

Lucia Morello

I. you are the grief i am asking to stay.

you with your skin made for teething, your sleeping eyes sprawled across the bed, violet hair mussed. i know that there is a dark inside you that pauses too long at every mirror, stands on stopped trains, fizzes in your blood and smashes every soft thing. i know that i will never be enough to bring the light back to you. i know i will have to ask you to not curl up at the foot of the bed, to lay by my side. i know that there is something distant in those sleeping eyes, those love-crumbs-that-turn-so-quick, and i will give up a lifetime to hold one in each hand, to run each finger down your spine, to crush your bottom lip and draw blood.

II. the grief i am asking to stay is a separate entity.

each night as i look at the grey of you i pray, hands clasped, that grief in their dark cloak will curl up at our feet. i say please. i say here. i say under her flags, by the ivy, if you don't mind, please, i won't kick, i promise, i can't say the same for her. and i imagine them as they enter the room, closing the door a little too loud, wiping the blood off their face still, and lay down across the sunflowered room, like a loyal dog that stays there until the blue morning takes you in its arms. i say please. i say please.

III. i am the grief i am asking to stay.

i know i am fickle and dark inside, and i have thrown away every candle, every sun, every cow i have known to feel your ribs against mine. i will take every suffering to be held in your eyes. but i am my own dark, and i turn off my own lights, and i will wear each part of myself down as i always have. there is a weight to me that is sometimes good and sometimes bad and makes me sit you down and talk relentlessly, walk you through a grey-skied trauma and point out each water tower, each spot where i had been kissed or killed respectively. i know that i have left things before and i will leave things again whether they are good or bad things and you are a good thing i do not want to leave. you are a light that shines through me and every falling leaf and every pink or purple sunrise and the blood that runs through me and out of me, dropping onto the tile floor. i am asking myself to stay. i am asking myself not to give up like i always do. i am asking myself to curl up next to you and let everything be. i say please.