

Stigma

I often think of where you are.
I often dream about the shape of your face.
I often remember those things you've forgotten
because I often remember to look in the mirror.
All of this water and these heaps of dirt separate our bodies.
All of these voices distort our reflections
as human tongues make strange sounds.
All of the time we spent not together
broke me into a ghost that thinks of you all of the time.
It keeps me up at night, the fear
that you have forgotten the face of your firstborn child.
It keeps you from wanting me, the judgement
surrounding sex and love and youth.
It keeps their world turning, the ignorance
in which they live, for bliss it keeps.
You may never have loved me on the day my lips met the sky.
You may have thrown me into the waiting beak of an old stork,
and turned your back as it flapped its wings.
You may lay awake each painful night,
as I have done for years and think,
*Is she still mine if our lips and ears cannot form
or comprehend each others' strange sounds?*

Because of Stigma

I walk in circles by myself, as I'm sure you've done before.
I walk through rain and snow and sun like most other people.
I walk until my lonesome thoughts are no longer my own,
for *I* am lonely and *you* are lonely, so through this lonely world I walk.
The flowers outside your room are not flowers if there's no one to enjoy them.
The flowers on the side of the road are not living if the rest of us are dead.
The flowers in the desert in my head are not growing,
for no oasis wants to be near a soul that hates its flowers.

Maybe there is a way to make glass from broken rocks.
Maybe there is another path to walk upon,
though the ground is hidden by snow.
Maybe there is some other version of the spider's web I've spun
in my own, empty skull; maybe there is not, or maybe there is.
So there are storks and ghosts and flowers.
So there is no one to call my own.
So there are billions of little people dancing on the earth;
we all have bleeding hearts and we'll die that way, so there.