

Tonight, you go over to his house and sleep in his bed and stare at his face and his fists.
You have lived this scene before, and it won't be the last time,
So they tell you.
You apply your lipstick and your blush (even though his steady eyes make the blood rush to your cheeks anyways)
And you stand in the mirror and recite the things your mother always told you:
Never wear black and blue together
Don't go empty-handed to a person's house.
Sit up straight as if your spine were a pole
And never take anything from anyone, because eventually, one day, they will ask for something in return, and baby, you won't have it.

There may always be something on your mind that has nothing to do with the person in front of you,
whether you're thinking about the soldiers in the wars that have already ended or your fathers' hands and how badly you wish you could hold onto them,
you may always be long gone in your head, far from the world.
There may as well be a "no vacancy" sign hanging over your heart
as if to say you've had enough ache for this lifetime and
That you're on your way back home, wherever that might be.
Last week, you thought home was in his arms, and on Monday you convinced me it was in your bathtub, sitting there with a mug of whiskey in your hand.
And by tomorrow I'm sure you'll have moved away and occupied a new residence,
a new place to call home.

Wherever that may be-
if it's in the pit of your stomach
or your kitchen floor at 4:30 in the afternoon,
I will be there.

If the weather gets too cold, take a plane to the sun.
When you start crying at 2 o'clock and don't stop until
Twelve the next day, turn towards the sea and breathe-
It knows a lot about saltwater and sadness.

When his hands stop touching yours and move onto your ribs and your stomach and your face,

Run.

Run and remember that your mother told you black and blue don't go well together for a reason.