

Hey Hannah Take My Body

When you cried and died I figured
OK> I will take your dog and your
hooker hoops and your mother
on my shoulder, your father on my
resume> What a sad show of reverie
what a bunch of love>

I was thinking your rose gold name
plate I was thinking your canine
charity clutch I was thinking your stone
mason boyfriend and his bookend jaw
his toed hands> When my other friends died
I got all their things

silver serpent
cat eyes
high leather pumps

but you aren't really dead> Just looking like it

You wept a bitch's worth
of salt in those suicidal months
and though you did not all the way die
something sunk in your heart
and festered there> So I gave
you my own blood box
for starters>>>

Your eyes were so pug something
had to be done> Your eyes were so
beat beet so tucked tight
so freshly fucked>> OK Hannah
here are my windows
they are green like infection and bright
like money

My hands were next because you
needed to help yourself then armpits
because you envied my fuzz (adios
ditch pits). Take care of my knees>
They lock on their own notice
my moon bed nails my strawberry
stress spots the flop in my mouth

