

## I'll Be Your Sick Fool

About to die, I look at my door,  
not so much my door  
as a valve in my pulse  
letting Julie bring groceries to my chest.

When I was nine  
a girl pushed through the door  
and became at twenty, new words  
and curve to my hand.

This is Julie,  
who freezes pills and slices them,  
who hardens wishes on kisses.  
The way she reads aloud  
is arc, is flute, is clear and soft.

One night as she peeled blood oranges,  
my propped elbow the cradle to her gaze,  
I asked her if I ever oppressed her,  
to which she responded: once.

You were standing by the door,  
with peaches and low shoulders.  
You were coming in from the rain  
and your eyes seemed made of hurt,  
and you said, "I'll be your sick fool."