

I am going to lie to you
and tell you I don't know what that means

I am going to tell you my name and it will slide between my teeth and tongue
effortlessly
it will not catch on barbed wire, between lanes of sheep

pen to page writing scribbled things when the sun reaches the right angle at the right
time and I
never know what time that will be I am never close

whispering things, secret things like

wind upturning lives of spiders, I will tell you
that everything that has ever happened to me is etched onto my forehead and there is
no way you cannot see it, no way to avoid it
I make you promise me to look and I know
that looking means something very different to me than you, I know this, and I will not
clarify

I will wonder, and not tell you,
About the thread count of my sheets that need to be washed, again, tomorrow, and I
know the thread count
because at nighttime I press my open eyeball to it
dampening the fabric
and count sheep to fall asleep

I am going to lie to you
and tell you that you simply cannot understand, that, no matter how hard I try to
explain it, you will not get it,
honey, you will not get it,
tell you that you will not get it–

I will not want to use my usual tactics to avoid, like, sinew and blood and things
and yet I still use them, still

etch things that use them, so that you can feel it and
cannot see it. I will tell you,
as I lay awake purposefully, switching from one side to the other every special increment
of time,

that when you blink the stars also blink and you cannot see it because your eyes
are closed when you blink and that
I am the stars and that I am
waiting for you to stop looking
and we are getting
very, very off track

I am going to tell you