

Human Nature

Allison Kantack

In the morning, you had wrinkles
like river veins or twisted maple arms
branching out along your chest

We seem much older than before –
before the storm that hasn't formed,
before the flames that haven't burned.
The bud has only started to regrow.

And I forget how young we are;
how foolish, hurtful, ugly we might be.

Despite these sunny skies,
those lines across your heart
are nothing but the imprints
from the creases of your bedsheets.