

Untitled

Poem By Erin Luby

Every time I feel like I've found a part of myself untouched, and unbound by this, I am casually corrected. My cheek glued to yours, mistaking your presence as my own. As if you were forged from my hip, a piece of me that is free to judge and scathe and swallow bodies whole. Where your fingertips meet my breast, and I sigh to break the tension, but all it does is send you into a frenzy. Where I catch myself apologizing for something so trivial as the texture of my skin. The chapped skin on the backs of both of my hands, dried and sore during my neglect. Does it make you uncomfortable that I am not as soft as your past lovers have been? That my legs prick and scratch yours if I leave them long enough? Does it bother you when I'm waking up beside you and I haven't first scrubbed my teeth clean of dreams and heavy breathing? Have you deemed me predictable -are you suddenly bored of me? I caress you as if my constant touch will convince you to never leave this bed. Maybe I can stay here, trapped in your morning breath and tired hums of appreciation until my bladder is full and I cannot think of anything else. Am I the one betraying you when I sit up, or am I simply being human? It hasn't been long but I feel as if every day reveals a piece of me that wasn't there before. The way your eyes seem to lull out both gentle kisses and incomparable desire. How you make me feel invincible when I am at my most vulnerable. The way I know you'd never use my fears against me. Your hands on me. Your tongue caressing my collarbone, biting down, and at that moment, your breath tickles my ear. This time, I forget to wonder if you hate my laugh. Instead I inaudibly sigh, imagining the tension breaking, and finally learn to let go.