


I CAN'T WASH MY HANDS

Everett Pledger



everything I have ever let go of is still with me
under my fingernails
somebody has to leave first
there is no other way the story can unfold
i know this
i know this
i learned this
i give myself a few months of happiness wariness
never at peace
you're drifting away
maybe it's in my head
maybe you're holding me tighter because you can sense i am drifting
there are claw marks in your arms
on your waist
on your heart
you don't see them
you don't know they are there
i see them
i made them
i tried to plead with you to stay
to chase me when i run
to fight for me
but my mouth stayed closed and my eyes stayed indifferent
i will not beg
i will not be weak
so i carry you underneath my fingernails
i clench them into my palm
punishing myself
blood drips down
i am the dying corpse and you are the angel
i love you as my teeth fall out
i love you as my skin falls from my flesh i love
you as i crawl out of my grave i love you like
something not worth loving back