

CRW 305 Poem 6 Due Tuesday (2 Copy)

What do you do when she sleeps over in her “friends house”?
When that muse who pinky promised to spoon you at night despite
the cold, your parents’ locked door, when
that muse leaves.

There’s only so much canned food you can eat happily.
There’s only so many rejection letters you can get, and still stay positive.

What do you do when your lips on her skin can’t make you type anymore?
When you pull out the old memory of your muse, your childhood books, *Little Prince*, *House on Mango Street*, *Sound and Sense*, desperate to hang on,
trying to reminisce the time when you learned the English language
to write her love songs,
about her curves, like something carved out of marble,
about her shampoo smell that spreads and warms your lung,
about those stretch marks on her hips that you use to touch while you spoon her as the sun rises.

Sound and Sense, your first literature class,
your first memory with the muse, words highlighted in different colors, blue for simile, pink for metaphor, post-it with comments, the awe you felt. What do you do when in all of those
you just know,
She’s been around, but not with you.
Like pictures of her lovers after lovers, who weren’t
you.
In those picture, she smiles till her whole face wrinkles,
like she use to with you.