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## I have heard You calling in the night

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# I have heard You calling in the night

the cheap rusting razor blades  
& sucked in stomach  
plump with ribs and scar tissue  
begging for nourishment, for peace  
the pink glittery knockoff  
sneakers & the way the frogs  
kept her awake  
she blamed the noise  
at least

the darkness of 4:34 a.m., oranges  
& ten-pound eyelids  
questions, caffeine  
the bikini size on the scratchy plastic tag  
not reading the right letter  
the way she hated mirrors

the ripping phone charger & wired earbuds  
the weight of the rain against cracked glass  
an aching head pressed against the cold schoolbus  
window, looking at the blur of cars and lives  
speeding past hers, wondering what must it feel like  
having somewhere to go

metal braces catching on warm cheeks  
& the strange familiarity of the copper taste  
of blood and the color on her wet fingertips  
scratched knees against church pews  
blurry eyes with tunnel vision on a crucifixion  
of her own