

## **broken love, part one**

I am drawing a blank on your lips  
and my cavity is draining into the  
last picture of you in my mind:  
kissing me; a soft goodbye.

business transactions, our love-  
I burn and am reduced to ash  
and smoke, the bottom of an ashtray  
my surroundings and new home.

I'd love to promise you my heart but am afraid  
you'll reject it because our time is gone.  
Serenaded by Sinatra, singing blues,  
*oh what sunny will do when blue.*

I try to recall your voice faint as a starlit sky over the city,  
floodlights clouding, "light pollution" you say.  
You jumble words through a smile as I soak in the light sea,  
candle flickering behind us:

a foreshadowing.

When you fall through the sky as angels do,  
the adrenaline you'll possess will be  
too much for you to let go of yourself  
to ever love me,

a thought I can't draw a blank on,  
a constant foreboding.

—

## **broken love, part two**

I reminded myself the night we broke up  
that the distance would not last forever.

A video reminder sits in my phone,  
recorded after the call.

There, but I don't reach for it  
because I wouldn't believe myself.

(One day,  
again will be an us.

I will get out of bed, be able to see you;  
kindly, you'll be thinking of me, too.)

It's been weeks and my bed has never felt so warm  
with just one person tugging sheets to shield from the cold and growling fan.

My room stays a mess;  
a reflection of my mind.

Constant directing then observing,  
accepting then diverting.

Pounds put on my shoulders, and waist,  
keep me isolated in my space.

And I get up, or I try,  
try so hard to work through

the rough patches of family, and now love,  
self-mending an empath, addict, self-deprecating mind

and manipulating it into  
"this will all be fine"

the cry for help taken so lightly  
as if my smile creates false identity

delighting the perceivers and friends  
maintaining distance further and again.

I remind myself that delusion rapes  
mental health into self sabotage;

a ruined timeline,  
a mirror faking.

I adjust it on the wall and blink twice.  
One, two.

(I had a cookie or two earlier—  
now they're hitting hard.)

I miss her, and see her in what surrounds me:  
places I went to pick up dinner,

the reusable grocery bags  
sagging, full and tired of being misused;

and my god, the perfume—  
I wore it today and some tears fell

into crevices of my woven sweater  
making it a sticky perfume.

I'm reminding myself,  
"I can do hard things."

I can get in front of this  
and change my life, *and things*.

The words listen in prayer  
but never in fruition

and I've become a teleprompter  
stuck on glitching during

live forecast of my current mental state;  
reminding myself of the distance left to sink.

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### **broken love, part three**

Playing tricks like a pony  
at a barn circus, down south.

vision awry,  
lightbulbs are dancing

above my head like a duel  
of mine and not my own,

incomprehensible which side I should give love.  
The hand I hold is small and cream,

smaller than mine with short nails,  
soft and clean.

It has squeezed mine into juice  
served at the circus with popcorn.

(it's awful, purely awful!)

Not a pony,  
or a plaything,

*I told you I'm not mine;*  
I'm everyone I choose to love and after, I'll be mine.

Tucking myself in tonight,  
in my bed all alone,

wondering when I'll turn you  
into a masterpiece magician with

me jumping out your hat,  
taking form of rabbit, pony, and doormat.

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