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I Don't Love You Anymore

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I DON'T LOVE YOU ANYMORE

Anna Boling

The glint of glasses at red lights look like the
burning ends of cigarettes in the night
In the car in front of me at the streetlight
And the chrome catch fire.

These words, they are not hard to say
But your feelings catch in your throat
They are cotton balls rasping against
And delay the passage to freedom.

When they finally come up
There are acidic--
Stomach bile
And these words that stick to your teeth like caramel squares
But not so sweet
And a little more foul

You don't even recall the words you spoke
But on his face you know that he is feeling them
Maybe in the same way you did when you almost choked
But his heart is weighed down by brokenness
And you have been set free.



VIRGIN LIPS Kelly McNett