Topographic Gestures

Katie Marshall
I.
I woke with a poem in my mouth and mistook it for your fingertips.

Do you ever think of her fingertips and the rushing, broken kingdoms they built of your skin?

As if branches could forget the feeling of falling in love with the ground they die on.

II.
Green is the color desperate.

The color of a lifetime of summers spent in love with you.

You wore a scarf of pine trees the winter you finally realized there was no chance of anything blooming after me.

III.
For once, I lifted the hem of my skirt
to relish the feeling
of the wind and the rain
instead of your hands.

IV.
There is a small floodgate,
located near the corner of my mouth,
where parts of me come rushing out.
Like a fire escape,
don’t expect anything good
until the pressure is too much.

V.
I stopped apologizing to you
the day I learned
a rotting corpse
has the best ecosphere
for growing tulips
and tomato plants.