Edwin Davis
I Am Remembering to Forget

All these pages turning me into Sisyphus or the stone - I haven’t yet decided.
Maybe I only know how to be addicted to things.

Poetry haunts me with the implication that the mess does the best job of staying; words tearing the scabs from the inside of my ribcage, your name in my mouth – a left behind strand of undercooked steak, Reminding me of the last time I ruined something good.

(What if I told you that I only know how to want like this?)
When I think of the sun
I think of how your skin gives way
to the bones in your cheeks
when you smile
a bit larger
than you meant to and
I want to kiss you
the way the light does.

I wish I could wear the same clothes
every day so it’s only the feeling
that changes,
but you will use the same words.

In elementary school, I learned
we knew colors were primary
when they couldn’t be found in any
other combination - do people exist to us
in the same way?

This would mean, I think,
that unique has an ironic number
of synonyms and worth is the first
and what does that say about you?