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Better Off

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BETTER OFF

Anika Prots

I came home and wished
you were in my bed
waiting to suffocate me
with your strong arms gently wrapped
around my lust covered body.

I wanted you, right there,
deeper, slower, and more to the left, no my left,
but you moved. And I got lost
in the bags packed for Italy or Idaho
or wherever the fuck you went.

I should've called you when I got home
but I wanted one more drink,
needed all the covers and didn't want you
to be the adventure of my life.

I wish I rested my head
on your chest, listening
to the rise and fall of oxytocin
pulse through your veins.
I should have kissed your lips
right away, instead of taking time
to wipe away the taste of who I am.
I thought I'd be bitter no matter how
many times you told me otherwise.

I don't know if I am better off
without you but the mumbled hums
between my legs and the teddy bear
my grandpa gave me aren't convincing.