

## Idy

# "Once Upon My Broken Facial Expression"

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I fell asleep last night waiting for your phone call,  
and woke up to the sun's morning kiss with my wall,  
and an imprint in my cheek from all my cell phone's  
keys.

With receipts on my dresser of dinners credit bought  
for her,  
but now you can't hear my voice in voicemails you  
delete,  
or hear my desperate pleas to take you out dancing.

They said this would as if my world shattered.  
I never realized just how right they were,  
but still I'm sending you friendly thoughts through all of  
my nerve endings.

Keep your ear to this dialect that my swollen heart  
inflicts  
onto my rapid brain that's playing highlight reels of  
pain  
inside this vacant room that's haunted by your  
perfume.  
You could always drain my blood with your sharpened  
words of love,  
but now you can't see my eyes in pictures you delete,  
or hear my haunting plea as my oxygen depletes.

I don't know where my mind goes, because I'm still  
finding home,  
but it's my veins sincerest apologies for bleeding  
without your blessing.

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