

UNTITLED / *River J. Karner*

remember
that day I came home
all fatigue and road sweat
bearing groceries and a quilt
so carefully knitted
so neatly folded
so horrendously coloured—bruised purple brown and green
that it made our eyes ache when I threw it open
we laughed
it seemed so out of place in both our lives
“yours” I said
“how like you” you said “these alien, alien offerings”
my love
one day when I am sitting in a room you will never know
and I want to imagine how we lived
I will need that moment