

Migration

by Kitty Boots

I slept in your shirt for weeks memorizing each molecule of scent
and was certain I could pick you out of a hundred others blindfolded.

You ditched me in April.
Holding you by your wrists,
pale, corded, but as slender as mine,
I knew you had it planned.

And I was okay with it because
you kissed like a girl and fucked like a boy anyway.
Besides, I had back-up.
The nightjars called me out to chant.

