

I Killed You Last Night

Eris Hembree

The blood still stains the sink,
as I wash my hands before breakfast.
Smiling, you greet me at the table.
Yet still you steal bites from my plate
picking at the scrambled eggs left
in a similar state to my nerves.

Your body lies underneath daffodils
Once planted as a gift to you
Now torn from their gentle home.
Yet still you make the bed
and water the ferns. Too much!
They overflow from their pots regardless.

The knife that embraced you last night
sits clean upon the kitchen counter
beside the dishes you wash every night
Yet still they do not pile up
The cups and plates are fragile,
and I am careless. They often break.

Your place in our bed remains cold
stuffed animals and pillows untouched
Their silent vigil turns away Hypno's gift
Yet still your arms hold me close
Wiping away guilt-ridden tears
You kiss me, and your lips taste of copper.