

The Garden

Lovers

i slept next to your broken wrist and dreamt i was a vine
that grew out of a lovers' kiss and wrapped around your
spine. will you stay in my life? i wish we were tied
together sometimes. entwined by a family line. i wish i
was your sister sometimes like tonight. i'd dry your
eyes, you'd cough and then smile and say you'd be all
right. will you be all right? i'd trace the tatoo on the
back of your neck, there's a picture drawn there of the
place you left, where you cannot see it but you can't
forget. it's there permanently like a badge of regret.
there's a row of ocean shells where there should be a
garden. one for each whispered word you could tell me,
one for each secret. so on shell stars in a dirt sky, i
wish you'd trade your secrets for mine. i'd plant them
and in time flowers would bloom and burst through the
room where we'd lie, they'd cover our eyes, i'd ve that
vine, the sun would shine in an endless springtime. but
for now the flower pots only hold cigarette-butts.
there's a headstone above the nights we talked. there's a
different name whispered in your yard, but it sounds the
same as the one you want. and now i feel so overwhelmed,
i had to sit out by myself on the curb beside your house,
with my collar in my mouth. and the feelings that i felt,
i had to lay them all out in chalk-writing on the ground,
for you to step around. and the rain that ends the
drought and would've let our seeds sprout will just wash
my words out.