

Rooftops like Black Holes

The stars seemed half as close that night,
scattered like broken glass across the sky;
your eyes were a forest catching fire,
the way you could stare with that
conspiracy of reflective dependence
so now every time the phone rings I think it is for me.

Upside down in your smile I saw islands
I couldn't gain the nerve to swim to;
wouldn't breathe deep enough, couldn't let myself,
too afraid I'd drown in the gravity of your wake.
But on the roof, that night, I only saw your eyes.

My third grade teacher told me I was implicitly indecent,
like an infant wrapped in newspaper or a three legged puppy,
but with you I felt like if this girl lets me swim so
readily through her bloodstream maybe I'm something more
than I let myself be.

I wanted to hold you at the event horizon so
our bones would stretch until forever, and when
it was all said and done, we'd be long limbed loose ends,
broken mirrors on some cosmic plane of space.
But instead we were short, and I'll have to be quick.

I'm sorry I never took my shoes off, that I didn't
get to see you with your hair down, I'm sorry I didn't
want you close enough to hear me talk in my sleep
because now in my dreams I lie awake with you all night,
so every morning I wake up tired.