

# Migration

*by* Kitty Boots

I slept in your shirt for weeks memorizing each molecule of scent  
and was certain I could pick you out of a hundred others blindfolded.

You ditched me in April.  
Holding you by your wrists,  
pale, corded, but as slender as mine,  
I knew you had it planned.

And I was okay with it because  
you kissed like a girl and fucked like a boy anyway.  
Besides, I had back-up.  
The nightjars called me out to chant.

