd had a fight,	but no one
Spanish, Swedish, some Sanskrit,	tells you about
recipes for cheesecake and chutney,	broken brains.
why I didn't talk to my mother anymore,	About how
why I cried for characters but not myself,	I would feel
how to have an orgasm that left us in a puddle,	so incompetent.
what really happened my summer abroad in Berlin,	So incomplete.
where our son had gone that night he suicided,	But not
the perfect words for almost any occasion,	in the ways
why we had a house full of unread books,	you might
what to say when they came knocking,	suspect.
the last time our daughter had called,	And when
how to cuss in Cantonese,	the visits
when the bills were due,	and sympathy
why WWII began and ended,	stopped,
how to break someone's arm,	I'm left alone,
everyone's birthdays,	only half
and each other	knowing.
and ourselves.	