

## The Obsession Is with Death, Ultimately

There are reasons I felt the way I did:  
the way you grabbed me by the hips to take the photo,  
how in the photo we are the only two people touching.

I cried almost that whole day and tried to wander off  
You followed me, so the next night I took your gin  
and poured it out after your ghost slurred something  
about your grandfather.

Time scares you. Distance is your next of kin.  
I hate when you get like this.  
I could get tired of it, but you won't let me  
get close enough. Probably a blessing if I look.

You stare at me with an intense *Je ne sais quoi*,  
and everything in my mania shivers.  
You never make me feel crazy or better dead.  
My ex said that once, now I can't shut up about it.

I'm sorry.      Don't be?  
See, this is why I fuck with you:  
I get like this & you sink your teeth in.  
Let me let go.

I know I'm still in love with you or the idea that I  
might die beside someone, either way  
it's too easy to want what rides  
into horizons unscathed and upright.

I finally caught up to myself where the sun disappears.  
Both me's are tired of pretending there's an only one  
heavier than the longing.

It took a month for you to call me after the crash.  
I boxed pillows across the room at night  
but couldn't remember my dreams. Your eye,  
a fat plum or ripened glass.

Your girl makes this about her. You don't tell me you  
lied, I don't tell you she's taken you hostage.  
I tell other women about her,  
commit treason, rinse the blood.