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*The Way I Stopped Existing*

A body not your body  
implodes your forest of spectacular trees.  
The tall, vertical grasses you've been cultivating  
crack their center veins.

Breath not your breath  
is sure to taint the words you love in books.  
The sounds uttered from your mouth bend  
like nails wrongly hit.

Form in a form anything other than you  
slides its hand over your body like a banister.  
Hands idle, palms forget,  
fingers disappear what breathes, but stands still.

For years I asked you to leave.

If only you'd sat quietly, taken care  
not to brush against the tablecloth or touch the flower petals.  
If you'd not disturbed my thin layer of dust.

*You have to pretend no one's there.*  
*You have to pretend no one's looking.*  
To know your neck in relation to another's mouth  
is to sacrifice your neck.