

Robbery

For Years
I have
Tried to kill your memories
Make you
Not the ghost
That relives every minute,
Seconds of
My life.

I grinded,
Buried them under the
Earth
When your scent
(Mix of juniper berries, sun, and Vaseline.)
Won't vaporize,
I cemented the top.
When the painful shrieks
Came about, I plugged my ears
Hoping they would tire out.

But when storm
came
(Bigger than
The length of the sky,
I found myself running
To the grave of your memories.

The cement was broken.
The scent of juniper barriers, sun, and vaselline
Burst like fireworks.
The parcels of memories
Clung onto the Earth
Like fibers
Of broken flesh.

I waded through
Rain that cut like a blade
My skin bled, but I crouched over
The pieces of memories
And prayed to God they
Don't fly away.

It was a long night
A long struggle
While you slipped through me
Regardless

When the sun came about
I was beaten and tiresome
Under the chest
Remained nothing.
Only the frail
Scent of fruits and petroleum
glistening
In the air
Like glass

I sobbed
Realizing,
I should have kept them
Linger
As long as they
Could,
Postpone your
Destined
Departure
As long as I could.

2.

Almonds

Under this
Jagged
Rough skin
Lays white flesh
Smooth like ivory.

A chunk of life
That
In early spring
Heats into
Sprouts
and blossoms
into whites

I place this seed
In your hand
In hopes that
You may feel even the
Slightest of
warmth
That sleeps beneath

My humble
appearance.

3.

Magnolias

Leave ruthlessly,
Trample on me
As if
Broken petals of
Magnolias.

I will still
adore even
The bruises
You left on my
skin

4.

The Cells

When I hold you
In my arms,
You are not the same
Person from yesterday.

During the course of
The 24 hours,
Numerous death and
Life
Bloomed and sputtered
Within you.

Someday
They will all be anew,
Completely foreign,
Not able to
recognize even the smidge
Of me.
You will have disappeared
Into the vintage point
Of time, never able to be reached
Again.

But now,

Hold me in your arms.
Let the warmth speak to me
Instead of your lips.
Let me feel every passing
Death in your body,
Forgive even your betrayal,
Grasp your fleeting
Love in
Unchanging limbs of
Existence.

5.

What I Would Have Liked to Call Happiness

The sleet was falling.
I rode the old Coupe
As I drove back to
What was once our home.

The kitchen was
The same.
The dusted utensils,
Plates with broken edges,
The pan I fried eggs in.

I searched through the bathroom
And looked at the tub
Where my girlhood
Drained.
The specks of red paint
Was still on the wall.

I looked at the bed we made love in,
The window.

Sleet was falling.

As I sat by the dining table,
Our first piece of furniture,
I remembered that I once
thought I would
Live in this house
Until the end of my life.

I searched my phone

Silently,
which no longer contained your number.

I sat there until dust began piling
On me too.
I thought very briefly,
What might have been.

And the
Aftertaste of
Love
Gradually stained me,
Lilac scented,
Salt flavored.