

PENULTIMATE

we tiptoe around a precipice,
together but separate,
staring down into a disjointed
darkness that roars and ebbs
like waves crashing
on a distant shore;
I try to pull you into a waltz, towards
the glow of city lights, but
my coordination has gone and your
limbs are heavy stones and
we've long forgotten how to
synchronize our bodies.

every time we speak
bears the potential to be the
last time,
whenever you leave I'm
seized to photograph the look
on your face
as you're buttoning your coat
so I won't have to struggle to remember
every detail after I lock the door
behind you for the
last time;

can't you promise me that I will never
need a Polaroid picture
to remember the way you
looked under the moonlight,
the red of the blood moon we
fell in love beneath flooding
the space between our empty hands
like blood freed of veins,
like the echo of your breath against my cheek,
like the scent of your cologne all tangled in my hair
and my perfume saturating all your favorite clothes;
when will the breeze cease
reminding me of you, blowing you back
into my face and eyes and mouth whenever
there's a spring in my step,

and when will every meeting cease
to choke me with fear,
unable to stop
thinking:
when will we realize that we've
 fucked
loved
 missed
hugged
 touched
laughed
 seen
each other
for the last time?