

Wren Jones

Bitta'

—Response to the love poem “Three Weeks” by Anne Michaels

I don't want to hear about three weeks of longing and water burning stone. I don't care if you miss him, and for three weeks an ocean pulls between you, bending time. I don't give a shit if for three weeks your body finds him in new places, his neon trail. I don't give a fuck if every boundary of your body is electrified with thoughts of him hunted down for three weeks. What I want to hear about is three years later. When he'll be gone and your body will stretch out on the beach alone, beside that ocean that bent time. How you'll feel the waves roll in and out just for you. How you'll get up and see him sitting, down the beach, on a cheap white towel next to a woman with big sunglasses and a toothy grin. How you will feel the sand become a sea of clichés with bits of glass, not yet worn smooth. How you will smell his testosterone waft in the breeze, see his saggy chest beside her pert breasts, this prize that will make him feel bigger than a corn dog, more masculine than a chain link fence, sweeter than a sunset paddler. And I want to hear about three years after that. How you will walk along the sunset beach again, and wonder, who it was who wrote that poem? Who it was who burned under the skin, felt neon trails and leopard blood for three weeks, was hunted by his touch? Who the hell was that?