

I almost stepped in poison ivy

Because you wanted to take the cut through  
To the bench  
In the graveyard

The same one we sat on nearly six months ago

You said “pull up your socks”

so i did & i dove right in, falling-apart-converse first  
into our love.

Love is supposed to spread like wildfire,  
Coursing through veins

Blood pumping and the heat between bodies,  
Sparks flying.

Love isn't supposed to stop right when it starts.

It's not supposed to be “i love you”

Then a week later,

“what happened to our love?”

Love is supposed to be pungent, to smell of wildflowers  
And honeydew melon.

I don't even like honeydew melon,  
But you smell like wild berries and lip balm.

Late night movies & italian food,  
Missing an hour to kiss. Rewind, and do it all over again.

After “i love you”

Our love turned to overripe fruit,  
Our love spread like poison ivy

Itchy and constant  
Red rash and bubble baths to take away the pain.  
Like the leaves had stroked my legs  
Too softly, too closely  
And they became dry weeks after your touch.  
It's been two months.  
Poison ivy doesn't last this long.