

your trap unsnaps  
and our mouse  
darts back through  
its channels to the  
crack it came from  
and you unclench  
your fork and  
retooth the rounds  
of your fingernails  
as our salmon raws  
in its foil and we  
suck back all our  
hanging words  
muscles easing in  
our chairs as the  
day's lint floats  
skyward from the  
surface of our  
silverware and over  
fruit plates I pull  
mandarin lobes out  
of your mouth and  
recase them in peel  
before your jaws  
can do their work