

for the nighthawk  
izzy ster

and i cannot remember the last time i recognized the  
face staring back at me through a cup of my own reflection  
black coffee, never sugar or cream

the coffee no longer stains my tongue a bitter hue  
i think my eyes used to be blue

and i cannot remember what numbers the hands on  
the clock grabbed on to that caused its demise  
one clock on the wall, always broken

the clock might have read four in the morning  
yet she's still on my mind, she's swarming

and i cannot remember when i started to feel like this  
trapped in a viridian haze  
one body, all numb

green the color of her eyes  
his, the color of the sky, which i despise

and i cannot remember when she walked in with him  
and sat across from me  
two people, one love

love as fresh as dawn  
i bet he's her new pawn

and i cannot remember when my soul left my body  
maybe it's still floating above me  
one body, no soul

the soul that had died long ago  
i wonder if her favorite color is still yellow

and i cannot remember when this pit in my stomach gaped  
maybe when i had begun to bit my tongue  
one mouth, full of blood

the blood i swallow down  
hoping the words in my throat drown

and i cannot remember how many cups of coffee i'd had  
because i could not stop looking at them  
no amount of caffeine could fill this heart

i hope she'll keep my favorite sweater  
i hope this coffee makes the pills taste better

