

1.

I left my love in your morning coffee  
swirling between the undissolved grounds and cold milk  
lemon and salt on pork and greens and  
wounds

and

sometimes I feel you so deeply that I cannot feel myself at all

and

sometimes I pretend you're still here and for a little while everything is  
okay and I can breathe again

but

most of the time loving you is like standing in a room with no air  
and trying to  
scream

2.

things that still haunt me:

the right side of the bed  
passenger seats  
cada palabra en español  
your face

and not being able to forget them all

3.

sometimes when it's very dark and very  
quiet, I can still feel the hole you left

the empty thud of what my heart once was

I fucking see you when I close my eyes  
like your face is tattooed on the inside of  
my eyelids

it's been two years, but  
looking at your dumb face still makes my heart stop beating.

one day it will be gone  
that ache behind the walls of my chest  
that sounds exactly like you