Feeling an odd sort of kinship with the Granary's floor

Marij Bernart

Here's the thing, we'll probably not make it out of these things alive.

Not without crushing worlds so we can leave them, first

Poem I ever read in Ireland told me that nothing we know is of use now.

Three years packed up tightly in a suitcase.

But baby, I have gotten so good at walking. There is whole

worlds in what I can think of when I place my foot on

the lines of the carpet – I can't help it. I love a woman in armour.

What if the lines were the roadmaps to the stars?

What if the stairs were rooftops, and I could balance

on them and fall?

What if time takes a day off, and I could go home without the cracks?

What if you are right behind me and I can just glance back?

How is this; you could wedge your foot in the space in between

my ribs, and keep it there.

Baby, I have gotten so good at walking,

All the way to the bathroom like a very cool girl

short hair, tattoos, and everything I have loved
on the soles of my shoes on the carpet,
there is a whole
world in that.

Here's the thing, I'll change without meaning to, anyway.
The holes start burning anyway, first
poem I ever wrote dissolves into the carpet. I can't help it.
Love a good woman in armour. Have gotten so good at walking.

Here's the thing, some nights, I clutch my chest so tightly it's
like I have pushed you right back into my body. Spent three weeks
tracing all of our city into the soles of my shoes, so now that I sleep,
you come back to me.
Baby, I have gotten so good at missing you.
There is a whole world in that.