

Disposable camera

You picked my heart like it was the back pocket
of some tourist's favorite jeans.
Standing in front of the Eifel tower, snapping a
picture
With a disposable camera. One hand raised to
crowd his family closer together
So at least, when they show their friends,
They can pretend they had a good time.

And my hair is full of the cold that is on your
hands.
Because we're standing outside and your eyes
are celery and mine are ocean
And you've always remembered that.
You've remembered that my eyes are great
masses of water
And if you linger too long in them, you'll
drown.

At least they're not black holes
Not so dense and so conductive
That you lose your mind just
Trying to figure out where they begin.

Can I expect you to crawl through all the muck
in my soul
To find a clean spot to make your nest?
Or else, maybe, find a way out
Through what is probably an endless labyrinth
And there's sure to be a minotaur or two down
there
And they haven't been fed recently.

The difference though, between the maze in my
mind
And the labyrinth in my soul
Is that a maze is full of dead ends and false
starts.
And a labyrinth has only one end, if you can
only stay alive long enough to find it.

So I'll just let you wander, hand pressed to the
wall
Because it's too dark to see
Because I've made the ceiling and floor
Out of scraps of night sky.

And I've made the walls out of
Michelangelo's frescos.

And It's too bad you can't see the paintings on
the walls
But you can feel them in the dark.
Can feel what the painter felt when he put brush
to plaster,
Which perhaps is better.
With everything else, I horde them there in that
labyrinth.
Paintings and pancakes and algebra and being a
daughter
And all the other things I was never really good
at.

This is my existence
Building walls to keep you in
Because I'm afraid if you see the way out, you'll
take it.
So I add another line of bricks and mortar
And pray the minotaur finds you
Before you can turn my heart in to the police
With some half-shingled lie about
How you found it on the street
And about how it was already empty when you
picked it up.