

# "you: the size of"

*by* Glynnis Eldridge

The face is made of cracks that move with and from what it witnesses. When I let a thought out, your face cracks too, kind of dramatically. I didn't mean to share it, you press about it though. I think of everyone else who has cracked or cracked someone else and it doesn't feel so bad within that frame. You don't see it that way. The words make it worse. You gasp at me exchanging sentiments and I apologize about it but it's like a hiccup. My cousin who swallowed the handful of pills before Christmas calls me hiccuping from the removal of his teeth.

The size of you under the canopy. Today black holes confirmed collision and rippled. The size of you within a lack, the unbalanced dilation, the red mouthed question. There's an ink mark leftover, you call till the morning. I say goodbye and you stare across mediums, there piercing the landscapes. Until four there's you harshly looking, tiny hairs, muscles in the top arms thumping. I catch myself heavy exhaling. In reminders of tomorrow I don't bring it up.

Folding, shy, teasing light, butt and ovaries, tumors that twist around themselves, Jesus I am always misfiring, overthinking and going into limbo, souring in body and soul. Everything you taste feels fermented. He would joke that I have ice in my veins so I started to notice why and just sunk. I was eager for a lighthouse but the boat was anchored. Always thought we were hammock sleepers. Your headache like a white out, thunderstorm, flying sand - that's small dead sea stars and shellfish from way back. Not like glass. The farther back you go, the less recognizable. And to think you ate sand to please and stun. The bigger things will cut you.