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Here is What They Never Taught You

By Iryna Klisch

Here is what they never taught you. Your limbs can mold into feathers dipped in honey if you swallow your tongue instead of your lie. Even Medusa was lonely. Here is what they never taught you. Your fingers will be origami if you bend them enough, your voice will be ice; condensed fog, melting mountains. Here is what they never taught you. Sunlight will stain your liver a lot more than heartbreak. Your skin is not something you accidentally bought at the gas station and your bones are not something you can dye into metal. Do not make everything about satin sheets and lemon drops. Here is what they never taught you. You have lamps inside of your wrists that haven't been turned on yet. You have Empires writing revolutions in your spine. You have orange blood in your veins that are the telephone wires of the mind. Here is what they never taught you. How Goodbye is not a word, but a feeling. It can do awful things to your teeth, but I promise it will make your voice stronger. Your heart is shaped in the form of a wing. Let your ankles do more. Your name tastes like molasses, your eyes are jaded marbles. This body doesn't make you human. Even Shakespeare felt rain, even your mother felt this kind of pain. Here is what they never taught you. Love is an anatomy of sound, a blue orchestra in the middle of the desert, Love is white silence, the space between your elbows and the threshold of your thighs - an ocean's affair with the win, the glue that holds your soul inside.