

i'm sorry that i'm sorry,
i know i'm difficult to love
can't help but flinch away from nose kisses
 and shriek under the tightest hugs
or scream when you snuggle closer
 and crawl into closets where dirty sneakers mark my grave—
you see, i've been shoved into dark corners before,
 and i'm not tied to the bedposts by nylon anymore,
but there's a part of my mind stuck on repeat:
a curl to the lip, fingers cupped around my lips
 "hush"
these are the triggers that you'll never hear go off
 "hush"
the adrenaline shots of my heartbeat
 "hush"
these scratches earned from my silence
 "hush"
 and it's developed into a sickness which
lashes from my tongue or burns through my touch
from a game of memory roulette
 and i'm sorry, so very sorry,
 i keep killing our futures