

I am a traitor to my extremities

Friday, September 15th, 2023 at 14:20,

the one café on Elizabeth Street with the windows,

I had to catch the train home, but didn't want to leave you . . . do you remember?

I walked out with the sun in my eyes,

and wished to be blinded forever.

Don't you realize that this moment is all I've ever wanted —

here, in your arms, my eternal rest?

Don't you realize that my only worry is that it won't happen

ever again?

I am a traitor to my extremities,

I feel cheated by them.

They have brought me to these liminal places

that my mind, otherwise, would not dare encounter:

my legs move away from you,

my fingers unknot themselves from yours,

my face turns toward the Sun instead of My Moon,

although I know in my brain and my heart and my
soul and my nerves that that isn't right.

How do I explain that?

Some things are not Forever.

For Example,

The dream that I had last night that
you turned us into clouds so that we could
float away together.

Some things are Forever.

For Example,

I have this brain in my
head that cannot stop thinking
about you.

And when I sit in my bed at night with
the Moon's radiance highlighting my
countenance, God — I can't stop thinking
about yours. And I'd wish the spotlight could
dry my tears. And I wish you were next to me. And—

There are some things I know for certain:

I should've never left you that day on Elizabeth Street.

I should have stayed, I should have finished my coffee,

I should have turned back toward you and knotted my fingers
so tightly with yours that it cuts off circulation.

Would that have changed anything?

How naive am I to think that it would have.

I'd rather wither away in the Sun, drown myself in my tears,
than confront what's real.