

fortunately.

fortunately you.

fortunately you are the only thing in my way  
and the only thing on my mind.

fortunately.

fortunately i have not yet given my body to Christ  
and i have not yet sinned.

i haven't gone down to the water but i've  
christened my home and marked an X on  
my doors with lambs blood.  
hopefully that keeps you away.

fortunately.

fortunately you are just another crack  
in this long-forgotten road of missteps and misrepresented forms of affection  
and misread lips in a dark room while jazz is playing on the speakers,  
the sound crawls up my neck  
and chokes me like a noose,  
yet i dance.

fortunately.

the light in your eyes is long gone.  
thank God i don't need to see to swim,  
because you flooded every corner of my life  
and fortunately my lungs are as buoyant as my body.  
i'm fighting against every inch of myself.  
i'm ripping off my skin like tattered clothes  
and weaving new hair into old.

i'm replacing broken acrylics with supermarket brand plastic  
and praying and praying and praying.  
i am less and less of myself every day  
and my image in the mirror is fading but  
fortunately,  
so is yours.