

roadkill.

there is nothing feminine
about wiping a tear away
quietly, with the side of your thumb

he makes you cry like a woman;
gasping for air
rocking into your sobs
groaning into your walls
this is shameless emotion
he would be terrified of what you can do

you know his gospel
before he preaches it

he doesn't have to take your body
to leave it empty, insides scraped out
to make room for—you're not sure.
you can feel yourself concave
every time he's around.

you're choking back words
not because they're not good enough
because he's not good enough to understand them

(fuck you i love you like my hometown)

you're trying to ground yourself
on this pavement, scorching,
to stop yourself from thinking of him

but the heat
reminds you of him
and if the road was covered in ice
that would too

this is anatomical
this is divine
this was prophesied
and you never saw it coming

you, standing in the middle of the road
staring straight into the headlights
never saw it coming

he is a truck driver
and you are
roadkill