

our love is a catalpa hyperbola

we know
this won't work
but i'd still like to try
here's why

because you braid
grass into bracelets & fasten them around my wrists

because you hold bees in your throat
so that i can taste honey on my tongue

when you kiss me & i am sick.

because when i cleared out my sock drawer
you moved in with what you claimed to be

a house plant.

a catalpa
you said would grow
until soil became our floorboards & roots
the feet of our bed.

— Eden Leavey