

# The Lampshade

Poetry • Evan Myers

1.

I said I love you to the lampshade.  
It was time for goodnight.

I said I love you to the lampshade.  
And then turned off the light.

I said I love you to the lampshade.  
Because she was as empty as I was.

I said I love you to the lampshade.  
Because I loved her.

I am not sure what I expected  
from the lampshade in reply.

I am not sure why  
I wanted her in the darkness of that room.

2.

The red lines on the digital clock next to my bed read 3:35.

I had just fallen asleep.

Lampshade in my arms.

Bathroom door slightly cracked.

Latch latched.

Alarm on.

Love won.

3.

7:15. I was awake.

The curtains were closed, but

Light was flooding the room

My crumb cakes eyes stretched for a switch

Arms still asleep, stuck in an embrace

Around nothing.

The alarm was sounding.

The latch was unlatched.

The bathroom door was shut, the front door was open.

Outside, on the balcony that looked directly upon the motel parking lot

My car was missing.

All that remained was a round bulb

A burning filament

And a stock wooden body.

The shade was gone. It had gotten up and left.

Now it was not so special.

Her light alone  
too bright for me.

Eventually my eyes adjusted.

I picked up my empty suitcase and called a cab.