

We Forgive

Counterparts

We carry our devotion parting silence
like a sea from the air into our lungs.
Aim to be outspoken,
awaiting gusts of wind strong enough
to shake the words from our tongues.
We are not known for easing tension,
we'd rather tilt our heads and swallow teeth.
Shelter me from dreams in which you die,
I'd rather witness my own death.
Eyelids open like I never needed rest.
I hope I choke from no practice speaking my own sentences. Moving
forward from my former self,
I haven't missed me yet.
We are not known for our forgiveness,
only the acts that we forgive.
I would much prefer our fate resting
in the palms of open hands rather
than confined in a clenched fist.
We carry our devotion with our guilt like thorn
and stem resembling an orchid recently resurrected.
We have lived and died both in earth and by your bedside. Preserved
in soil, we confide in connection.
We are not known for our forgiveness...
letting go so we may live.
We are not known for our forgiveness but regardless,
we forgive.