

6.9.1869

9.21.2020

I think often of going back to the wreck. To see what was left. Preserved. What had been thrown into the disposal. Or had become another casualty of the bottom drawer. Remnants of others alike. Molded razors or hideous pendants. Sole leather. I used one of her tampons once. I could take what I like, after all. Crushed Chanel. Tube of sorry lipstick. Became a vulture to other stories not my own. And- had I known. After the first time. Or the second. Third. How to get back to this place seemed nearly impossible. And yet here. There's a beauty in me. I still see her. I never saw red flags, only white.