

What Happens When You Ignore the Instructions

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You peel my skin off
with the same hands you use to hail taxis
that always seem to stop for people in love -
thoughtlessly,
like the usher
who ripped our tickets
for that matinee of Roman Holiday.

You tear my hair from its roots
with the same fingers you use
to count the number of times I've bought you flowers,
and you rip through my bones
with the same teeth you use to chew the edges
of your faded purple hair
that smells like the mint smoke
that I blow into it.

You take these pieces
and put me back together,
ignoring the instructions,
like that writing desk you built in your study
that buckles
and looks as though at any moment
it might collapse.