

# IN MY VEINS

*NICOLE GRIGSON*

The last time I saw him, he was broken.  
His insides had leaked out  
And I saw him for what he now was—  
For what he had always been.

I cut him away, like he had cut me;  
I had copied him like a machine.  
I followed in his footsteps, like I always had.  
I was pasted in his veins and I should have known  
that he was stuck for all eternity in mine.

He still looked beautiful as he bled into my heart.  
He still looked astounding as I tried to sew him back together.  
Nothing worked and I was left with a shadow;  
A mere image of him that used to be so much more.

We had dreamt. We had imagined our lives.  
He told me his last stories for the last time  
as I watched him speak his last words,  
And then finally . . . his last breath.

I felt the privilege and then I felt the guilt.  
I held his torn heart as his love overflowed.  
It was too late though.

He was in my veins  
And there was no getting him out.  
He was the love of my life  
And I had watched him drown.