

I'm Sorry

Ari Wyatt

I'm sorry
that I drowned my blood in various liquors
and spent the rest of Friday night as a mannequin
pushing you out the door and pleading you to stay

I'm sorry
that you grew pastel flowers of patience
and encouragement and I stomped on your garden
yet you left before I awoke to place them in a vase for my room

I'm sorry
that my trembling two-hour-long wails
fooled you into believing it was good conversation
then making you spend the next morning speaking reiteration

I'm sorry
for my repercussions
for bailing on lunch because I needed the drapes closed
and the spinning room to silence

I'm sorry
that you napped beside me in your jeans
that your cough stole your rest
that you spent \$14 dollars on a Cougarita—which you only got one sip

I'm sorry
but what I mean to say is thank you
I confuse gratitude with apologies
and I'm just not ready to accept your unconditional love