breaking

so what had happened was this:   
you were earnest and i thought that meant truthful  
 so i opened the trunk and pretended to look for something i lost  
  
they filmed that movie on the basketball court and we traced the lines on the concrete   
 (it’s not usually warm in san francisco but up there it was sunny)  
  
every day we walked   
 through the tunnel,   
 with the cars and the kids and the women pulling their groceries behind them  
 sometimes there were puddles and i think we spent weeks avoiding them  
  
but what you did not know was this:   
my middle name and my left foot and what i hear  
 in the splitting of an orange  
  
the second floor apartment and those nectarine summers and why   
 i learned to cook pasta and write poems on red envelopes   
  
and the cold, and how your whole face is a moon  
  
and what I wanted to say was this:   
Enough.  
take it back—  
 the words you gave me,   
 the cracked peach pit,   
 this unbutton at my collarbone