

# Fragmentation

*Christopher Cassetty*

She looked me in the eyes  
and all of a sudden, I forgot who I was,  
and I was sticking my barren feet  
under the sheets, still cold  
from not having been used all day,  
to let the warmth build up around me  
under the covers.  
I felt her words cover my head and neck,  
bathing me, cleansing me,  
running cool from the tap  
until the water heater croaks to life  
and you hear whining in the pipes  
like the ringing of your ears,  
and of course, I didn't hear what she said.  
Then I dropped into the bed  
and saw the light around me grow dim,  
and instantly from day,  
it was—to night  
and the sheets were warm,  
and the water just right,  
and I closed my eyes;  
I hoped then, if I didn't open them again,  
I wouldn't see her leave.  
I tried to keep them closed, I tried,  
but my blood ran cold,  
and I awoke to a misplaced blanket  
that let all of the warm air out,  
and found her missing, gone,  
vanished, and thus another day  
I would collect all the fragments of my skull  
to piece them together after they had all  
fallen apart,  
my memories spilled against asphalt  
and who I was before her on a stretcher  
being carried away with each glance  
of where she used to sleep on my bed.  
I hate the way people stare into my eyes  
knowing the same person  
doesn't don them anymore,  
but I hope at least  
I remind them less and less of her.