

when i knew it would happen but still hoped i was wrong

“you have made too many mistakes
to be loved by my purest graces
any longer”

says the voice in my head masquerading as you.
it has manipulated your thoughts; pulled them
out of your ears and stuffed them in mine, a vain attempt
at cognizance- i can see the words forming behind your teeth and
i knew you were going to say them first.

maybe i am putting words in your mouth: stuffing them down your throat
until you are forced into regurgitation, but i think they had been
fermenting in your vocal cords for a while now.

i go over my mistakes again&again&again&again
until i am sure i have exhausted their life span but they
rise again: unfulfilled prophecies
riddled with ashes fit to blind only me.

maybe if i was a better person this would feel foreign but
i knew it would happen- only i was hoping i would be dead
by the time you remembered.

this is how i handle rejection, after all: unmaking possibilities in my mind
until one plays out in its entirety and i can fake apathy-
how can i feel betrayal when i scripted the apocalypse myself, when i could not
stop myself from failing just one more time?

so instead i feign satisfaction at my fortune telling, how lucky i am to
know you better than i know myself: this surely means i will
run away before the other shoe drops and i am bleeding.

but because i was born a contrarian, i do the opposite &
i stay until the very last word i knew you were going to say-
i even mouth it along with you, just out of spite.

and then it is over. and it does not matter
if i wrote the apocalypse myself: it is still a natural disaster and
therefore it must always turn out worse than one would expect.
(don't tell anyone, but i was hoping i would be wrong this time).