

5-1-2023

## Currencies of Loyalty

Frances Sharples  
*SUNY Geneseo*

Follow this and additional works at: <https://knightscholar.geneseo.edu/gandy-dancer>



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Sharples, Frances (2023) "Currencies of Loyalty," *Gandy Dancer Archives*: Vol. 11: Iss. 2, Article 14.  
Available at: <https://knightscholar.geneseo.edu/gandy-dancer/vol11/iss2/14>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by KnightScholar. It has been accepted for inclusion in Gandy Dancer Archives by an authorized editor of KnightScholar. For more information, please contact [KnightScholar@geneseo.edu](mailto:KnightScholar@geneseo.edu).

# Currencies of Loyalty

I stretch fingers across dust-tangled stale room/mate wanting her/them  
 the same way I do when I hurt for a cigarette — I'm not good to stay  
 at home anymore. ever since those slabs of something *durable*. I  
 ask my brother what he wants for the holidays, he says *something*  
*durable*, which is to say something that will last. so I think of that  
 click/slam of a door that outweighs me tenfold, keeping me in/out  
 of the/my bedroom. I'm not good to stay home alone with  
 something *durable* in the house. instead I want to fall asleep in her  
 room, the fire alarm disconnected, the locks broken, my microplastic  
 ten-cent grinder forever lost  
 in the fast-food wrappers and ash of her dining room table  
 everyone's shit  
 drudging through the leaking pipes of the ten-square-inch bathroom  
 more smoothly than some old/slut/me would slip home on some  
 cold November morning and sure, I'll stay another round, weak-  
 willed enough that it doesn't take to/o much these days. I drink from her  
 hand, I'll get too high and lose myself in her city of torn upholstery,  
 stolen furniture. I'll get too close and suffocate on cat-induced  
 dust and leftover Halloween vomit on the carpet. plea/se, if I start to  
 feel anything again I'll show myself out — slip like a slut on some  
 November morning, walking home with the heavy conscience of  
 something *durable*. the sharp nick of a door that does not really  
 even need a lock. when I stay in one place too long  
 my eyes become well/adjusted. pleas/e, when that goddamn *durable* door  
 shuts I miss more than anything those mornings when I  
 couldn't see anything at all — no one, no bodies or tears, scars, blood

left on my sheets or her inner thigh, the ear/rings too many girl/s have  
 left in my bed by/for  
 “accident,” this purgatory of pretty and its varying curren-  
 cies of loyalty. if only the door would close with slab click, cold  
 and death sound/ing sweeter evermore. if only we all turn the lights off  
 again we can go back to sleep the way that children do, & when  
 the lights are off, who doesn't look for that sweet thing  
 for which we're yearning, no, no, I can't keep doing it. doors keep  
 swinging closed. closed is an ending, ending is *durable*. I want the-  
 sweet thing for which we're yearning like lollipop, found & hairy  
 that dissolves in saliva or morning/rain water.  
 I want to devour it and fall asleep fat & dizzy in my bed. I  
 reach for a cigarette when it looks fat & dizzy. behind this door my  
 hair is dry. my skin is poisoned. I need to stop being touched, falling  
 asleep in the beds of strangers that maybe someday I'll love, take  
 the lit end of that cigarette that we both want so much and put  
 it through her/their face when I find it between my  
 knees in the mo/urning.