

## The Reason for Clean Sheets

There isn't much beauty  
in being alone,  
I've found.

Not many want to hear that you saw  
the wind make low hanging branches  
sway as if they were dancing,  
or listen to the story of a family of ducks  
you saw as they crossed the street.

There is little poetry  
in the hollowness of waking up  
alone in crumpled sheets  
you haven't washed in weeks  
because there's no one to notice or mind—  
it etches lines around your eyes.

There is emptiness reflected in the mirror  
as you paint your lips and cheeks  
for strangers whose faces  
don't soften when you speak  
and don't hear music  
in your laugh.

Because there was one who did  
for a long time and  
for him, your sheets were clean.

But then one day you sat on his bed  
and watched his shoulders fall  
when you said,  
"I think I need to be alone  
for a little while."