

(dis)connect

3 poems

I.

you refuse my sadness,
and call it
inconvenient,
at best,
an opportunity
to create
more distance

and you fall asleep
to carry it with you,
all the space in between :
it is viscous,
not sweet like
honey or syrup
but thick like
your congested cough,
something heavy in your chest,
not sad like a heart,
but dense like a clog that
someone put
right there
on purpose

my eyes water
at the wind
of this height,
a fall so
abrupt and new and fast
that she is almost gone too
and look at
me i am
so rational that
i can no longer understand the difference
between a page / a poem / a song
between a pill / a prayer / and trying to keep
your interest

i wish / i knew / how to
weep a bit louder, because
i was hoping / you'd be able / to hold me -

- across the distance // she
takes a nap
when i cry

II.

i have a gash as deep as two years in my flesh,
festering at the lip of harsh words,
i understand,
they do not make medicine for us -
abandonment does not prescribe
pain killers, so
we will simply say
It Hurts,
and my mom will give me pills
for This Time
to prevent me from rotting dry
she will
tell me i am strong
and she will cry, too

i have never been old enough
to put pain in perspective
until now
i have been full enough
to flow over the tip -
even when dry,
i have given life to her
but
she
without roots
will fall away

III.

i still haven't cried about it -
instead
i tore a necklace
from sensitive skin,
and walked quietly
the length of a
pink and brown scar -
i dangled my feet
off the plank
of a deep dive
and
struck up a conversation
with my own fatality
as though my tongue
just learned
how to bow
in deference
to the memory
of an old friend /

i still haven't cried -
i've tested
the cleansing nature
of a rough disposition,
i've bathed in
the space between
blood and bleeding -
i know she
will never return
to the scene /

but
i want to remember us in
Turned Pages
your wet thumb

smoothing
a fragile dog-ear,
we have been
something like
a picture book -
my fingers have
confused the vulnerability
of her spine
with the decadence
of our binding -
i have misread
her stiff covers
for warm skin /

in the palms of my hands
is a hesitant heartbeat
which bulges at the
boundaries of
an invasive imagination
that dreams
and re-dreams her
in sunkissed shades
of springtime, and
in the secret chill
of summer, but
never in winter has
she kept me warm /

and now
i am burning with
a dull type of apathy -
i will never write her
out of me -
i didn't cry
until i called this
the finale ///