

Asia Johnson
Quis Separabit

Don't you love it
here? Love it here.
I need you
to run not away
but inside of here.
And lay here,
live here. Hedonism
is the way here.
You knew
the holding of my hand
meant the chaining of
your soul. But you dove
deeper. A believer
you became. Amens
and hallelujahs. Would
you just worship
and exalt it light candles
at the altar this
mattress latched to this
place you now call
home. And now the unknown
is anywhere outside of
me. Don't leave
from inside of me.
Don't breathe except
beside me.
"One does not leave
behind one's early loves;
they become part of one."
Part of me he is.
To not write
about him is to
renounce my namesake.
I am Asia, his
ex-girlfriend.
An amalgamation
of his semen
my pheromones. Stitched
through my fiber

is his skin. My insides
satiated with him.
Ridding myself
of him means
butchering my brain.
Unbinding means
dismembering my
body. Memories of
fateful days unburdening
him. Lonely nights
my co-conspirator and
savior a razor. A
means to an end
in my twisted
mind. Those nights
are my every night.
So no, I will do no further damage.
Seven years removed,
the apparition
lingers; dwelling
in the same part
of me that
stirs my writing.
My writing condemned
to his existence.
So here I sit.
Imprisoned.
Not composing
pieces about freedom,
flying, or the future.
But furiously dragging
this pen across
this paper. Praying
perhaps this time,
this piece will be
the piece that
separates me
from him.