

## **You wanted to know if I ever still think about us.**

I need a new word for remember, for what happens when my cheek replays being laid along the subtitles of your calves. How can I say, I lie awake at three in the morning next to him reviewing prickly ankle stubble and white thighs, but make myself stop because there's no foothold there. So what if I sometimes think about your beautiful everything. How can I say of course I do still but does anyone know I loved another like rain, her eyes brimming over an armful of undeservedly wine-colored roses. Fierce, you don't know, didn't, he sat with me when I am useless with pain, bleed, sweat, retch, shiver, struggle to breathe, finally this one stayed, the flood of violent chemicals released with every consummation you were never around long enough to learn. Full whole hard to school you brought two strange women along to our dinner for fear, for protection. I unknotted my tie miserably. Or, I have no idea what you did, lost so many times, it new and then the heart beating between the, of course; hipbones, the wounded soul inside the. Know by now my garden isn't you who have been trying to write another life for the decade from a foreign country, know nothing about my rain, my waist, yet still will make sure I feel that rough grain lies between us anyway, your choice to resent my choice, fight to five times in haste. Tight and thin, these words are not me. Husbanded yet are bear-like, wild. Am still. Point out: and, but I, no. What you think: I know that, as you. Wrestle with, own disgust and decisions. You have written that. You. My name is where it has always lived, nestled inside my backbone, home. Verbal became, came, gripping vessel chose him, that beats my, that violent sweetness, brings me; and as for my garden, those narrow strips lozenges of, which you think keep me tied, beautiful spined okra, the stones I pull from beds one by one, an unconscious smiles bloom—"of course, it goes without saying"—can't, or know how it is I grow it.