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Flood

Peyton McGovern

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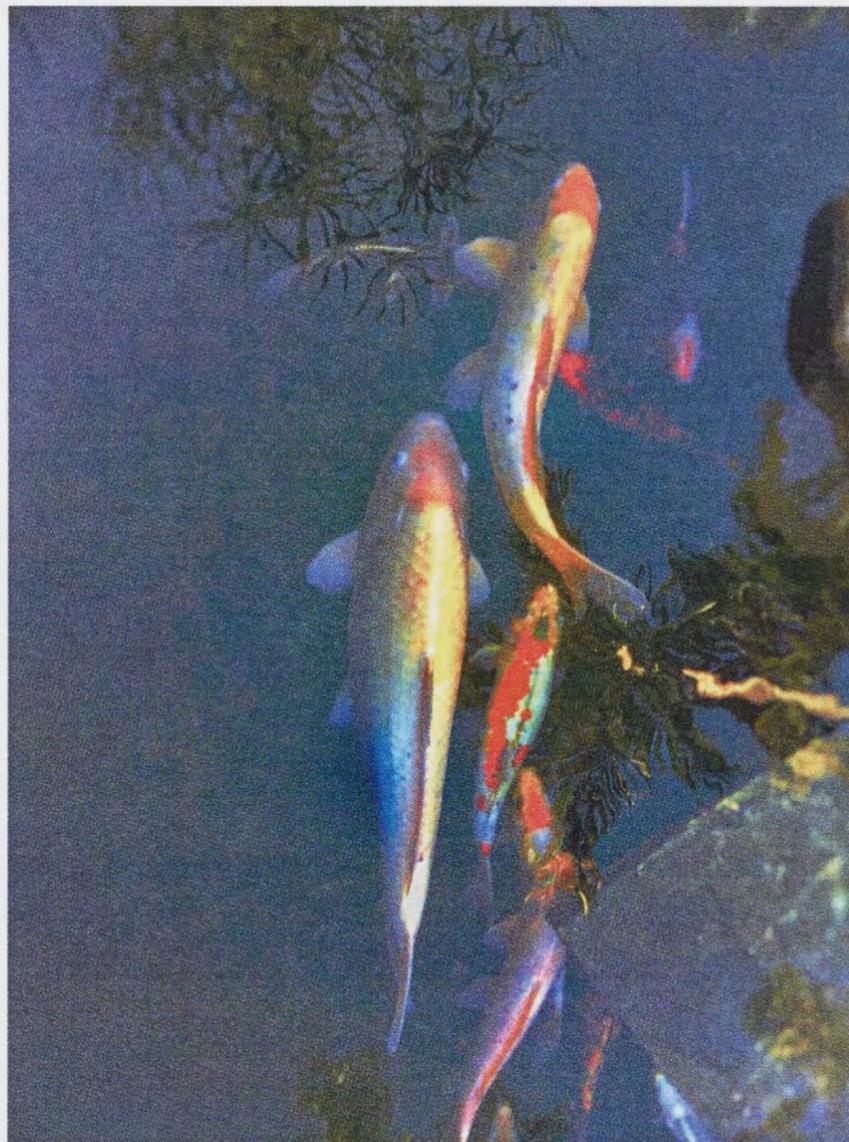
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Flood // Peyton McGovern

Soft syllables drip from your lips
And as each one enters our atmosphere
my heart sinks deeper into the stone cold tile
Like a raindrop straight from the sullen sky
slides down a city skyscraper
and disperses into a million different directions
upon reaching Manhattan's unforgiving cement.
The same ground that shaped me into my current state
but also stole me from my small town Ohio roots.
Each translucent tear shifts to black
as it descends from my eyes
and picks up the remnants of my morning makeup routine,
before it crests to freedom off the edge of my chin.
And the cotton that covers my skin catches
each drop effortlessly
like my mom's welcome home after Paige
had her first slumber party down the block.
The blur of our modern Brooklyn loft suffocates me
and the cold floor has never felt more like
an iceberg in the middle of a desert.
Your too long in the shower,
"One more minute won't hurt anyone"
scent lingers towards me
And startles every inch of my sacred skin
and hits even the smallest cavity
of my holy body,
that you claim to worship faithfully.
And how dare you muster any form of the L word,
after telling me I may be too broken
for you to stay with much longer.
The only thing that's broken
is my trust in the man you claimed to be
In the dim light of our back corner booth
at Hourglass Tavern,
on the corner of West and 46th street.



Koi // Alexis Anderson