

flowers

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now i suppose you could say it was my fault,
the way the story ended, so miraculously, so
tragically, like spilling salt into nights of stars.
the way i let your fingers dip into me to grasp
my wounds—to let your wounds twist around me
like a knife.

my life is bruised and bloody; i suppose my soul
is too. as are the stars, watching me. i suppose
i see the world tangled before my eyes as a
spiderweb of mirrors; i'm still on the dance
floor, aching, like an open wound.

i am the girl you swallowed. who is she, the girl
you loved? i want to ask you; did your fingers
caress her hair, stitch stories into your spine?
did she cry or laugh as i did? was the girl you
loved blue, blue, as the night—or did little fingers of
frost reach from her eyes into the blue
of your heart?

did she plant flowers in you? and let them grow
into your spine until your throat was dry and
your mouth was numb and you were like me and all you could do
was scream?