

*small deaths*  
Caitlin Thompson

my death was brown yes  
i wound yellow hair  
through my fingers  
to remind me breath  
    is transitory

did i ever  
know you the curve of  
your ears the length of  
your little finger the way  
you never quite said  
    *i love you?*

i smiled into your shoulder  
at night tasted you with my  
    teeth i thought necessity  
would keep you  
you were  
    already gone

there was always so much  
need in cities so many  
    small deaths  
        every day  
    that mine i'm sure will  
        go unnoticed