

*The Love Domestic*

by Glyndon Jewell

Here, there is a zero.

Good morning nihilism, she says and turns over into her pillow.

And yes, there are clouds behind the curtains, behind the window.

Fall asleep. Fall out of bed. But do not fall in love. This has become my mantra.

I yawn and yawn and listen to Nietzsche and Sartre and smoke cigarettes with the filters torn off. But I do not make the bed.

Elizabeth goes mad.

I drool, instead, on my shirt without shame and fuck my hand and tell myself that I love it, while she showers.

This has become protocol.

We used to make love, or whatever, in the afternoon mornings, even when the red army had taken her body by siege, but now we are too tired or sometimes too hung over or my tongue does not taste the way that it used to.

Oh well.

We are together, two pieces of burnt toast in a toaster oven, or maybe our hearts are just rotisserie. We are close sometimes and charred and turning and we blame love for everything. Love? No, that is a word that Elizabeth hates. She would say to me that I should say nothing of love, much less a toaster oven or food prep. in general because I am not *even* domestic.

Truth is, my insides are ash.

I don't even fold my socks anymore and so they are mismatched. Some are lost in Laundromats or on other people's feet or perhaps perishing in sock hell. That is if you believe in such a thing. Sock hell. Not love, I mean.

I hear the shower water stop.

Remember that Elizabeth is naked with her wet hair everywhere and the white towel that hangs as my flaccid penis does, will soon be rubbed with vigor. Elizabeth's hair. Not my penis. Three hundred million baby genes have already spilled from my lamp onto the bed sheets. She will come into the bedroom, breasts exposed in an untied robe, and scoff at the sight, the mess I have made, and say, "I wish you would just grow up."

I tell her "I know, I know," and she knows that I really don't and this is what makes her beautiful to me.

Goddamn,

Nietzsche,

The politics of forgetting.

I haven't had breakfast in nearly a year.