Small Hands

Caitlyn Bailey

Miss you terribly already,
Miss the space between your eyelids,
Where I'd stare through awkward sentences
And avoid through awkward silence

Miss your teeth when they chatter,
When we smoked out in my garden
When we couldn't sleep for all the heat,
Soft talk began to harden.

Miss your small hands in the palm of mine
The fact they're good at making,
Miss your sitting up incessantly,
And the fact you're always waking in the night, night.

And I,
I hope for your life
You forget about mine
Forget about mine

Miss your teeth dug in my shoulder,
As we rolled in early morning,
Miss your arm dying beneath me,
As I lay there simply yawning

Please forget me, you were right dear,
I am cold and self-involved,
And though I'll miss you, recent lover
I am weak and therefore fold

Get distracted by my music,
Think of nothing else but art
I'll write my loneliness in poems,
If I can just think how to start

Dot my I's with eyebrow pencils,
Close my eyelids, hide my eyes,
I'll be idle in my ideals,
Think of nothing else but I.

I, and I

And I,
I hope for your life
You can forget about mine
Just forget about mine
Oh, mine.

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