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The night after you break up with me (or whatever we're calling it)

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The night after you break up with me (or whatever we're calling it) Maya Lowy

Vassar Miller Poetry Award Honorable Mention

I make myself dinner for the first time in a long time. I even have two burners going at once. The door to the kitchen is closed, the door to the balcony is open. I taste the sautée as it cooks, I time the noodles by feel.

Everything is delicious, even the old fish. Your sweat is still in my sheets from five days back, and you don't matter! I chew the stems of the mustard greens for their greenness: they taste sweet.