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Prescribed Meaning

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Something about your skin will be so smooth I will mistake it for glass
When you went upstairs I forgot where the icebox was and spent fifteen minutes holding
the stem of an empty glass
waiting for it to be full
I saw you in the reflection, isolating an emotion
Building a home around it
Giving it a proper resting place,
pillow under neck over bed between sheets
You ask me, how about you let go?
To set the glass down or wait
I twist my fingertips around the ridge and imagine all the people I could have been
I tilt my head and suck down what doesn't exist
I could see us both through the empty glass,
Transfixed on what was outside of it
We prescribed meaning to the absence of space
My hand grasping so loose it could have fallen
"We're never really touching anything"
I mumbled I should pack up my things,
My sweaty palm fogging the glass
Maybe we should sightsee states over
Maybe we should grow fins and explore the ocean
Maybe we should tattoo our bodies with topographic maps
Maybe we should
The glass still empty and I froze
The mid-air head rush of watching something hit the floor
My mind broke into numerous pieces and I went for the shards
You said let's call it a night
while I swallowed my tongue so many times it became an extension of my pride