

# LOVE POEM

MIKA DENEIGE

It's mostly flat the way some ideas are flat  
with something sort of underneath  
but you don't quite know the name for it  
so we turn south past those stupid silver balls  
my mom hates them is that really art?  
they're a distraction to drivers and besides they're ugly  
and the worst part is you can't even climb on them  
so what's the point  
if you can finesse your way to the roof of the bio-sci building  
you get the best view in the whole city  
I used to look after these alpine plants for a grad student  
and on my last summer there we would sneak in  
past that room with the two carnivorous plants  
and the wasps that always found something to do up there  
sit and look at the river which is the best part of our city  
watch it go away somewhere else.

# NON-TITULAR SICKNESS DURING A PANDEMIC

MIKA DENEIGE

Every day is Sunday now  
looming over our heads like the wedding  
of someone you've seen  
in unchristian positions

waiting for the tomatoes to ripen  
or the tree by the house to snap (crushing us)  
or an email to arrive with the subject line  
*purpose: yours*

And I am still sick, like the month before  
like the three months before  
refining my schedule of pills,  
which is never-ending  
and therefore has a taste like hope;  
now that's marketing.

It is either "if you haven't broken yet"  
or "if you haven't healed yet",  
neither of which accounts for inertia

another test with a barium drink  
so I can finally see what I look like from the inside:  
fluorescent.

