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## Midnight Catharsis

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*SUNY Purchase*

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# Midnight Catharsis

A crow flutters out of the streetlight's glow as none of us knows  
its silhouette from the blanketed sky.  
We're a block away from your house and your hands tell me  
you don't love me anymore. When I reach  
for you, I collect more self-pity and pocket it for later.  
You look at me over your shoulder  
and disappear through the door. I walk away slouched and sluggish.  
I am the history of losing my identity  
while trying to remember you. We call it blossoming—the separation  
of the self from what is destroying it.

The last thing your fingers touched was the red thread tied  
around my thumb. It won't unbraided  
itself, so the thumb begins to plump. And pulse. And clench  
nerves to their death. A scissor's blade:  
too thick to cut beneath ridges of skin. The kitchen cleaver:  
a saint. The time is 12:34. The time  
is now. Palm against cutting board, blade at the ready:  
thwack! Clean cut against bone.  
I can't stop it, the sputtering of crimson onto white walls—  
Somehow, I still feel the phantom touch of you.