

*exhibitL*  
Michael Capozzi

there are no amount  
of words to describe the life  
you put into me.

*the one*

your eyes are the color of walking away;  
your mouth is the color of railroad tracks  
in winter and every car is holding another adventure  
i want to be a part of.  
your breath is the color of electricity, and your  
teeth are just unwired circuits and your  
smile is just another miracle my mother  
said i would see one day.  
my father spoke of you.  
he told me one night as a child  
that love was just oxygen. love was  
the trees bowing to us. love was just another  
natural chemical reaction.  
dad, please tell me that this is love.  
tell me that this woman is the one.

“show me how you’re different,” she screamed from her trembling lips underneath the starlit ceiling. and then she whispered to me, afraid of the angels hearing her, “show me that you’re the artist who paints pictures with the backs of his eyelids. tell me that you have paint transfused in your blood and every time you cut your veins, you’re really at work and you’re showing the world something beautiful.” i promised you that the walls of my heart were lined with red laced bones and they resembled the birth of balloons when air is pumped into them. my promises are about the only thing i can guarantee that won’t shatter like your heart. “tell me that tonight will never end and tomorrow we’ll wake up as if the sun never rose again. promise me that you’ll remember this exact moment,” i heard her say as i slipped into my own world.

i remember the way you bit your lips after they glistened from the five stars you grabbed from the sky. i still smell that mix of perfume and lust as if my own father told me about this during my bedtime stories as a child. my arms are still imprinted from where you placed your own as if i was allergic to your skin and i couldn’t care less for what i was doing. i painted my walls with the color of your eyes and memorized your breathing pattern so that one day, maybe i can find an easiness in the art of breathing. “goodnight,” she whispered through my ears. goodnight, angel of the night; your wings have grown but please, don’t fly away.

we spent the night in a bed that was covered in  
our own words. i swore we interlocked  
and whenever we rubbed together  
we made fire. you took me away in a space mission  
to the sun and we couldn't  
care for how fucking hot we felt. we played  
on top of our own memory and we shouldn't help  
ourselves to more but we were hungry through  
the storm. i promised myself i would hold back  
but the way you play me like a piano has me  
confused as to which key locks which door and  
sometimes your yells sound a little sharp  
and jab me in the neck; before i know  
it my voice is singing the songs that i picked  
out for this specific moment and more to come.  
i know this is what you dream for and  
when all is said is done, we'll have nothing left to say  
and we're only left to dream for this. trust me, your  
mind will never be as red as you are with me.

to the person who stands on the edge of a cliff,

who exactly told you that your god has given up on you? who exactly said that every pedal of a flower meant nothing? when the sun set on your day, the clock was never running out; it was solar and lunar powered. since when did your feet melt at your sight and sooner or later you were stuck in a rut? run little child. run away with the wind in your breath so that you can speak to mother nature and tell her you're not done yet. tell her you still have energy. let raindrops speak to you when you're on the brink of hopping on a plane and ready to fly off from wherever you landed. let train tracks be your guide back home. and let sunflowers speak to you in whispers of god's voice. just hold onto rocks and let them lift you till snow caps form. just extend your arms and hold them there. let lightning run through your veins until you're operated solely by the clouds. rain down on dirt. mix your feelings until a canvas was painted and then autographed by your emotions. just loosen the grip of your lips and breathe into me. you were a lot more than just a simple cumulus cloud.

sincerely,

a poet who almost killed himself for no reason worthy of a title.

i'm looking at my  
phone hoping that your name will  
show up one more time.

*808s*

god speaks to me during the night  
and he spells your name into my  
veins. it's starting to feel like  
(i hate you) is turning into a secret code  
and i'm pleading for more, girl.  
let me into your mind, let me see myself  
and you and me. i was told that  
you don't stop trying for those who mean a lot to  
you and my father said it so much  
he branded me with this group of words  
when i was only a child. he lied, but i didn't.

*graduation*

ahsireb htebazile aronoel  
your name backwards sounds  
as beautiful as your smile.  
you keep me going even when the  
world closes its eyes on me  
and your lips are as soft as a cloud  
on a rainy day, and we're just under  
bedsheets hoping the monsters  
won't scare our love away. the days  
are only getting brighter and the  
sun will always rise for us  
and kiss your skin the way it does  
twelve hours for sixty days so i'll call it  
at seven hundred and twenty times i'm  
jealous of him. my words mean nothing  
without your voice reading them.

i'm seeing my own corpse in my  
dreams and i'm tired of my past  
being questioned by people i don't  
even know. i'm bipolar in the nighttime  
and my demons are in the bottom  
of cans because they tell me  
i'm better when i'm drinking, and  
everyone loves everyone but it seems  
that this motto is another one of my episodes  
because i don't love anything anymore; it's me  
and my music; i put on vinyls because i feel  
old even though i'm only 19, fuck 18. i can't even  
write eighteen chapters worth of stories, so  
what have i amounted too?

what will it take for  
you to finally realize  
that i'm made for you?

i used to call your body home  
until i ran away. it was supposed to be  
us against our parents until we  
embodied them ourselves. i'm reminded  
of the dead trees i would hide in  
at the young age of seven, they never knew  
how to hide me away from my father. the branches  
bowed to him in winter but i would bow to my tears.  
i wish i knew your hiding spot, maybe we could  
avoid this world completely.

*dear mom,*

tell me i'm gonna be okay mom. i can't understand  
what you're going through but i'm in pain as well.  
my heart has been broken and i know you understand  
the feeling of being left by those you thought loved you.  
tell me it will get better. tell me she'll come back. give me  
hope, i don't care if it's false. everything in my life has been  
secrets upon secrets and i'm tired of you treating me  
like i'm in fourth grade. i want the cold hard truth, like the way  
college isn't fun, like the way everyone will only like you for the  
abilities they think will help them, like the way i discovered love  
after you and dad knew that you didn't know it. i know love.  
i know the way tears fall. i know that my fingers have a memory  
and everything in my brain is focused on the one part that needs  
affection. tell me you love me mom, tell me the greatest lie in  
your favorite book of pills. tell me you'll be better. promise me  
you'll live longer than i do,

it's coming to the point where  
your words are knives and my  
throat is killing me. i haven't heard  
your voice in three months but my  
mother told me that the nightmares  
would stop but i'm still waking up  
at four a.m.  
mom, just take away these fucking  
demons and help me.  
dad already lives in connecticut, where  
does your soul mate live?  
everything is just crashing down on me  
and maybe i should just die.

there is a hole in  
my heart and i don't know what  
to fill it up with.

its been a few weeks and here i am  
laying by the phone at t h r e e a m waiting for you  
to call and say you miss me. i'm the  
fucking best you ever had and  
i hope one day you realize it  
and it hits you like the way my parent's  
divorce hit me when i was only a junior  
in high school. i was only a junior.  
you were a senior when i knew that  
i loved the sound of your voice when you  
whispered secrets into my ears, come back  
home my darling, i miss you.  
i'm the hero of this story,  
i don't need to be saved.  
you're my summer.

i'm hiding behind a wall of "i'm fine" and i'm hoping  
it will last me through the night. kiss me gently like you  
used too; how long until i'm just a memory? how long  
until you realize that i was the fucking best?  
how long until i become a memory?

i got my wish and  
i'm completely alone  
from everyone else.

maybe one day i have to learn to die  
and light cigarettes off the ashes of  
my grandfathers.  
you know every smidgen about my life  
and you can destroy me with just one touch  
and that frightens me more than anything  
i've ever known. my mother lies to me and  
tells me everything will be okay, but it's not when i'm  
thirtyfivehundred miles away and i cry every night  
writing these words on top of refrigerators.  
nothing is okay and emails from my therapist  
are just a metaphor of what is going on.  
talk to me.

i miss the feeling of kissing your lips  
the spark of passion running through my  
body sets me aside. i miss the softness,  
kissing the waters of st. paul river in lyon, i long  
to be back in your arms.

its been too many seconds to count since  
i've been cut out from your favorite pictures  
and that special place in your drawer  
where you used to hide important things  
from your parents. place me back there,  
i've worked too hard to lose a place in your heart.  
i've spilled out my heart and it won't go back in the cup.  
i'm a dead fish in the hudson river and i'm gasping for the  
last bubble of air and everything is starting to blur away.  
catch me.

god forgive me, i've left you for so long searching for myself.

happy birthday.  
let the angels sing your name;  
i would try but i have a horrible voice.  
you showed me life, beauty, and what  
it means to truly love cancer. i've  
prayed in notre dame that we'd get  
married, and keys in the siene are  
just another testament i want to keep.  
this is all for you darling. everything  
you see is for you.

*heartworm*

we had tree roots  
for smiles hoping  
to grow into them  
one day.  
i spoke you into  
smoke (until every  
molecule spelled your  
name) and then  
you vanished.

the flowers are dead  
my love is still on fire  
we have nothing left.

i saw you on a balcony smoking a cigarette  
between your fingers that extended like  
tree roots. i wanted so badly  
to just grab you and suck the nicotine right  
out of your veins and into mine. maybe one  
day you'll be addicted to me.

*week***monday:**

i saw your angel (or was it a ghost?) walking to leo.

**tuesday:**

she won't leave my bed and i don't know how to politely tell her to leave.

**wednesday:**

i fucking hate wednesdays.

**thursday:**

i bought you a drink at the bar and told you my story about my summer and you simply cried. but all i could think about was the cranberry and vodka that was in your hand and i couldn't help but wonder if she liked that drink as well.

**friday:**

you sat next to me in chemistry and my professor lectured about relationships and how chemistry is the devil in jeans and a kanye t-shirt.

**saturday:**

i can't sleep knowing you're doing better than me and your ghost won't stop crying now.

**sunday:**

i drove my car seven hundred and twenty miles on the interstate hoping that she'd let go of my neck.

you read every  
poem i sent you, now you're  
a part of them, dear.