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Bleeding for my Valentine

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2005/iss3/2
In the shower,
my tears are icy cold
to the scalding water,
as I burn you away.

No middle ground,
no lukewarm degree.
The dial stuck on the bleeding red “H”
like an arrow to my blistered heart.

Droplets glide effortlessly down my side,
where once your hand caressed.
Pounding down on my face,
over my hair, my ears,
where you used to whisper.
But I have forgotten the sound
of your voice.

Hypnotized by the swirling blood down the drain,
mixing in rivers,
rushing in rapids.
Will this nightmare
float me back
to you?