

She Sings Only For Me

By Ryan Ratajski

Numbing sensation.

It's completely quiet except for her voice.

She sings only for me.

I feel nothing,

except for the stinging.

It's for me that she's singing.

This isn't sleep,

this is sifting through my thoughts and synecdoche.

This is in and out of subconscious and unconscious,
senseless and scentless.

Hush now, so I can dream you in my arms,

where we terrorize and memorize

running hand in hand along tired eyes.

(I don't need to see) just enough to hear the bullet coming.

Two ears to hear her singing.

This is a new statement:

The one mothers hide from hearing.