

Bindwoman

by L.T. Pelle



I hurried myself into this new life like it was a bullet train that could leave without me. Violent. The steel wool of an inner child's drawing of a rain gray cloud come to life to tear the rest of your T.V. dinner off your plate.

Turns out everything I imagined we could be is not enough to scrub who we are

from the second stomach of my chest. Turns out you really can't change people and now every romantic comedy is sighing its Splenda-ed happy ending in my wake.

Some days I wash the windows so you will see how clear the outside of our home has become

while it waits for me. Fold your socks so that it always looks like one is eating the other. Leave the white shell shards in your eggs so you won't ever forget how much had to break inside me to become the kind of girl that would fear you enough to always make you breakfast. I am no cook.

I am just a bird married to a bird thinking that is enough to stop this sad,

splendid sky from falling us out of this godless blue. It is the anniversary of the day I stopped talking about going back to school. Started learning how to love trying to make you love me and the daughters trapped in all the pickles jars I was too weak

to open on my own. How green this drowning has become.

How navy the nights you came in and I pretended to be asleep. I was knocking on the doors of every pink dream and begging them not to see me as a wolf.

The arguments about traffic and date night and sex and bedtimes and my family and your family and our family and the chores and the chore of discussing the chores and the chore of keeping quiet over keeping clean all fragranced in my hands like the discarded pith of an orange.

The delicate palmtree of a future we to-do listed into a past

that would become the fight most travelled by. The days that got us here equal parts dull and deli meated and holy. Memories such martyrs for sacrificing themselves into a wide and out of focus sea.

If forgetting is the only thing that can save us then I will tear up every love poem I ever wrote to you.

The stanzas made out of Christmas cards and sitcom laugh tracks. A sliced, but smiling soundtrack to distort the silence.

See how my happiness backgrounds for you? See how we are becoming those warnings about wildlife

with bottlecaps cupped in their bellies? How little difference there is, to a woman in love, between danger and hope?

Those kisses that glitter like litter does long after it's been digested.

The silent photograph our first daughter took of us fighting at the family picnic. The one that I framed and then hid so that the birdwoman inside it could never get out.

In it, I am screaming, screaming

at you. My mouth opened so wide that if she hadn't been there, if she hadn't taken it, I would have displayed it on the mantelpiece and told everyone I was singing.