

the world should have ended when you knew you liked girls

it should be the end of the world
when you open your front door
and she's standing right there
in a summer dress.
and your father smiles,
turning to ask you, "is this a friend of yours?"
and all you can think about is taking that
dress
right
off
of
her.

your parents let her spend the night
because she goes to school with you
even if it was just a thursday
and she wants to watch a movie about love,
but she doesn't radiate love,
cuz she's one of the hard girls.
and it confuses you when she
takes you into her arms late that night as
everyone is sleeping.
her smile in the dark
looks like something foreign,
each gum and tooth
itching to speak a different language.
she's tasting of tobacco and you're too
young to know what that means.
too young to realize that this scenario is okay,
it's okay to want this
because you've dreamed of scraping up your
knees for girls like this,
dangling your hand off beds while you lay there
impatient, wondering what was wrong with the
feeling between your legs.
yet the guilt never leaves,
it never leaves
sorry about giving up and sorry about not

making you cum.

the world should have ended,
you smell just like her
and this night is blissfully aware.
in the morning you can't look your mother in the
eye. you blush a bit because your new
secret feels safe and grown.
you are not a little girl anymore, dried up
like old fruit, or rotted apples that fell too
close to the tree, you are not pathetic or lonely,
or used up.
just holy,
remembering to be on your knees in the
middle of the night
and the girl who smelled of
smoke moaned into your ear and you think
it's intense, it's intense.
you can't remember what you
were ever ashamed of.
it's now only innocence,
seeing the lake house you stayed at when you
were only three,
the raspberry milkshakes, made fresh, just a
bike ride away,
there is no future with her,
but to me she was everything
*sorry about my clumsy heart, it falls for
anything that's in its way.*
she just nips and nips away at the feeling
until there's nothing left but a crass mouth
and that summer dress left on the floor,
and you like it because your father thinks it
belongs to a friend.
*sorry I should've told you that this was my first
try at almost everything, with bandaged
knuckles and crooked bones. I've managed to
get you alone so many times but
never
once
did*

I

feel

like

your

type.

you still make her feel good, *never thought*

being with a girl could be this good, and just

like your childhood bed, cabins, plates full of corn and ribs,

you think you can continue on this way, like you should,

because the world should've ended that day but

it didn't.

sorry about the trembling hands that took you apart.

the wilderness and arbitrary bones

when the sun is in her mouth,
rather than the sky
Then that is when you know it's love.
But when the wolves come out to make their claim you
should've known better than to forget about the moon
inside her throat.
now you will both know betrayal.
and so I'm digging this relationship back up like old bones
buried behind the cherry tree.
the dog sits and whines until sunset,
sensing the air around him softening.
it isn't until that afternoon when he finds sadness hiding
somewhere new,
carrying it over to you,
clenched between its teeth like a rag doll.
I complain that you've left it on the ground
again.
There's no rush to pick it up. I'd do it myself but my hands
are already full with my own.

I don't understand how you have the river right outside
your window
and the bathtub on your left
and have not yet drowned.
The days are now funny because doorbells keep howling
and you don't spring out from the bed anymore. The news
talked of floods, murder, and famine, you did nothing more
then roll to the other side of the flat mattress; waist perfect,
curved like a sculpture, and hands twisting like a grinder.
I am meat. We could be underwater.
Under there your sadness will just float.
You tell me to stop with the suggestions
so I meet you with a kiss. And another *and another*,
you're pushing me away.
I wonder why I'm no longer familiar to you.
I used to be the one you attacked with your hands,
all the while gasping, "I feel much safer."

Your curling digits burned holes into the bed
and I changed the sheets every night,
with eyes that looked like crystal ashtrays.
now you're using an excuse about how you are sick.
I take a bus to the gas station to get the medicine.
I dream of drinking alcohol and making you jealous,
wondering if you ever worry that I sit too close to anyone
else on public transportation. I dream that the next person
who walks into the station is here to rob it and they will shoot me
because I'm still devotedly reaching for the flavor of tums that you wanted.
And I'll die a hero and you'll feel guilty for faking it.
But this isn't a movie.
No one to yell "cut" every single time you touch me wrong.
No one else who gets to touch you.
So when am I going to save the world?
That means my blood sings for you-
and this means you're everywhere you can't be.
Tell me about the sun that you no longer see.