

# We Buy Jewelry When the Love Runs Out

## After The Sirens

I have been both lover and beloved, unrequited  
dispassionate and quiet around you. And when I am old, when the skin under my eyes  
stretches to wrap around the things I've seen,  
what will it mean that I didn't take a chance on you?  
Didn't get lost in a glance from you?  
This fragile balance, this delicate palace where one left  
puts two people on two different paths.  
But if I hold out my hands to you  
it doesn't make it right, it doesn't make it right. I want more for my life than my name in lights,  
my name in lights! I've read books and understood them,  
understood the looks you gave me  
when I sent you a letter from Bennington  
telling you that I couldn't leave his grave without a poem of my own  
and all I wrote about was having you and not having you.

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