

Courtney Marie  
how to not

i can tell you  
what not to do  
if you wake up in a strange city  
with no money.  
i can tell you  
the best way to set a bridge on fire.  
i can tell you the correct way to fix something  
is not to bend it slowly  
back and forth in opposite directions  
'til it snaps.  
i can tell you—  
not without some uncertainty—  
that over the crest of this hill  
you will see a city full of lights  
and you will have the vague notion  
that the buildings are empty.  
you'll recall our old apartment,  
the one with only three walls  
held together with green trim,  
the bathtub cracked and leaking,  
and the curtains always falling  
away from the windows  
as though the bedroom was trying  
to remove its skin.  
i can tell you how not to break a lightbulb  
and the best time to wake up for a sunrise.  
when i think of love  
i think of a marble  
i keep losing and finding again in odd places.  
sometimes you will not have any choice  
but to replace one great silence with another.  
i can tell you  
how to misplace something  
without it disappearing.