

Jade Homa

now she's free
and I'm just free falling

remember when you used to
be the one to catch me?
and now I'm just the girl who will
break her neck on the window

let us take note of how
terribly different things
can become
in just four months

so maybe you're the bird,
or maybe it's me
either way, the wings
are clipped

—swan dive

sometimes I think too much
at night, and I wonder what
would have happened to my veins
and capillaries and skin if I
had never made that promise

I kiss you softly but with feeling
there's a fervor here because I
know what is to come
my fingers and your hair and your
heartbeat... soon mine will be gone

the guilt is not buried in my
throat like acid the way I always
pictured it would
it is too easy to let go, my
smile coming so fast

I run my tongue up your lips, then
slowly, into your mouth, up against
your teeth and I pull the material
on your shirt
until your ribs are against mine

this is saying goodbye
my sharp mouth, taking the
most it can get out of yours
before it is too late
before I am gone

—how it would have ended if you never made me promise not to kill myself

It's just that I take five minute showers
and yours last an hour.

I guess what I'm saying is
we would even out the water bill.

—balancing act

This is how I want to explain it to everyone right now.

She is the only one who would get my coffee order right out of everyone I know. She is the light and the dark and the shadows flickering in a hallway. She is the taste of peach gummies from the local convenience store at 3:28 pm in her bedroom underneath the covers. She is that feeling when you go over a loop on a roller coaster and your stomach does a flip just because she smiled at you yesterday. She is two arms holding you tight and forehead kisses and warm sweatshirts and chocolate colored eyes.

She is tangled up hair in a ponytail you want to run your fingers through. She is solid, real, an oak tree of solidarity. She is taller, her hands are bigger, her fingers longer. She wraps herself around you, and the world disappears. She is bruised knuckles and a sharp mouth and hickey marks and fireworks that look pretty just before they implode. She is Pop Rocks in your mouth every time you taste her, and most nights you can still smell the essence she left behind - woods and dirt and soot.

She is the feeling when you're kissing someone and they smile against your lips. She is a pair of Doc Martens. She is words stumbling over each other in excitement. She is the goddamn sun. She is the safest I have ever felt in my entire life.

Once my favorite poet said, "She does not remind me of anything; everything reminds me of her."

She is you.

—she is