

## Small Hands

Keaton Henson

Miss you terribly already  
Miss the space between your eyelids  
Where I'd stare through awkward sentences  
And void through awkward silence

Miss your teeth when they chatter  
When we smoked out in my garden  
When we couldn't sleep for all the heat  
Soft talk began to harden

Miss your small hands in the palm of mine  
The fact they're good at making  
Miss you sitting up incessantly  
And the fact you're always waking in the night  
And night

And I  
I hope for your life  
You forget about mine  
Forget about mine

Miss your teeth dug in my shoulder  
As we rolled in early morning  
Miss your arm dying beneath me  
As I lay there, simply yawning

Please forget me, you were right dear  
I am cold and self-involved  
And though I'll miss you, recent lover  
I am weak and therefore fold

Get distracted by my music  
Think of nothing else but art  
I'll write my loneliness in poems  
If I can just think how to start

Dot my I's with eyebrow pencils  
Close my eyelids, hide my eyes  
I'll be idle in my ideals  
Think of nothing else but I  
I  
And I

And I  
I hope for your life  
You can forget about mine  
Just forget about mine

Oh, mine  
Mine