

*A Dictionary of What Can Be Learned in the Voice
of the Sociopath's Lover*

Recklessness spurred by our limited time,
that they could take nothing from you
if all you had was the wild. To like
too much speed between the trees after dark.
To survive while passing on the narrow bridge,
while kissing without caring less, while
laughing when the cruelty hit. To climb
even though the high was made to collapse,
to bite so deep the seasons bled, to make
enemies who loved me and make criminals
my friends. To wreck whatever touched my hand
to prove I still exist. To not feel guilt.
That nothing matters and nothing will.
To break glass and not get cut, to lie
in a field and not look up. Not to want.
To cut my knee deep and pack sand
into the wound if I was drunk and loved
the sound of the ocean. To haggle
with summer. That nouns were fickle.
That the best note was wrong done,
that when sung it would crash like an engine.
That age was merely come what may.
To race my own incessant heart. To race
the marred world with a quick wit
and a passive face. To bark up
its tree. To fight and spit. To
let it go. To earn my keep.