

Sticky Faux Leather
by Alison Thompson

Heart beats rapid, quick, churning against my cheek.

An eternal attempt to make my body mean something to you.

Kisses like honey dripping down your chin,

lick it up nice and slow, scream in my ear loud as you can

maybe it will make the voices go away.

Twenty and eleven hour-long dreams and you still

will not look me in the eye.

Cracks splinter through my bones

and shatter on the floor.

Tears bloom on my cheeks

you look right at them, shrug three times.

I am still sitting on the same couch, the one made of sticky faux leather.

I will be sitting there forever.