

Anne F. Walker

## ADDICTION

start it out normal: girl-2 follows into the hotel in which  
the conference was held  
calls back to girl-1's car. names like stones.  
i had walked like a star. i felt like a star.  
we walked after lunch, after I took off and replaced my sweater enough to call attention  
to the animal print tank top to my body  
which has lost weight with this illness.  
we walked and shopped for our children. i tour guided  
guided through the city more like through memories

this is not that city. i am not the girl who left. despite remnants / of architectures.  
in the swank art bar a divorced husband  
first took me to. a first date (or second.) (first  
we drink red wine and smoke canadian cigarettes  
and then in a comedy of bad directions we stumble  
into girl-a and girl-b's stillness and weight: punk-girls,  
inert as heroin, in mourning. and my apologies and keys returned  
and the steps each tighter to find the bed  
we clutch into. i into each of you. one a voice  
one a mouth. both so focused. i want so hard to promise /  
never to forget (you, like coffee in an upscale smoke-bar in the pricey part of town,  
like leather, and a movie about to flicker on

## BED CREAKS

sometimes for skin  
there is no skin for skin  
there is a word.

parts of the morning come together as a newborn's skull /  
slowly / filling in the gaps / hardening / the addiction to faith returning

weather changes to rain.