Abbie J. Bergdale

Still, you look at me

cross. Like the fight was my fault
line splitting in two
parts—you chose: one blood
line, foolish, cold, your tongue
fever strong as a straight
line wind throws snow gusts
across bare skin, or a laugh
line that masks the way it ached
to bend for you, to break, to bear a
cross. Like your fight was my fight.

Oak Park

Your cheek bones hard set suggest
I shouldn't waste time
on you. Still, here we
are, tucked and groping
in this thick mess of willow,
over there—
the empty dugout.

It was because you never
asked, you told—no, you
showed the so many slow
and gentle ways
you'd hurt me. And you did.

A decade, and still hours
later: isn't it real? The willow?
The dust off the diamond?
Therapists call this the euphoric stage.
And it isn't real—
none of it.