

He'll Never Read This

Ode to the Freckles on Your Back

Between your shoulder blades, I found constellations.
Each imperfect meteor hinting at the makeup of your matter.

I traced a cluster of stars on repeat
and remembered that time we drove around my block ten times
before giving in to “goodnight.”

Fingering your supernovas and kissing your black holes,
I felt you shiver beneath my affections.

I noted the number of planets, three,
and the years you spent hating your
metallic grin.

Yanking you closer, I immersed myself in your Milky Way,
longing to dissolve in your stardust.

I studied the nebulas lining your neck,
and saw the nights you spent worrying
that I may not come back.

The friction of your spinning protostars
gathered heat and drew beads of sweat.

I found the man in the moon,
and he snickered inappropriately,
like you always did.

I clung to the frame of your galaxy, bound by inertia,
and begging for air in that quickly shrinking space.

They say the universe was created
from one infinitesimal point,
too hot not to explode.

Things That Feel Like You

The month was May and I loved hydrangeas.
I didn't quite know that I'd love you, too.
Not until I heard you sing every packed phrase
of that song by the Barenaked Ladies.
"Music and mythology, Einstein and astrology."
I never did learn the words.

I liked words
and you liked me, so you liked words too.
We lived in mamihlapinatapei for months.
You still don't know what that means.

Do you remember
how Geology used to force cigarette smoke
down my lungs? I could never
tell the metamorphic from the igneous, and you laughed
at my crude pronunciation of *Mica Schist*.

Did you forget
our smothered confessions?
We re-invented pillow talk with whispered
(sometimes lost) "I love you."

You see
it's not that I miss you it's just that
I can't shake the sound of your laugh.
Or the looks we left on each other's faces.

I must've driven by your house fifty times that week.
Your door seemed different. It was still painted pink.
I guess I'd just never seen it shut.

I wanted to tell you
about this stupid headline I read today.
"Coalition 'in it to win it'"
I laughed because so were we.

You should know that I'm okay.
The corkscrews keep me company at night.
And I can write about you now.
I just can't read aloud.

Your name tastes like arsenic.

i love you can you hear me

i was somewhere, yesterday,
thinking about the frequency of your old
i love yous and how i never hear them anymore
over the sound of my own *i miss yous*.
it petrifies me, talking so loud.
but i cant seem to make you listen.

yes i was drunk but i needed you to listen
when i called yesterday.
last time we spoke you were loud
and rash and begging me to leave but old
habits die hard and i dont know how you
sound anymore.

i swear it was the alcohol asking *why dont you love me anymore*
and i hate it for embarrassing me but just listen—
i was never embarrassed by you.
i guess if everyday had felt like yesterday,
we never wouldve gotten so old
and my crying wouldnt be so goddamn loud.

you and i were bright and real and loud
and i dont know how to be those things anymore.
now its just me and im stale and gray and old
and begging you to listen
because i keep thinking about yesterday
and jesus christ i love you.

i remember you
dying to be heard over the loudness
of my feet and yesterday
i decided i dont want to run anymore.
i cant listen
to my feet go hard and fast and away until theyre old.

im so sorry that you wanted to grow old
with me because i only wanted to break you
and i refused to listen
because you talked too loud
and i missed that yesterday.

i know ill have more of those fucking yesterdays.
but im not afraid of getting old anymore.