

The Surgeon And The Scientist

La Dispute

Don't call this an art project.
this is science, this is progress.
and don't pretend these are heartfelt words, we are
children dressed as surgeons but disturbed by the sight of our
scars.
and now we carry scalpels to trace the scarring resting somewhere
on the line between my house, your heart and into your home.
where you lay sleeping like a ceiling fan in winter,
gently turning as the wind reaches its fingers through the window
just to hold you, like I held you.
pressed like a rose between my fingers or like stones
I keep in pockets meant to weigh me underwater.

these scars will fade away but never disappear, my dear.
we'll raise our fists like lightning to rods to god and
if he strikes us down,
then he strikes us down.
but first, let him hear us speak:
we are like the legacy of thunderstorms we watched and swore in
doorways,
"we will never be the same again."

I can feel you healing and I hate it,
(like a harpist without hands you only bang the strings
you used to love to touch so much)
to hear the dissonance drain violently and then dissolve
like all the songs i sang but never once could make you smile.
my god, I would kill to make you smile.
and reach out to my hands, soft and frail,
to make good on the love that you swear still exists, and still
thrives
though we've buried our bodies in blood (and old lies,
like, "I'm fine" and "you look so much better than him"
but don't trust the surgeon with your heart,
she's drunk and sips from poison cups, and
don't you trust the scientist,
he says "life-is-like-a-wineglass" as he spills his drink
like secrets
all across your dress and says:

"my dear, I must confess, i never thought you ever knew what love
was like for real.

I never thought you needed me.")