

Carmine

On the day you were held at gunpoint,
You asked me how I thought
I would die. My answer came to me
In bed that night as you slept at my side.
I think I'll die by ripping myself apart.
Not in the way you'd think if I told you,
But in the way that I ache to carve
Through my skin and find my bones—
To make sure they're there
And that they're real. I want to hold them—
To build a home with them. Somewhere
We could lie together under carmine ceilings
And handscraped skylights.