

The Musician Pines For Her Instrument

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& the estranged lovers said
I miss the shape of you
in my arms. I miss the feel
of your curvature beneath the palms
of my hands, & between
my knuckles when I braid your hair. I miss
the way my fingers fit into you,
& the dissonance of our voices
when they tug on each other, bite
or make love. & I miss the calluses
you've left on my fingertips
where I held you, &
you pressed against me
firm. I still cut my nails for you. I still
remember, when we first met, &
you screamed at my touch & I held you
& I learned you & I loved you until
we could sing together. We sang
for a long time. We sang until I had to
go, & you fell silent
& cold. One day I'll come back but I'm afraid
you'll forget me, &
you'll cry at the hands of she
who once was your lover,
& we'll have to start over again.