do you remember
when the harsh fluorescent lights flicked on
how they made each fiber of the shag rug glitter
my eyes focused on one strand
woven tightly
and maybe you didn’t see because
only i pressed my cheek to the floor
but it was beautiful even through the dust
then you pulled my head onto your lap
smeared my hair against streaks of tears on my cheek
a rug was just a rug again
you dropped my fragile skull on the floor
i felt it shatter
you saw the pieces
fragments of bone caught in
sparkling strands of rug
“help me clean them up, put them back,” i wanted to scream
“help me,” i whispered
“okay,” you said and
took tweezers to the fragments lodged in my brain
you introduced yourself as “the boyfriend”
claiming me
before we ever went out on a date
holding my hand like my arm was a leash
i broke up with you before you ever said it to my face
you told me it was love until you found out i was strange