

I Go Gentle On You

by Jennifer Donnell

I go gentle on you.

Not sure how much you can take,
you are the stormy sea
and you spit out life boats,
then feel alone.

The pattern of my day sheds skin,
unaccustomed to the change,
a new layer where you aren't anymore.

I don't tell you
where it hurts or why,
or that I want you to wrap
your arms around the emptiness
and hold it,
tell the space you're meant
to fill that you'll be back
soon.

Prozac, Lithium, shock treatment,
a time machine, or to ask
Oz that you grow a new heart,
whatever it takes.

