

butterflies

I remember butterflies hatching  
in my stomach the day i picked him up  
his midwestern accent, wide grin,  
finding me over the crackly phone.

I remember the nights  
we spent on the hotel sheets, feeling each other's warmth  
listening to his midwestern accent tell me  
things that made the butterflies flutter.

I remember the butterflies' escape  
as regret spread through my fingers, apologizing for what i had done  
my mind ten feet off the ground, i didn't recognize my reflection  
as my tears splashed and my wails drowned in the porcelain.

I remember the feelings that stay with me to this day.  
I remember their metamorphosis into acceptance.