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We Never Saw The Sky Fall

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WE NEVER SAW THE SKY FALL

MEGAN JESSOP

We started in constellations.
It rained so thick that night,
we could hardly see the stars.
We felt them instead.
Falling on clay skin leaving traces
of cold puddling at our feet.
Captivating my own quiet since.

You never were beautiful.
I fell in love with every imperfection.
I wasn't blind. Rather too aware.
Everything anyone could not see.
You kept them hidden
well. I loved you for all things,
in spite of too.

There is a box I carried with me,
containing songs, photographs
and conversations.
I placed it for a time upon
my blazon sleeve, before dropping it
knowingly, into embers.
All burned finally,
ashes—a sacred form
of letting go.