Secessionist

I feel a breath at my neck and wake. A dream
only a stranger's brain could make jolts me back

into my body. Who else roams these bones?
The morning sun cannot melt him away.

He throws back the sheets as I reach for the snooze,
my brain a dead leg he drags through the day.

How much can physiology explain? He puts on clothes
I know don't suit us, eats the food I can't bear to taste,

loops memories I'd rather lose. I'm allergic
to the pills he takes that make us well.

My thoughts fall from the tree he grows.
Once I spoke up – he slapped me, I punched him

in the guts. It hurt us both. On the surface,
all is calm. Skin keeps us singular.

In the gym, in a mantra of movement and sweat,
tense men furtively scan me for sutures,

questions crushed beneath their teeth. But every life
is a hive of many energies. And tonight, as he slips

into sleep, a molecular frequency keeps me awake,
sharpening this knife.