

# why giving a fuck in love matters, aka i'm still your boo

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## ***the breaking of things: in parts***

### *part i*

the bouquet stain rests on the ceiling  
still we never look up  
why should we when the past is a liar  
the petals stain your eye, redder than ever  
a heart swallows stems and thorns                      hungry like that  
or sad enough to

### *part ii*

a long, long time ago  
for us, could be months, even seconds  
our time moves in waves, crashing, plates breaking,  
rushing into glass doors, fistulas, silence  
a long, long time ago  
i stopped bleeding

### *part iii*

into the night you ran, i watched you from the window, from behind a peach  
gauze fabric  
the color of our love-making                      ghost garb, the un-wedding gown  
you didn't run  
but i almost missed your body as it blended with shadow, the dark tunnel into  
which you fled, into which you will be reborn

### *part iv*



the sheets have thinned all the way out, the threads won't even hold others  
-that's how weak.  
not for hanging out a window or around a neck, not for pretending to be a  
non-ghost impression.

we are angry at this junction, the crossroads and all the pebbles giving us  
mixed signals -stillness.  
the mouth forms words quicker than the heart realizes broken, we are foils of  
each other, unfoiling.

how can the songbird keep the sun at bay, what of the stars that ease  
shoulders into dilated night.  
where lines on your hands connect, there i rest, where they diverge small  
hexes illuminate dusky.

empty is not the absence of body, but energy, slowing peddling backwards as  
if alpha in retrograde.  
silence is a sound, mostly morningish when i search for the rustling of your  
body clinging to sleep.

letters sent, cursive script pining for a courtship we never had, letters  
cry, romanticizing envelopes.  
ideally the letters would contain as many syllables as a heartache can hold  
-inky fingers scratch away.