

We called it a glitch

Because the sudden astringent wash of consciousness

That forced us into a body not our own

Until this very moment

Was terrifying.

We called it a crush

Because admitting

that we lost sleep thinking about them

And we looked forward to the small quiet moments

As much as the big ones

Seemed a little

Forward

We called it bad brain

Because it was easier to say than

We don't want to be here anymore

We called it bad body

Because we didn't want to admit that

When we looked in the mirror

We only saw the burnt edges

We called them friend
Because it sounded nicer than
Parasite

We called it medicine
Because we weren't the type to get
Addicted

We called it being broke
Because poor is a bad word
And we'd rather be broken
Than pitied

We called it love
Because no matter how many people try
There aren't enough words to describe
The bottle rocket white water falling for someone
The patio coffee planter box comfort in silence
The kettle whistle car alarm arguments

We called it a lot of things
But what the fuck do we really know anyway