

Tallahassee 1967, 305, 6:54 a.m. My Switchblade Making Notches In Your Bed

by S.I. Adams

from the panhandle tip, soul search party SING the only song
St. Augustine's ever known:
like I loved you,
somehow sweeter, june/july,
pearl white and jet black
 in the summer
mourning after, when everything felt better
if only on my page

atlantic,
you're a goddamn sinner, can't be saved
i was the drogue that you sank
burned down like bridges and fences
that withstood changing pressures and turning waves
sailor scent (hell bent)

 who turned oceans into range
landlocked and loaded –

wreckage I became

there isn't Anything that could keep me clean
receding like teeth, decay in our mouths
while we sleep

 watch me fall.
white and black.

make something out of nothing
but you always called me Nothing
knotting split hairs like the Tacoma Narrows falls into you
break but in ha

If
showcasing scars that i took with me when you leave
breathing pavement and walking away with steps filled of lead
each puff a U that can't come full circle

a goddamn ellipsis that never really ends
broken down like the streets that you sneak
that keep me from Sleep
that died with your vows
and gnash against my teeth
off white and grey black
i got these things for loving you from the palm of your hand:
like the sheets twist
silk and sand

throwing copper away at the
cold breeze, my suture wheeze, the god damn delicate black keys
burn out the lights
each one an O that's blown before you saw the spark
borrowed like the things that you took from me when you leave
the lies that you tell and the feelings that I fake
spill out when i'm sleeping
ground out in my teeth
everything sits better with the east coast
egg white and coffee black
on my mind
that slithers like a knife
spent living from the palm of your hand

"if love is a bridge" in the summer, they say
everything feels better
my heart, the warm breeze, your scraped knees
the god. damn. delicate. black. keys.
drive down the stakes, I-95
each one an I straight through the ground
somehow sweeter june/july
sneak out when we speak
and grind up your mouth
chalk white and coal black
watch the bend of your back
let me fall.

when you walk away.
god.
damn.
exhale.

you were the ocean and i was an anchor
we sank to the bottom and came together
like silk and the sea
like pennies and glass

we were faith and mathematics:
you never made sense