

Things You Will Never See

Kaley Deneen

I could draw silhouettes and sonnets onto your bed sheets,
and I know you still wouldn't think of me in the morning.
You can ache to be porcelain projected into this perfection I won't attain
and I'll be dry & crude clay.
Every night after we touch you'll forget about me in the shower.
And even though the stains might line your bathtub,
you always ignore them
like the prose etched into your linens.
They spell out secrets you've been trying to wash away for years.
They're white like the eggshells we walked on to get here,
while everything else is covered in the dirt we've deceived for so long.