

The Slope of the Line

Diana Crandall
Capital University

This is why we shouldn't have:

You are the sweet scent of rotting depravity that lay in the center of my abdomen. Each Wednesday I find myself breathing around it, lungs sawing painfully, your name running like a scar through my bronchi. I am a poker left too long in a fire and you are the lowest part of the flame.

This is why we did:

For that first enervated morning, sunlight tasting concaved throats. For your finger, drawing maps from knee to hip, venturing ambitiously and retracting with a smile. The shades open to cutting snowflakes, we hid beneath fragile paisley to lace piano fingers and balmy toes.

This is why it doesn't matter:

That night in New York was poison, ingested quickly and expelled violently onto polluted Russian carpet and seventeen flights of hotel stairs. My hair rained on the bathroom floor and I am still withering in there, your tears carving rivers in the marble.