

Original

The Fabric of Our Lives

you gave me your sweater
and i held it up to my face,
taking in the sweet scent
that i had grown so familiar
with. i pulled it against my
body so you were closer to
my heart. i examined the rips
and tears from years of you
wearing it. your mom told
me i could keep it, knowing
i would take good care of it.
you let me keep it, saying that
it was just as important as i
am to you.

months later you give me back
a hat i forgot there weeks ago.
i held it up to my face and took
in a scent that i had begun to
forget. i pulled it close to my
body and let the tears fall onto
the tough fabric. i looked at the
hat and saw the memories of
that night, and many more before
then. i remembered the hat on the
car ride home. you told me you
would give it to me the next day.

The Fabric of Our Lives

you gave me your favorite jacket and i held it up to my face, taking in the scent of candles mixed with cologne and cigarettes that i had grown so familiar with. i pulled it against my body so that it felt like you were closer to me. i examined the rips and tears from years of being constantly worn. the jacket was a faded green with intricate designs and paint splatters all over. you wanted the sweater back eventually, but your mom told me i could keep it, knowing i would take good care of it. you let me take ownership of it, saying that it was just as important as i am to you.

months later you gave me back a hat i forgot at your house weeks ago. i held it up to my face and took in the scent of you that i had begun to forget. i pulled it close to my body and let the tears fall onto the white fabric. i looked at the hat and thought of that night: pulling the car over just to kiss me, looking over at me smiling with that big grin, unexpectedly holding me, giving me forehead kisses. that night, i remembered the hat on the car ride home. you told me you would give it to me the next day. little did i know that i would hide that hat in the back of my closet, letting that familiar scent soak up dust with your jacket.

McDanel Round 5

MARCH 24, 2017 ~ SHWIFTYSAMMY ~ EDIT

Collision Course

The stars collide when she kisses me,
Blue gas giants press into white dwarves,
And they start very slowly
To crumble into meteorites.

The planets flee from her lips,
And travel up to her eyes.
They mistake them for galaxies,
And are soon trapped in her gaze.

Every now and then,
her tears flush out the solar system.
The moons drip out like drool,
And sink into the coolness of her cheek.

When the last of the stars have fled into her eyes,
She smiles, and they flutter closed.
The makeshift universe taps against her corneas,
And the nebulas converge in her iris.

Kissing her has become a danger.
The black hole of her pupils
Destroy civilizations,
And send aliens fleeing to her ears.

I fear that each kiss she delivers,
Will pull me in and trap me,
Along with the blazing suns and icy dwarves,
Where no light will ever escape.

McDanel Revision Round

MAY 30, 2017 ~ SHWIFTYSAMMY ~ EDIT

Collision Course

The stars collide when she kisses me,
Blue gas giants press into white dwarves,
And they start very slowly
To crumble into meteorites.

The planets flee from our crashing lips,
And travel up to her eyes.
They mistake them for galaxies,
And are soon stuck in her gaze.

When the last of the stars have fled into her eyes,
She smiles, and they flutter closed.
The makeshift universe taps against her corneas,
And the nebulas converge in her iris.

While the stars rest in
Her eclipsing eyelids,
She giggled and says that
She loves the energy of her busy solar system.

Each kiss has become a risk,
And I can feel myself
Being pulled upwards into
The black hole of her pupil.

I know eventually, one of her kisses
Will pull me in and trap me,
Along with the blazing suns and icy dwarves,
But I long to be lost in her universe.

Smith Round 6

Lip Stains

I'll smear red on my lips,
and wipe the pigment off my teeth.

I'll stare in the mirror, pushing hairs
out of my face, only for them to fall back again.

I'll stare out the window, waiting for you, and when you arrive

I'll tell myself that today I'll talk to you.

But I'll just wait until you're out of view and run to the bathroom,
let my hair fall over my eyes, and clean off my stained smile.

Smith Round 6

Lip Stains

I'll smear red on my lips,
and wipe the pigment off of my teeth.
I'll stare at a mirror, pushing hairs
out of my face, and resist the urge
to drop my bangs into my eyes.

I'll go to the library,
purse heavy with my sister's makeup.
I'll wander through shelves, waiting for you,
and when you arrive
I'll tell myself that today I'll finally talk to you.
But I'll just wait until you're out of view and run to the bathroom,
let my hair fall over my eyes, and clean off my stained smile.

