

cold, a brittle skin of mine | Lexi Duffy

count the freckles dusted at my cheeks tinted the prettiest shade of cherry
fingertips pressed inside the seams of my pockets, frozen to the upmost perfection of ice
at seven years old i wondered how it all felt so warm under a brutal storm
how i grasped the feeling of comfort under the dead of night
I pray that the stinging gust of winter wind will part with me past the yards of fine grass, lead my soul to
where yours was born
for I always have room for you
brush past my glass frames over my eyes and let fog blind me for now i can only see your gift of stolen beauty
i feel fire within your icy core
set me into flames at your lowest and bring me to hell when you lock yourself away at the end of march
burn away my vision on my walk to work
let me become yours
have my aura separate with the light-powdered snowflakes in the night sky
bring me close to the stars
heave me down where boots crunch over packed snow
I know it's not over when the end of march appears
being frozen had me forget the rest of my precious years of youth
eyes frozen shut, legs numbed to bone, inhaling the sharp heaven of brisk air
sense became only a forgotten word
let me fall apart when you're gone
without you i am warm in a bed of glaciers
and you tear apart my skin as easily as it is to break my fragile heart
and comfort is found at the swollen wounds
find me crying on your numbing floor
and thanking you for letting me feel nothing over anything at all.