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Insufficient Evidence

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INSUFFICIENT EVIDENCE

It had been eight months
Since I swept up the remains
Of a shattered
Heart,
Or even just heard the passion in his voice.
And there I stood,
Thrilled,
To be poked and jabbed
With mad words and crazed fists,
But they were his words
 and his fists
And we were undoubtedly
Together.

In a blur of inebriation,
I remember next, with my eyes closed,
Something almost dreamlike,
 magnificent and
 indecipherable.

We touched
Released ourselves, without hesitation
 without caution
 without shame.

And lying in the melted resentment,
We pooled our nickles and dimes
To have a black man
In a black tuxedo
Deliver red wine
To the rented room.
We drank to renewal.

Continued

But
When the haze cleared
And my mind sobered,
There was no evidence,
No bottle,
No drips, spills or smell,
But a cork
Sat coyly
Probably laughing at me.

Kelly Corrigan