

Will-yng

By Marrilynn Ready

Your silence stings me, worse than your fists.
Your shoulder's as cold as the porcelain bath tub, against my passed-out skin.
This space between us suffocates me, more violently than you ever have- and yet...
I miss your teeth, sharp on my neck;
I can't look at our pictures, not even the ones of only your back.
Believe it or not they cause tears to attack.
I'd give you anything to have you again:
A piercing needle
A stabbing blade
I'll reupholster your couch with my blood brocade.
I'll taste of your whiskey if you'll taste of my wine;
If only to have you love me one more time.
You said it yourself,
I know this to be true:
The sleep wasn't threaded, no, on top it was you.
I know I can be hard to handle but you can be too
I just want to know what you want me to do.

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