

Vacancy

I feel goosebumps and nothing else;

you left the windows open. I
turned my back to them
and to you but I can feel
the moonlight spilling
onto the floor as the breeze
whips white curtains over me.

Your fingertips brush the back of my
hand and your whisper drips into
my ear. I want to tell you to stop

but I don't. Instead your words draw blood
to my cheeks-two pink stains on my
porcelain face. Your knuckles dissect

my spine-a string of pearls from a
single clam shell. The sound of skin-
chirping crickets with legs intertwined.
I want to tell you to get out of this room,
to get out of my head, to get out of me

but I don't, instead I'm picking
absentmindedly at the black finger
paint, and it's only now that I realize
I'm only made of three colors.

You love me, you say, and my eyes
squeeze shut. Don't breathe don't breathe,
I want to tell myself but don't

open my eyes because I can't look
in yours anymore. My lashes flutter
open, the tears crash into
the carpet, the candle light
is flickering, and I
wonder if when it finally fades
out, it will take me with it as I listen

to you crack each and every knuckle
in two places. Even when you've stopped
holding me the walls are closing in.

It's been four years, six months and
two days and now it's only twenty-nine
steps to the door - we are one breath
and few words apart on this bed
but I can't give them to you.

I won't.