

january poem

Tara Ventura

in my dreams
i rip my heart out myself and offer it to you—still salvageable and everything—
i am the sacrifice
i never get used to it
seeing it lie there
screaming in front of you
i put it all on the table and watched you walk

in reality i do it alone
they say it's a two person job but that's never stopped me before
forget the rope or any of the toys for that matter. you won't need them
everything has become a hand wrapped around my neck, feeling for that tender
bruise so easy spot and squeezing
sort of exertion anyways and
i am exhausted

i can pretend to be the chinese takeout you shove into the back of your fridge and
maybe, if i'm lucky,
you'll poke and prod around with chopsticks the next morning before you decide
i'm just no good anymore and toss me out because better safe than sorry
but why kid ourselves?
i always was an eleven pm decision.
not fucked up enough to forget me but not quite sober enough to want me
the next morning either

rub those circles in my back,
connect every sun kissed freckle and mole
i don't want to hide them
they're proof i've lived without you

i could be the perfect confidant
unable to tell another soul