

An Adagio of the Highest Mountain Tops

My heartbeat is an adagio,
and has a rhythm
I cannot keep up with.

So often now I feel like
I am not of this world

but below it,

and I am so alone that I think
if I were to fall not even the
trees would hear me.

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I want to go to my own secret place
where I can be alone—
so I travel to your arms,
knowing that they will just fall away
into a pile of sand on the floor,

and they'll create this void.

You don't know me at all,
yet you claim to know the texture
of my mouth's roof.
OK— What's my favorite color?
Where am I from?
What's my sexuality?
Do I trust you?

No.

For all I know, the next time
you hug me, you will just
stab me in the back,
puncturing my lungs,
until my last utterance is:

"I knew it".

And I'd waste every last drop
of oxygen I had to say it,

because I did.

Because the only times
you asked me to trust you
were when your hands were halfway up my dress,
and all other times you just begged me to

believe you.

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Remember when we were kids,
and we'd roll down big green hills?
I was so scared that i'd never stop rolling—
that it'd go on forever—
and that when I opened my eyes again

I'd be gone.

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When I was four I tried to
climb on top of my dresser like it
were a mountain, because I
wanted to eat the clouds like cotton candy.
But it fell on top of me,
it's avalanche crushing
my tiny bones into gravel.

And the TV fell on my face,
it's glass shards slicing
my right cheek and eyelid open
like pieces of delicate meat.

And

My parents cried for weeks.
I felt so bad.

I almost died.

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In eighth grade I couldn't see the sun for months,
so I wanted to take bad things that would fill the sky
like a lamp, and I didn't feel that bad about it.

I would ask the dark figures in my dreams
why no one would talk to me,
and why I always felt so weird,
and they told me not to worry.
So I counted my fingers all day
to remember I was alive,
because the doctors thought I was having
but I told them that I don't remember
ever waking up.

waking seizures,

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Last night I saw you and I
in heaven.

We were standing in a desert.
The wind was so incessant that
the air was made of sand,
and my throat was so chalky
but yours was warm and wet.

As the glow slid down the sky,
I told you that I never wanted to leave,
but you said that we have to,
and that we
and that eventually we have to

can't stay here forever,
wake up.

So I traveled to the top of the highest dune,
tucked my head into my knees,
fastened them together with my locked hands,
and rolled down it like it were that
big green hill—
and when I opened my eyes,

you were gone.