Deterioation

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It was a cruel twist of fate to fall in love the way I did. To fall in love with a ridiculous, beautiful dream of a man. And for Cupid to dangle him in front of me. To put him just out of reach. My fingers can almost reach his face— if not for that small sliver of sky that divides our lives— But I would not wish the sky away. I would not ask the sunsets to soak up their colors Empty them upon his fingertips So he could trace the pigments across my skin Smear crimson on the tips of my cheekbones Coat my eyelids with sapphire blue Cover me in evergreen forests and snow white stardust He could caress my body until I was worthy of the Louvre But no—I belong where I stand. I am forever to remain an actress in a silent film Moving images lacking sound and color I open my mouth to speak The caption on the screen does not match my lips Lies of summer and car rides and midnight kisses When all I feel is winter and tile floors.