



When I think of emotions,  
I imagine a switch.  
I imagine that love is a lightbulb  
in the room of my heart  
and I am comfortable in the dark.  
My eyes are dark adapted  
and my body has gotten used  
to the inescapable collision of darkness.

I imagine that, like any object in the dark  
All my loves have tried to look at me  
but inevitably looked over to the next bright thing,  
I must be really invisible  
and so, when I said hi  
You had to squint  
and squeeze your eyes to see me  
because all the light around me  
was sucked in by the black hole of my heart.  
Must be why you never said hey too.  
You couldn't see me.

I imagine that, whenever you smile upon me  
It doesn't matter how far into the corner I sink  
Or how much glue I have applied  
to keep the switch off  
or how comfortable I've become in the darkness,  
Light comes.  
Inescapable, consuming, it comes and it fills me entirely  
Until you take your smile off me  
and I'm left  
in the  
darkness  
again.  
alone.