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Ophelia's Blues

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Ophelia's Blues

MELISSA KALINOWSKI

Like a sculptor carving from the cold
I cut, misshape,
bleeding the edges of reality into vapors
fixing myself a jagged edge to leap off.
My heart is so big I might
fall into it any second
and drown with my hurt
in shallow streams of rainwater and tears
where half the attraction of loving
is the pain when love is gone.

I wear my damage
like a rusty halo,
a pageant crown,
pretty in the pain.
I poke at myself with a stick
just to see if I'm only playing dead.

The old love surfaces like an insect bite itching,
a yearning and calling soreness,
the place to scratch and drag with a hardness
in attempts to appease
those hot pulsing questions
that race under the skin:

What is love?
Where is love?
How is love?

I fake the answers,
pretending to know such beasts.
So let me be the lucky.
So they may call me so.