

Sometimes I forget your temperature, how your hands registered on the palm of my back.

I am thankful for memory loss, for regaining ownership of my pillow,

For wandering eyes. God bless fish in the sea.

I believe fish are the most patient of all sentient beings.

I swam in the lake throughout July and August, admiring their scales

And telling them I'd be back soon.

O how I lied to their reflections. But, o, how they told me it was okay.

This is an ode to stilts, to the people that risk falling to feel an elevation gain.

This is an ode to January, to pouring a new cup of coffee, getting drunk and waking up on Sunday morning.

The gaps I felt. The gaps I filled. I'm not supposed to cry on my birthday.

I'm not supposed to cry on my birthday. An ode to trial by fire,

To trial by jury, to the most drawn-out, anti-speedy trial the world ever saw,

But a trial nonetheless. An ode to reaching a verdict.

To running from the courthouse, tripping over shoelaces, shoes, socks, clothes, pavement,

Soil, grass, forests. Falling in the lake. Flying in the lake.

This is an ode to time passing like glue, to washing the discomfort out of your hair,

Not in your shower anymore. I'm not in your house anymore, I'm not you anymore.

Thank god for that. Thank god for aggressive epiphanies, ones that cement you to your sheets,

Hold you hostage.

An ode to not crying on my birthday.