

***Do you remember?***

Her sunkissed skin, a  
constellation of freckles on her left arm, a  
pair of warm brown, dilated eyes, a  
smile.

She's been gone  
for a while it seems, eleven years  
scratched and stripped from the  
.rorrim ydob

skinny loving— it  
fucked up my stomach  
throw up enough times and  
the acid eats away the dimples  
“beautiful” why do those  
words feel wrong, taste  
of piss & touch like sand  
i know better *i don't feel better knowing*  
these wrinkled eye sacks from rubbing too hard  
“i'm sorry” —*oh shit* it's a  
natural catchphrase *sorry*— “goddammit”  
take me  
back  
*to before*  
papercuts run up my wrists  
depression— it chipped  
into my skin using my own nails  
anything to feel like her again

to feel anything at all  
the tequila backwash  
& flushed pink cheeks  
& hot chest  
& not numb