

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