

Biopsy My Thoughts

Take a minute
and pull out that needle
from your medical satchel
and biopsy those thoughts
rummaging through my brain.

I dare you to slow them down
quickly enough to retract
your needle with the information
you crave, and the regrets you bathe in.

I have bad news for you.
You will never figure out
what I am thinking,
even as my green eyes
glance deeply into your glassy blue ones.

When you begin to pull back,
your liquid will freeze inside your syringe
because I have no answers for you
only to say these are my own thoughts

and unless I want you
to know them, they'll remain
embedded inside me forever
within scars inhabiting every inch of me,
which have healed the day your eyes met mine.