



(<http://32poems.com/issues/14-2-fall-winter-2016/>)

HILARY S. JACQMIN

Coupling

In Somerville, we rented out
 a double-decker's second floor:
 scuffed hardwood, listing balconies,
 a built-in china hutch. We mixed
 our silver, catalogued our books,
 and spiked the butcher-block with knives.
 I bought a bruise-blue hyacinth
 that died within a week. At first,
 we fought when he was out of work.
 We fought whenever we were late;
 or working late-night, overtime;
 or when I used the kosher wok
 to stir-fry prawns with mustard greens.
 So shacking up meant overdue
 electric bills, commuter trains,
 the boiler stuttering off, black ice,
 and brownouts, clasping sweaty hands.
 He'd fill my vintage limeade glass
 with gin each time the level dipped.
 We shared a grease-soaked paper bag
 of onion rings, hands pale with salt,
 as constant as New England snow,
 then watched the float-glass windows cast
 an iceberg on our bedroom wall.

Hilary S. Jacqmin earned her MA from Johns Hopkins University and her MFA from the University of Florida. Her work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Diagram*, *Field*, *Pank*, *Best New Poets 2011*, and elsewhere. Her first collection of poems, *Missing Persons*, will be published by Waywiser Press in Spring 2017. She lives in Baltimore, MD.

*Read Sarah Blake's response to "Coupling" (<http://32poems.com/prose/almost-anything/>) in our Contributors' Marginalia series.

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