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goodbye the catalogue

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i loved you so long that
your name became an adjective for love.

there were whole days that
my body was overcome by the melodrama of you.

i said i needed you like love needs a melody
and why don't you wrap around me
the way scott weiland's voice spoons an interstate love song.

time was slow for a while,
the months all very mouthish,
wide open and gaping.
then, in a flash of gradualism,
only in those six slip-shod
minutes of the snooze button,
did my body remember your.

that day i became an archeologist
of bodies.
the odd arrangement of curves, line,
a body prone, a note scrawled,
the until then anticipation
of last toes in perpetual coil
cobra clenches.
my first and second fingers
in silent permanent slanting sway,
and those deep creases,
elephant skin, around the knuckles,
and the nearly imperceptible
sincerity of a scar
molten, shining amidst the cross hatchings.
i did not miss you.

and what was so very very about love and then not,
but just the scientific division of my hours,
and all my curves and straights,
the exact mirror of a hand held heart,
strung out in binary code.

by Carrie O'Brien