

## This one ends in a black hole

Dead skin in the dusty light. A deep breath through the nose. On my mark, set each clock to the same time. On the countertop, the apple's mottled flesh. You collect what used to be your cheek in microfiber—wipe the banister like a timecapsule. A new layer of cobwebs in the corner. I spill the vacuum filter and clean the same mess again—procedures that seem to pull time apart. The stove. The microwave. Each clock reads a different time. I think we deserve to sprawl between these minutes. Let the universe check off its chores, stub its toe on the stairs, and open its wrath, while we embrace and fall through the deep void, lovingly, eternal.