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Recital

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ROB SCHLEGEL

Recital

Me and Baryshnikov get high
And wreck the house. I throw stemware
Into windows. He stabs a hole
Into the David Salle over the mantle.
Something peppy from Kreisler
Carries us from one room to the next.

Gripping the crown molding
Over the bedroom door, Misha executes
The perfect pull-up. "What,"
He says, "I blame for every fuck ups
In my life my parents?" The cast
Of his shoulder. The angle of his jaw!

Even the splay of his fingers!
There is simply more to see in him
Than any other! He strikes the floor
With Pushkin's cane, and up
Springs fresh water! I'm holding
A bag of giant bettas I'll never be

When Misha's wife returns earlier
Than expected. Misha looks ruined
Over a bowl of antique marbles,
A bloody tooth in his lap. I sneak
Into the tub, hoping the bettas
Mellow my crash. The water cools,

Meeting me internally. I imagine
Misha in bed, moving in on his
Wife, his wife pushing back
Because she's pissed. Two or three
Bettas fin past my legs. Delighted
With the night exactly as the night

Unfolded, I'm just this side
Of gone, which is to say, right here,
Inside this body that will carry
Me into sleep, where I'll find
Misha waiting for me at the garden
Table, white with wine and rose.