

It is the same grief, heavy

like a black hole opening up  
inside of me, that specific gravity  
familiar to each time

I've found myself alone at night--  
sky full of stars, eyes full of rain  
And how do I tell you?

I should be better by now. I should not need  
to hear your voice, to know I'm loved  
I should be better now. I should not need

to call your voicemail in order to leave you unanswered messages

Like a flower swallowed me up, a venus fly trap  
I dissolve into the murky dark  
afraid to swim, afraid to drown

Don't call me to tell me the good news. Don't  
Tell me your daughter's name.

Do not ask me if I am okay.