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## Mothballs

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# Mothballs

## Autumn Franz

I was loving you long before  
you felt lost, before you were willing  
to touch the parts of yourself  
that you were taught to leave alone.

You are a mirror of me  
one year ago, praying for conspiracy,  
praying that you would not be  
abandoned.

If I could take you past the warning signs,  
cradle the man in the chair of your mind,  
and let him stand naked, sweaty palms open.

If I could make you believe in love  
flowing through those hidden veins, I would  
show you that your body is a scripture,  
your tongue is a testament,  
your soul is a blanket wrapped  
between the fingers of an unmoved baby.

I would show you how to take up space,  
I would tell you there are other ways of being beautiful  
than making sense.