The Way I Stopped Existing

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The Way I Stopped Existing

A body not your body
implodes your forest of spectacular trees.
The tall, vertical grasses you’ve been cultivating
crack their center veins.

Breath not your breath
is sure to taint the words you love in books.
The sounds uttered from your mouth bend
like nails wrongly hit.

Form in a form anything other than you
slides its hand over your body like a banister.
Hands idle, palms forget,
fingers disappear what breathes, but stands still.

For years I asked you to leave.

If only you’d sat quietly, taken care
not to brush against the tablecloth or touch the flower petals.
If you’d not disturbed my thin layer of dust.

You have to pretend no one’s there.
You have to pretend no one’s looking.
To know your neck in relation to another’s mouth
is to sacrifice your neck.