

Let's talk about the truth for a minute
But just for a minute
Because it doesn't cost anything yet
But it probably soon will
And I will have to start paying with fingers
And spleens
And the little empty parts of my heart.
The truth is I was in love with you.
And not just with you, but with your hands
And with the goosebumps on my arms
And with the words between us.
Because the words were all you.
And without you, they've gone out of me
And I have to conjure you up like a devil
And ask you about conjunctions
Because I can't remember anymore.
The truth is I haven't cared about anything for a long time.
The truth is I don't like the way my hands feel at the end of my arms
And I don't like how you look at me
Like you know that I've got something big and black and hollow inside of me
And I just want to reach out and touch your arm
And say, it's okay, it's just the universe
And the universe isn't empty
It's full of the dust of dead stars.
The truth is you're stuck in my skin like splinters,
No, not like splinters
They're termites, and they itch
And eat away at my pulp
And the truth is I'm afraid if I don't soon
Find someone who can slip into
The crawlspaces of my soul,
I'll end up rickety and empty
Like that old house down on 3rd
And for the rest of my life
I'll have to add "termite damage"
To my advertisement.
But for now, I'll strain my blood
For their shaky, stained bodies,
And pick them out one by one
And line them up on my shelf
Where perhaps I can learn to distance
Myself from them.