

## Still Don't Know My Name

### Will We Last?

I wonder if you look at me when I'm not paying attention. If you catalog and organize my expressions into a scrapbook in your mind. If you notice when I'm lost in thought or if something is weighing on me. I wonder where *you* go when your eyes look off into the distance. Sometimes I wish I could read your mind but most of the time, I'm too afraid to wish for that in case it comes true. I try to see into the future, into *our* future and it feels like desperation at times. As if I'm grasping at thin air or hoping to find clues when they aren't any. I have questions that I'm afraid to ask you because you might have answers that break my heart. I have questions that I'm afraid to ask because there is no way of knowing the answers. What I really want is both possible and impossible- I want us to be together. I want to move in together and bicker about stupid things like whose turn it is to cook or what movie we're going to watch. I want to have kids and be a team, be a family. I want to compromise and listen and learn how to love you in the best way that I can. I want to be old with you. I want us to last.

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i want you to care for me/i want you to love me  
i want you to heat the water and draw me a bath.  
i want you add lavender scents to it and i want you  
to gently place me in the tub. i want you to clean  
me with a thick sponge, i want you to carefully  
clean my hair so no soapy water touches my eyes.  
i want you to wrap me in a warm towel, attentively  
ensuring that every part of my skin is dry before  
putting me in comfy pajamas. i want you to read  
me a story to help me fall asleep. i want the story  
to be about us. i want to fall asleep in your arms.

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### What Am I Trying to Gain?

It hurts.

Every.

Single.

Time.

I don't know if I'm just a pussy  
or if he's just too much for me but it hurts.  
When he is inside me it is the most  
exquisite pain I have ever known.  
Like crying because something is  
so beautiful you can't bear it.  
Like a musician holding out a note forever-  
until it stops. And it's still.

*hush hush hush- shhhhhh. you will be ok.*

I repeat these words over and over again  
until they're as smooth as a worry stone.

He scratches my back with his trimmed  
fingernails while we are together,  
intertwined like a vine that grows around  
a tree- I wonder which one I am.

The vine or the tree.

I'll never ask.

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### And should the earth collapse...

Once, I read a story about a girl who did not fall apart but the world around her did. I wonder about that, the feel of the earth underneath you just falling away. I can imagine it feels like laying beside a man who has just told you he is not in love with you. I can imagine it feels like the ice on your windshield as his roommate gets rid of it the next morning. I can imagine it feels like the entire car ride home. I can imagine it feels like heart ache. I can imagine it all feels like it's too much- like you've been falling for a lifetime. I can imagine it feels like that until it doesn't.