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'Us'

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'Us'

Even if I could conjure up the energy to curse you

[Muster the rage to write up a hex
And name it after the remnants of 'us'
It would turn out more pain than anger
More crumpled daffodils and musty floorboards
Than roaring flame
(There is not enough dark magic in my blood
To manifest hatred
Not enough of seawater flooding my lungs
To turn out tears
Not enough urge to stretch my bones
Until they are sheer and honest enough to reach out to you)

I think I can keep my heart from growing towards you
If I don't see your face, or your hands, or your gait
I think I can keep my heart the same rugged shape
As it always is, if I stay away
(Silently try to forget that when I gave you my affection
In a small vase of flowers
You liked how you made my cheeks pink
That my heart was lopsided in my chest
Tilted in your direction)
I could do it
I could move forward
Rewire my vessels
Lay 'us' to rest

And I won't be angry -- no matter how much I want to
I won't leave char along the waterline of your blue eyes
I won't burn ashes into the sky to watch everything fall down around you]

I would turn away and leave the world as it is