

**Diall Garvin**

## **Something of the Lonely Gravity**

(after *Hotel Room* by Edward Hopper)

This new melancholy tastes  
of the bitter figs we had  
slathered in honey  
to drown their tough texture  
to force them to be sweet  
the way the August sun  
smothered me following  
the burial.

I only knew her  
through grainy photographs  
Danny carried on pilgrimages  
back to Tiffin.

I never cared enough  
to hate her diamond ring.  
I never thought of her breathing.  
And now Danny's spirited me  
away; here  
where they were and loved,  
where they conceived a newborn son.

Perhaps it was an apology;  
perhaps it was unnecessary  
that eventually I dressed  
and left.

The truth refused  
coercion.  
The page obstinately  
remained blank on her pillow  
the way it silently—  
in brilliance—  
was over.