

To the Girl Death Didn't Call Back

I've written a lot of letters to

the girl who Death didn't call back.

I remember her leaned up against the bar,

all smoke and red lipstick and

razorblades

squeezed between her palms.

Wearing a black dress too big and too tight for her

all at the same time.

That smile and slow

“What are you drinking, cutie?”

like her voice isn't trembling most of the time.

When you're always walking through fire,

you learn to swing your hips.

Death pulled her onto the dance floor, black eyes soft

and pretended not to notice when she slipped her number into his pocket.

“I'm yours.”

He shakes his head.

“Sorry, honey, not this time. Not yet.”

It didn't sound like

“You'll thank me later”

but it was.

I've written a lot of letters to

the girl who spent three years crying in the bathroom stall
because Death left her for a lover
she hadn't met yet.

But she knows him now.

Sunshine and coffee that doesn't taste like old smoke
the music is slower but she dances just as well.

This girl doesn't wear all black anymore
and sometimes she carries flowers instead of blades.

Even when she forgets his name,
even when she hangs up,

Life always calls back.

Every time.