

Sorry,
just. give me a minute.
I haven't collected my thoughts.

Why does it always feel like
someone else would
help me?

Who am I, again?

Stop

thinking about them.
the lives I'm not
ready to have.

Just. take a minute to decompress.

Cry a pool for Olympic swimmers
to win bronze,
skate into a chain of pre-linked arms,
make sure that I fall,
and revert to old cycles
of rinse and regret
towards an
overwhelming loom of cotton-toned
boxes with only
charred woes inside.

Just. stop for
a minute. Let me pack up
my dreams and any hope of
a planned future.
Don't wait for me to shut the door to
lock it.

Sure, kindness persists in
an everlasting bowl of fruit
but I'm not
all that hungry.

Well. I am.

but I don't think
I should eat right now.

Just. leave for a minute. Not
too long. Not enough to
fully remember life without you.
Just that 60 seconds that it took
you, to envelope my
senses.

Leave a note.

Take your wallet.
Forget your keys, but don't leave
the car.

Can't anyone see me?
Holding onto every minute?
Clinging my messages to
a chain of pre-linked arms?
Waiting for my turn?

Please. just a minute.

A bit of your time will
seal my wounds.

Just tell me
that it'll be my turn soon.
Even if it's a lie. Even if my
time is shorter than every other.
Just tell me, because
even though I can't understand,
it'll come when I don't need it
so badly.