

we grow sideways.

permissions rendered
— kind. me. rage. you.
generous and kindred.

it seems like the first time.
because you say it out loud
you want to kill me

my ragged love gets born. i cry in your presence without greed.

our company is arriving.
the way we hide now.
the way we love now.

after your birthday cake i will ask again
if the cancer is back—this time as a dark tear
on your cheek. our joy will be that finally
we decide together to pretend.

it WILL be a chocolate frosting tear
tonight, kindness will kill no one.