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chocolate donut wonder

Lilah Jeanne

if i could write, i'd write about you
about how you made me breakfast
and jumped my car
and mapped my freckles like they were sprinkles on your favorite yellow cake

i'd write about how you never steped on cracks in the sidewalk
and always called your mother on sundays at two

i'd write about how you picked up the phone like it was a question
"Hello?"

i'd write about that time we spilled coffee
all over my grandmother's floral print couch
because we were kissing while holding our mugs

i'd write about your truck
and the notes you'd put in my bag
and the way you rewatched movies you love
like you'd never seen them before

i'd write about how you hated eggs but loved omelets
i'd write about how you talked of my writing while ruffling my hair
"it sounds like your thoughts threw up on a page, junebug"
and how when we got mad we screamed at each other

i'd write about that time we couldn't agree
on who's family to see at christmas
so we stayed home
but nothing at home fit the way it used to

i'd write about that time i missed two months
and when i told you, you turned pale as a ghost
because you realized we'd make terrible parents

i'd write about how you slept on the couch when i had the flu
and how you slept on the couch that night
i told you maybe getting married wasn't a good idea

i'd write about that time i woke up
in the middle of the night
to see you packing a bag
saying you were crashing at a friends house for the next few days

i'd write about how we were so intertwined
i couldn't remember which books were mine and which were yours

i'd write about how i kept the house and you kept the dog
how i couldn't sleep in the master bedroom anymore because it felt too empty
how i wore my ring long after the papers were signed
how i felt like i was missing half of myself