

Something We Don't Talk About, Part II

how many times I said yes
how many times I said yes and yes and yes
because it was what you wanted to hear
and what I wanted you to hear
and what I wanted to want
and everytime the walls
stayed above my head instead of
falling down upon me upon us
because if it was going to stop
then it would have to be me who said no
the walls were not going to help
and I didn't say no I didn't I never did
it was never your fault never yours
never mine only the walls that didn't tumble
when they should have
when they should have known
they should have been able to tell
when was the right time to fall

OPEN

Sometimes, when we kiss, I keep my eyes open. I know it's impolite. It started when I was in high school, the first boy---the one who tasted like peach vitamin water and sweat---he kissed me as though I was made of tears and he had never seen the sea before. I was scared he would look at me, scared that if he opened his eyes, I would turn into a pillar of salt, so I peeked to make sure he didn't. First one eye and then the other, our mouths a tightrope, my eyes a set of cheeky clowns trying not to fall. I had never seen another person so up-close before. Things happen to God's perfect aesthetic. Noses are mountain slopes, cheeks are fields, lips gape and pull, morph and stretch, we are no longer faces, we are landscapes. I was not kissing a boy, I was kissing America. And America tasted like peach vitamin water and sweat.

Scissors

When we moved in together,
I noticed-

You keep your scissors in the knife drawer.
I keep mine with the string and tape.

We both know how to hide our sharpest parts,
I just don't always recognize my own weaponry.

Love Poem #137

I will wake you up early
even though I know you like to stay through the credits.

I will leave pennies in your pockets,
postage stamps of superheroes
in between the pages of your books,
sugar packets on your kitchen counter.
I will Hansel and Gretel you home.

I talk through movies.
Even ones I have never seen before.

I will love you with too many commas,
But never an asterisks.

There will be more sweat than you are used to.
More skin.
More words than are necessary.

My hair in the shower drain,
my smell on your sweaters,
bobby pins all over the window sills.

I make the best sandwiches you've ever tasted.
You'll be in charge of napkins.

I can't do a pull-up.
But i'm great at excuses.

I count broken umbrellas after every thunderstorm,
and I fall asleep repeating the words *thank you*.

I will wake you up early
with my heavy heartbeat.
You will say, *Can't we just sleep in*, and I will say,
No, trust me. You don't want to miss a thing.