

there is you.
there is you and there is me and there is
 a cliff.
our feet dangle from it and I can almost kick at the roots sticking out below us, but
I miss. our feet dangle from it
like ropes
and I almost think we can jump right into the sky
 but. I miss.
below us the world is bruising over into night and the
sun looks a bit hollow. i figure
you can relate.

you were beautiful, and when you
laughed for hair fell into your
face,
 and i wanted
 to kiss you.
when i leaned in the sun spilled
light from your eyes and your mouth was a
bird and
 so you never knew.

there is tree by the cliff.
we climb its branches and
hang upside-down.
our feet dangle like ropes and
this time, i see a noose.

we are sitting with our backs against the tree
and you tell me about how the boy with big hands
touched you.
you cry on my shoulder, and i bet you don't even know how
 your tears water the tree,
how its flowers are birthed
 from your sorrows,
how your breath brings it to life.

i tell you to look at the sun
 and imagine it is god, and
to look at the cliff and
 think it is beautiful.
instead you look
at your hands and
ask me what is the difference.

i do not know why i am saying these things,
and i do not know who i am writing about.
 maybe this is for you, or maybe it's for me,

or maybe it's for the cliff and the sun and the noose branches.
i'm not sure what the difference is, either.

and so the cliff falls into the sun and when you don't pull me back i slip my neck
into the branches. i spill blood on your flowers
(and you don't come back to see.)

as i hang there
roses grow from my veins
and their thorns press my
hands into fists
and by the time i start to wonder if this is
worth it
but i have already decided that i
am not.

you are holding hands with a boy
and when he
gives you a blood-soaked bouquet
you smile like you are
not hollow,
like you do not see,
and like you do not know.

years later, i say,
please do not love me.
i will drip blood on
your flowers,
and throw you off cliffs,
and cry when you take me to bed and kiss me.
please do not love me.

(please do not listen.)