

Bruises

Ruby Fields

The first boy I kissed was in a close friends pool
A bet from the boys thank god he pulled through
He got thumps on the back
I felt uneasy with that
And walked home touching my lips like a bruise

The first guy that touched my skin with more than his eyes
Left it with ghosts I still speak to at night
That say I wasn't strong enough
For what I thought was tough love
And years later I learned it wasn't fine

I used to love the way all choirs sound
But something about them's different now
See the church it just claims
Too many these days
My friends lives were worth less than their gowns

Being judged from the pews through stained glass art
At my faith flailing like a flag at half mast
But with young boys unsafe
And the unjust ordained
I won't pray to dusty pages of the past

I'd like to believe there's more than just us
I'm an atheist who enjoys the stars
Not the ones in magazines
My mother reads but never keeps
Sometimes I mumble prayers in my sleep

I used to be scared of midnight silhouettes
That my coatrack was a murderer standing by my bed
But these days I'm so lonely
Instead of a scream
I'd probably ask him to hold me instead