

EMP

Is it about aesthetics?  
Is it about tastes and smells and sights and sounds and textures?  
I think it's about silence.

Or something like it.

Something mundane.  
Like Frost on the window pane.

Or something personal.

Looking up from your reflection at another peering face  
And tripping  
over their eyes  
And smiling and still smiling

I say "sorry" to you.  
Feel sorry for you.  
Keep saying sorry to me / Until I can remove myself from the moment.

Tangible-intangible heat on my lap  
Please tell me it's the chattering of your teeth  
Or nails clawing denim

Is this for me or for you?  
For now I've already let go.  
But I can't store every habit.  
Like counting the steps outside.  
Like bleaching your hair white—  
Not trying anything at all.

I missed you.  
But I won't miss you.  
Your charge hangs in the air.

Don't miss me.

You won't miss me.

I'll still be standing there.