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that mustard colored jacket

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that mustard colored jacket

by Kirsten Elmer

it's dull like the dirt I drag
my heels through;
it burns like the sun in
my eyes...
it's one of those bloated winter coats
that probably hisses against
its own fabric;

let's slice through it right down
your back;
let's wait and see if you'll bleed out
whatever's inside...
let's climb the tallest building
and see how hard it is to
shoot you down;

you know you wore it the night
you left me four voicemails;
the night it was 16 degrees and you
hit me twice...
I threw out the gloves that
touched my stinging cheek,
but I saw you wear it the next day;

I hope you know you have a
target on your back;
I hope they see you when it's that cold
next time...
I hope you know that, because of me,
now all you'll ever be, is
that mustard colored jacket.