You're Fine
By M. Michelle Graves-Harwood

You're fine. You're fine. You're fine.
My head in my hands,
Staring at the black and white checkerboard
Of the bathroom tile
—his bathroom, not hers.

Knowing it's the only space
She wouldn't look
And holding myself together
On the cold toilet seat.

You're fine. You're fine. You're fine.
By the time my internal mantra
Of defiantly, almost convinced self
Slows down,
I'm closer to fine.

Closer like reaching through
A dark, mossy hole,
Smelling garden and decay,
Savoring the fall the way I lock away
The scents of sex.
And as my hand hits the wet
Back wall
—hard,

I look down at the hole
In my left sock,
See my toes peeking through,
Pull my hair hard
—like fucking.