

## **SONNET FOR THE ONE THAT STAYS**

maybe it begins with my body sitting with yours  
you forget your hand casually on my bare thigh  
my head finds your shoulder familiar to retire on  
and that always sly and crazy glint in your eye

i say, friend, you tell me how he stole your wigs while you were asleep, I scream, 'say sike'  
you snort when you laugh, you slide off the chair  
you are a hot mess, you are everything I like

this is how it ends; we begin again, you are yelling about some Star Wars conspiracy story at  
the bar, you are on the bus with green dye in your hair slowly fading out, you bring me a  
deranged cup of coffee with honey not sugar,  
my darling, a much better version of a lover