

The Length of this Gap
i. One Centimeter

It begins with a hummingbird drawn in pencil

My next two years

I am waiting for the day to come where your name isn't
beneath each syllable

You sad sat there

your ghost with her hard face

Your threads are a ripped up pillow case

The problem with adoration is that it is a little bit more than love

like bubbly water

like trying to sew the same button on a pair of 3-dollar pants
I want to get smaller than those pants

What it feels like to thrust
the first time

a barbeque

some over-yeasted bread

you, your new girlfriend, and our cat

Do mice have pink feet?

How does it feel to be a dead cat, Ms. Serious?

Without music the world would be a mistake.¹

ii. Two Inches

How do you find out where it is you want to go before you get there?

map luggage car home train confidence

It could be worse. Every time I hear that phrase, I remember worse.

ticket warmth friends family strangers

Daddy, I'm storming.

study experience money gas station prison

How deep do I want to go?

coal mine sharks beach cactus mountain trees

His body gleamed like only those who are meant for greatness do.
I look at the pale ridge inside my elbow, blue vein.

snow music faces routine alone sleep time

Terrified of losing my voice

Scared of losing my way

Scared of losing myself again

comfort selfish ostrich mustard greens

Maybe you can pretend that it is me walking away?

walk run fly swim dive down

I can be him sometimes, heavy and untouchable, a composite
of all the people I have loved ripping
out your tongue so you can't speak

you feed me
there is no more of you

iii. One Yard

A poem is a negotiation of light and space²
like a photograph of shuttered windows.

Shed layers until eventually you have to put your body in water. It is your only
option for survival.

I want to cover myself in all of the pendants gifted to me by lovers. Unicorns and
wood. Rose quartz and goddesses.

I want to cloak myself in their protection, a cloak of gifts and grieving

Your small mountain goat pendant
is bigger than a small mountain goat

Take cards out of box
Shuffle
Pull a card

The Queen of Wands, the most sexual of all queens

her and her black cat

iv. One Mile

empty houses

the picturesque ruin

Mary Poppins
traded for a shadow

ghost bodies and wolves

Is the difference?
Guided your hand?
Is tradition?
This experience unique?
Money for the horse?
Why?
Didn't you expect?
Are your fears and the world?

I'm not done waiting for you yet.

I hold my breath and see how many times I can think:

that was the day

that was the day

that was the day

that was the day

until breath
breaths my love, a wound