2 A.M.

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Bill grabs my hand and guides me into the meditation room. He’s married and I’m married, but we’re not married to each other. He’s a novelist and I’m a poet, which means this night is clocking towards disaster. This night, doomed before he turns the wheel of the skylight as if steering a ship hard right, will have sunk before I see the shooting star, before I remember that I should think of his wife.

A shooting star for heaven’s sake! It’s so late and nothing good ever happens past midnight—that’s what my mother would say. When he leans in and whispers, *I want to kiss you*, I don’t turn away. And so we kiss. I squeeze my eyelids shut.

A million black balloons rise, a blanket of single targets. I want a spray of buck shot or a shower of arrows to let in the light. Instead, I let him grope for me in the rising and sinking dark.