

But. Check.  
He'd have to move. Or rearrange.  
Or this time,  
He'd lose.

## INFUSION

She collected bits of herself from all over the bed.

A memory shattered.  
As a child she had been clumsy.  
If you break another cup, her mother had said,  
You'll have to pay for it.

Knives in a container, washed, pointed upward.  
She anchored her emotion.  
Romance fell into a sink full of dishes.  
For a long time the dishes were piled high.  
The night was flooded fragile.  
Silence smashed.  
Again, her mother.  
Her hands hurt.  
The water was warm,  
She was soaking in it.

He touched her gently. She couldn't feel anything.  
He kissed her again.  
Her mother was calling.  
The dishes in the sink fell to pieces.

You'll have to pay, her mother said.