

## First Day of Summer

I miss  
rough edges around your nails  
you scratched at when you were nervous.

You held my hand tight like a noose.  
I pulled away and you'd grab harder like a child  
Whose mother walked too fast.

You wrote with your left hand—  
that means you are smarter than me.  
Maybe you are.

Watching television off the mirror of your eyes,  
I was more interested in seeing you.

Putting my ear on your body to hear the drum in your chest  
lilting and flowing when I kissed your lips.

Hugs warm like the first day of summer,  
so tight,  
our hearts couldn't beat on their own.

Course hair sticking up at crazy angles around your head.  
Dry grass and that time we made up constellations laying in it  
because we sucked at astronomy.

Your hands smelling like dry glue.  
Face like the sweet lotion you put on the rosy little patches  
under your eyes.  
Cherub.

Skin the color of dirty chocolate milk.  
Eyes so dark, I saw the kindness I lacked.

I miss the way we danced and sang together  
like no one else was there.

The fucks we gave were zero.

You always wanted my arms to be on top when we hugged

late at night.  
My eyes squinted,  
like I was staring at the sun.  
You were the moon,  
lighting the dark in my metal in the microwave mind.

High-pitched voice like Mickey Mouse  
when you were frustrated with me.  
I was never there for you.

*I'm sorry.*

Road trips with you.  
Anxiety suffocated me and you asphyxiated too.  
Gave me all the air in your tank.

Holding me late at night.  
If it was too hot you'd turn away  
but find me again with the tips of your toes.

"Don't waste your precious tears on me."  
You whispered this lovingly into my ear.  
Another "episode".  
You let me cry into your chest until I couldn't breathe,  
told me I'd be okay.

Smelling so good I hugged a blanket from six months past,  
hoping the scent of your touch lingered.