

Love Poem to Myself

Sweet girl, you are less monster
than you think. Your spine,
notched with thistle & iron,

silvers with magic, with *yes*.
Lovely, you are not the names
your mother called you, not

the halfmoon bruise on your hip,
the note that blisters sharp
from your pennywhistle.

When you linger so long
near the knife block it asks
for your blood, I am with you.

Emily, I give you back
your name, shuttered
like honeysuckle between

the bindings of your books.
That's how much I love you.
Don't forget.