My hands are murder-red,
And it only took half a breath to get them there.
A gunshot is more like a firework,
More like a game than a destroyer,
But in the aftermath,

In the point where I’m splashed.
Where I’m against one wall,
And she’s sprayed on the other.

Where my face will match my hands.
Wet and sticky.
Spattered and speckled.

In the after, where my heart is
Pumping, jumping, too, too hot,
And hers, it’s cooled.
It’s in this I focus.
Feel what happened.

Poor woman in pieces,
I see not death, but life.
Not wrong, but right.
And my smile is crooked for the encore.

In the end, where I don’t regret.
Where I can’t cry,
But she never stopped.
A single drop of salt wet,
Slides still from her crystal blues,
To cool just so on the height of her cheek.

In that last moment,
Where I’ll never forget
How beautiful,
She used to be.