Anagapesis

by Courtney Sniadecki

And that night, he broke me
like wings, like bones

Strewn across his bedroom floor,
he only looked at me accusingly,
or not at all…

I was nothing more than a sob,
a ramble, a whatever-is-left

And he had no tolerance for my attempts,
feeble or sound

I turned to every faith,
every fiction and fact I'd ever known

To find that, he still didn't love me
in eight different languages,

in any psychology book,
or through the lens of the past

Throughout the midst of the mess,
he held me through the night

But we both knew he was gone,
and I was even further