

ROCKET

by Lux Barker

*after "The Nutritionist," by Andrea Gibson
May 7th, 2018*

In 26 days, it will have been two years
since your phone booth lost
its red cape and though I am still
searching for it in the wind, I am also
still stitching mine together,
thread
by thread.

Every seam I sew holds the heavy
weight of your words when
you taught me that
staying
is always the right answer,
no matter how loud the
going
calls your name.

I still rip
the fabric
every time
I see your shadow soapstuck to someone else's footprint
and I see it often.

My cape is becoming a secondhand patchwork
masterpiece I am constantly
repairing with the rhythm
of your voice convincing me of
how much I have to live for,
how worthy I am of

happy, of
healthy.

And I am still trying
to find the perfect
patch
to cover up the hole
swallowing my
shoulder, but

I can't seem to understand
the shape of the answer

because how could I begin to understand
that the man who taught me to
stay,

left?