

Erin Harnum
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Stuck

She is spring flowers,
Songs of gold
For her the pressure dissolves

I think of her longingly.
She could've stayed,
Sitting atop my heart, bouncing on my flesh with the
Thump, thump of the beats.

Her soul uprooted from my body
Gentleness yet to be appreciated.
I am glad she's gone;
a life of patience through pain
she never endured.

Though she comes from me,
she is not me.
Stuck behind a two-way mirror
Serpents wrap themselves around me
While they weave themselves into a blanket for her.

Billowing clouds remind me,
Cold grass or sand between my toes lets me see her eyes.
I hope she doesn't get glimpses of me,
When she gets a papercut
Or her anger boils over.

For she constitutes the very best of me,
And I the very worst of her.

We constitute the things we hate most about
Each other
If I were to have her gentleness,
A man would steal my heart and throw it off a bridge
Bobbing up and down in the water
And unlike an apple at the fair,
no one will fight to bite it.