

Close, but not quite

Shattered pride leaves no shards
of glass in the forearms. It does not
kill like the drip from an upcoming scar.

Blood can be lost, but a sharp needle
in the forearm can transfuse life back.
Pride, too, can be regained and healed.

Like the hesitation in a child's approach,
the spark of interstice has no light.
It is place where roaches breed and grow.

It feeds off the insecurity of image
and the soft glow of what once was.
It is a flood held back by a broken hinge.

The most contemptuous feeling in life
is when closeness exists in the mind,
a place where intimacy is a false-remembered lie.

It is where conversations say goodbye,
a warmth we know falsely belied,
a sense of trueness incorrectly disguised,

and where friendship rots and dies.