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Currencies of Loyalty

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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.