Uncharted

By Georgina M. Cox

You're falling deep into my dreams;
I wake up where we started.
Another night spent digging through
the grave of the departed.

Your shadow knows its way around,
like you were never gone.
It wears a groove into my bed
and disappears by dawn.

I'm finding it hard to see
what remains you've left of me.
I search my body room by room—
every door still leads to you.

I wish there was a part of me
that you had left uncharted—
a patch of skin, a memory,
a place we never started.

But you're falling deep into my dreams,
and I cannot be bothered
to keep rebuilding every piece
just to find you underneath it.
(Underneath it…)
(You're underneath it…)

Can't believe I'm finally free.
Please—
just let me be.

(Let me be…)

Even happiness arrives
like something I have stolen.
I hold it gently in my hands;
it bruises when it opens.

You taught my body love was just
obedience made pretty—
that being wanted meant becoming
small enough for pity.

I'm finding it hard to know
which parts are mine beneath the ghost.
I tear your fingerprints away—
they bloom beneath my skin again.

I wish there was a part of me
that you had left uncharted—
a patch of skin, a memory,
a place we never started.

But you're falling deep into my dreams,
and I cannot be bothered
to keep rebuilding every piece
just to find you underneath it.
(Underneath it…)
(You're fucking underneath it.)

Can't believe I'm finally free—
so why are you still haunting me?
Can't believe I'm finally free.

(Let me be.)
(Let me be.)
(Let me—)

Get out of my bedroom.
Get out of my head.
Get out of the silence
you left in your stead.

Get out of the mirror.
Get out of my name.
You don't get to hurt me
then live in the pain.

There must be some country
you never got through—
some animal inside me
that never learned you.

Something still feral.
Still vicious.
Still clean.

Something you touched—
—but could not make bleed.

I wish there was a part of me
(There must be something)
that you had left uncharted—
(You couldn't take it all)
a patch of skin, a memory,
a place we never started.

You're falling out of all my dreams;
(Get out, get out)
I will not be your haunted.
I'm drawing borders through my bones—
you'll never cross beyond them.

(You'll never cross—)
(Never again.)

I wish there was a part of me
that you had left uncharted.

Maybe there is.

Maybe there is.