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When I look at you

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Not the Reason

I am Christmas lights in my favorite loud silk dress
A string of bright round bulbs.

Patrick says it's the ugliest dress he's ever seen
Then tries to give me a hug, because I look sad.

I stand like a tree
My bright red wig on fire.

I am pretty and shining
I'm shouting out sharp words.

Patrick rubs his head on mine
I light his hair on fire.

He's just sad because he lost me
Because here I am, the brightest star.

When I look at you

a man climbs out of my stomach.
He makes a gentle incision in the lining
and squeezes his way slowly out.
I think that I can feel him
telling me to turn, to walk away,
but then again I'm not quite sure.
He eases down, across my pancreas,
touching each foot softly on a kidney,
and sidles through my abdomen to
perch his body along my liver.
I rub my belly to push him back
and he climbs up the steps of my spine
settling into his pouch again
until the next time you come around.