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## Speaking To You through Derision

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## *Speaking to You Through the Derision*

I am locked around your morning sleep scent,  
girdling my pillow, squeezing  
my eyes closed  
Imagining these words,  
after you've left.

And I sense so much potency for love  
in my twenties —  
my mind leaps  
to warnings  
I want to give my children  
not to doubt or abort their riddled emotions  
nor accept  
quickly  
this abeyance  
we so often call perspective.  
I lie dreamily awake sometimes  
*certain*  
that if we must fail at love it must be  
fully, awkwardly,  
or not at all.

And still from this I gain no rest.  
You, who have faced my revache  
and made death of it:  
In some less poetic moment  
I became aware too late,  
thinking thoughtless words,  
lapping at the pain  
lovingly saying:  
"I understand me.  
No one understands me."  
The taste of myself dry,  
and familiar, pale  
and saltless,  
Our two human bodies knee-jerking,  
senseless.

And if love can make us better people  
then paradoxes are forgivable  
and memory only dormant  
with dreams, releasing  
out waking  
nights together;  
your flesh and our failures  
are not the mutually exclusive property  
of some plastic bag,  
rolling away from another tragedy,  
Horrors  
too easy to imagine  
and forget.

O woman I have loved —  
We must talk of death  
until there is no more  
Death to fall from —  
And we may speak through the derision  
to some moment when we awake  
and find we are not the people  
we expected to be.

Jeff Hamilton