

everything but the middle

Mercedes Marwood

When me and you were new i had this thought in my head, and i didn't recognize the voice so i decided it was you penetrating my mind. The thought came when we were curled up on the same pillow and it said I'm gonna kill this girl. and i was scared one of us was going to die, or change, or fade away. but i forgot and we turned pink together and i read your thoughts more freely. They came into me like water and i saw words form from dust and float away. my thoughts came to you like strings of red and pink and blue. i wanted to see how close we could get. to walk inside you, lover. Like the tide, i couldn't watch to see the moment of dissolve. death rolled over. love is like a heart attack. who stabbed elliot. figure eight. i lost the photograph we took outside a bar on the water i'd been to years before. the circle. The swans outside never touching each other. and late on a quiet night, i walked to them for solace. i was all alone, i sat under the willows and in the dark i heard them screaming. first one but then all of them in a tumbling release. and then i sat for awhile and feared the rolling waves. I've been a lizard, always on my toes. body tight. face smooth and high. if i squeeze tighter ill loose my core. a donut, a pool toy. infinitely smaller and infinitely getting larger. but I've been putting them on the same page again, and i remember what hand is mine.