

the Person I am in the Dark.

Charlotte Youngman

I tend to wake in the morning not remembering that I am human.
Even less than a cat on a stoop.
An ant on a hill.
A crumbling mask of all things dull, colors muted in shiver and ache.
Being dragged, empty, into a sea of something I cannot quite put my finger on -

And,

I sit in my bathtub and dream about coming back to myself.
Knock on my own front door, a sulking martian that forgot the layout of the rooms that house who I am.
I want to stop camping in your childhood tree house,
where you would leave me dinner scraps on paper plates next to old comic books of destructive super heroes,
It felt like the most important thing in the world -

And-

Every night before the sun went down, my lips tasted wine and weed and your tongue.
It was so good that I buzzed like a fire or a bee or the prayer of a still-beating heart.
It was so self-destructive that I still find myself checking for blood like I am bearing open wounds.
I will myself to think of other things -

And-

I crashed my car long ago and now I hitchhike, chasing sunlight as it dives away.
I am so tired. My lungs fall to flames.
A new man puts his hands in between my shoulder blades and I shudder.
Shudder the cold of dead winter and buried bodies.
I look in the mirror and say keep going -

And-

I am jumbled.
I tell myself I am not jumbled.
It does not matter if I am or not, it is getting dark out.