

27 Days in Isolation

I lose track of time.	All the days colored Such similar shades of green: They blend together.
You call me.	Just to hear your voice, That little familiar laugh, These things are enough.
Another week passes.	To have beginnings Without their respective ends— They're nothing at all.
The weather is bad.	Do days without sun Even count as days I've lived And lived all the way?
I stay up late.	The memory of you Pinned up my eyelids last night 'Til I couldn't sleep.
I wonder.	Possibility, The easiest thing to hold With our empty hands.
I doubt.	The uncertainty Settles in like old puddles Mixing with the silt.
The weather is good.	The sun is mother— Light pulling like gravity, Reborn in her warmth.
I feel lost.	The world is so small. We, artists of boundaries, We draw our own lines.
I stay up late.	A small thought of you Wormed into my head and stayed: This is how it starts.
I doubt myself.	The worth of a girl, Measured in mirrors and lines, Where does it begin?

I am angry.	To think you'd love me: Was it so preposterous? Was I so off-mark?
My subconscious is not.	My dreams remind me That my body remembers Being close to you.
I listen.	You sang me a song, Elegy to someone else, And it broke my heart.
You message me.	Maybe you miss me Or just need a distraction. Maybe I miss you—.
You say my name.	Use direct address. My name coming off your lips Sounds like a prayer.
I hope.	We'll know each other, When all of this is over, As we did before.
I regress.	I dreamt in reverse, Something caught under the brakes, Borne back ceaselessly.
I wonder.	Some questions, unasked, Must then die with others' birth, Forever silenced.
You write me.	More beauties exist Than your handwritten letters, But I don't want them.
I miss you.	The late afternoon Light, so golden it's solid, I wish you saw it.
You feel lost.	Tell me where it hurts So I can kiss every wound, If my love still serves.
I doubt.	I reread our texts. All our energy seemed real. Where is the closure?

I am resigned.	I might be alone But I'm collecting stories To sleep with in dreams.
I wonder.	When we talk about What could have been, do you feel That we should have tried?
The weather is good.	Spring gives us pause to Be restless and romantic. Flowers show us how.
I feel.	We are so fragile, The ties between us, so thin, Bound by strands like hair.