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When the Person You Love Treats You Badly

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When the person you love treats you badly, stop waltzing.
Check the mirror, check the stove – kill the plants you never watered.

Hide the spare key, silver and dented from wanting, inside your left cheek.
It will sit in that pink pocket, rubbing against brittle gums and soft resentment, for maybe forever, or maybe until next Tuesday.

Don’t let the mailman in.

Your pots gleaming in the sink, clock breaking every midnight, sermons you wish you’d never heard –

you sing your own body electric.

You will never fit her left-behind jacket.
Its pockets bulge with emptiness, hood draped against your neck, the loose buttons brushing your stained clavicles, descending, dependent.