**waiting room confessional**

I’ll admit, no one writes like you do,
no one can bring me to a red full stop.
When I met you, I was starving
I heard your voice in my stomach
before I learned your name
I crunched your words between my teeth
they tasted like hope, the way promises do.

Thirteen with broken lips, sore jaws, the scent of dusk,
cicadas thrumming a wet tune, a warning,
you and me in the blooming narcissus,
a mosquito bite, a blood berry and it was over,
your blue-Gatorade kiss from the vending machine.

Years later and they still serve your name
with a side of goosebumps, a la mode.
I used to wonder how good things die.
I started keeping flowers on my table
thinking if I watched them like a scientist,
I might understand you.

But it’s morning and I’m in the waiting room,
scratching my arms like an itchy prayer.
Here to see the doctor for a hesitant heart.
When he comes in, I’ll make up excuses,
he’ll deliver practiced words of comfort that aren’t comforting at all,
needles disguised as bandages.
Later I’ll unlearn what he said before I go to sleep,
your face underneath my lids
my personal constellation.