

Shelves

You take off your rings
and place them on my fingers and you tell me
here, here, and here,
I will teach you every part of you
that I will touch. You tell me
to remember the weight of the rings,
because maybe I will soon just be
empty fingers that stand on empty palms
with not a single band to claim them.
I wanted you
to take off your hands, rings and all,
and place them on my chest and tell me
that I am more than a body
to tell me my bones are beautiful
to tell me I would be remembered
and that I would not manifest into someone's
story where I was written to be forgotten.
You won't, so let me tell you this:
the lonely holes in my skull are only getting heavier,
and I'm a writer—so this is perfect for me
and so I insist, I play the game and
I tag along because I'm trying to step into a world
that is greater than 2 bodies—because I want to find
that all of this is somehow beauty that is worth the memory.