

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?