

it's my turn to call

because i am sick of waiting
for time, for something to come
& the illusion of wholeness.
i try to comfort myself, shove away
self pity. wring soft skin from my lips,
then coat them in honey, sugar to
erase guilt because maybe
completion isn't better. maybe we're
meant to keep wandering, souls
searching, hungry but never full.
i think some days i'm less a person
than human, stay in bed too long
to feign some semblance of warmth
& wrap fingers around cheeks.
stroke, hum, wander to clavicles. i
think some days i forget how much
i crave it. the rustle of static through
a phone, & grandma's muffled voice.
that this little heart is mine, still
beating, through crackling pulse.