
In the Year I Pretended to Love

Sarah Murrell

In the year I pretended to love,
nothing was accidental.

I saw God in sunlit table varnish, Rama in the laundry basket.

I tied ropes to tiny planets and mushed them to the edge of the universe
while stars nipped with their little teeth at my toes

In me was fire, ice, lamb's wool,
cold ocean, and spent breaths of work horses.

In the year I pretended to love,

I drown myself in an ocean of viscous ideas,

dragging my body up on

shores of faith and reason, craggy

coasts of science and numbers,

silky smooth beaches, sprawled face-up between young, drunk sailors.

You came to me like a ghost in high-def, like a spirit in a sharp glass box

In the year I pretended to love,
I thought I was loving but
I was a dog in training where
my wire walls were cranked closer little
by little each day, each week.
and finally I was in the smallest last corner,
foaming, snarling, lunging
realizing what really was.