

Romanticizing a Slap in the Face | Sophia Centurion

I'm a bard, a storyteller,
daydreamer rewriting

as it serves me. It's a skill
to make anyone a collage
of does-he, does-he-not petals
and amateur prose

to make out with in a backseat,
but it takes sadistic editing

of my psychology and theirs.
Indulging the backspace,
so close to other letters.
I can charm the sky into falling.

Wield fate like a performer's trap door.
There is violence in separating

and reweaving Mr. Right
when I need the distraction. Explain
away the hurt they give with
the hurt I discover.

I could romanticize a slap in the face,
and I will. They chose me

to fuck over. When my naivete is too much,
I hike the lengths I'll take to overlook
anything, mountaintops,
declare myself the villain. Better than believe

he fooled me first. All is forgiven because I hallucinated
good intentions in the brown of his eyes.

See how he can't help
but be selfish with me?
How romantic it is
to be wanted.

This is not empathetic maturity,
it's an attempt to keep control of the distance

I maintain. Keep far
enough that I keep fabricating.
I'll return like a neighbor's cat
pretending this is home

for a second dinner.
I am starving.

My body is sworn to what-is,
but my mind wraps around what-ifs
until it is tangled and exhausted.
All consuming,

like the stretch into the black hole
that forces any shape inside it.

Like a teen under strict rule, evades all sense
and benevolence just for
the high in the park.
It isn't impressive for me

to be interested,
I can look at a flame for hours.

But sometimes
I'll close my eyes
and stay for the warmth
I can't concoct on my own.

What fun to create my own heartbreak.

Again and again and again.
What fun to be invulnerable.