

Imaginary Closets

I.

I bury myself beneath floorboards
beneath dirt
letting the mud stick to my open thighs

I grab ahold of the boards
but splinters of wood rake against my fingertips

when my hands start to bleed
I dig downward further and further
my blood soaks into the earth

II.

I tunnel my way to the surface
lay beneath the rain
arms stretch out
body open to the sky

I close my eyes
feel the wind sweep down me
silently breath the words I spoke earlier
 I have to tell you something
the earth soaks into my blood
 I know she says
 I still love you