**We Leave Flowers Behind**

Susan Su

At Night

We repeated tedious routines:

 brush teeth, wash faces with hot water, and

 put on soft pajamas.

On Our Bed

We talked about daily chores:

 new pages added to my sketchbook, wiped apples glistened

 in the nearby supermarket, cool kids’ mint chewing gum and

 bottles of sunset collected in our violet garden.

We brought up everyday news and tried to settle

them in a lighter tone:

 *the tender night, the tender night,*

 dead bodies found somewhere near someone’s house,

 insane weather in another province, an old man

 lost his last settlement in a small hurricane,

 women who were buried under the silence

 of a crowd.

We talked slowly. We tried we tried to

make things sound better, just as we were

gluing up an aged urn.

Later That Night

We made love. And burned violets

in our profane violence. We tried we tried to

transcend the unfathomable boundary

of human beings.

*The discontinuity of our life*, you said,

*is killing us.*

That’s why we had to press on each other

this hard, two emptied particles

tried to mend into continuity

 even in this twisted ache.

The Next Morning

I said to you that maybe we could

never end anything greatly

cause we rushed ourselves into almost

everything:

 fleshes, cheesecakes, even air.

*our crude cravings are just ongoing.*

You said *yeah* in a casual tone and

we looked out the window together:

the glowing sun is striding

through dusty buildings.

*Next time. Next time. We will try it gently.*

*And after that, we will leave flowers behind.*