Dominique Davis

A Cutter's Shame

There are more cuts on my arms
than a varsity basketball team, I joke.

My lover traces the tips of his fingers
across the sealed slits.

He asks persistent questions
about the past. *What hurt so bad?*

Dear lover, these are scars.

The red rivers that once rushed
through my flesh, lay dormant.

Let them rest.
You wouldn't speak of the dead in bed.

What hurt so bad?

Dear lover, these are scars.
Remnants of silver linings

dropped from the clouds,
splattered across the pavement

staining the surface of a once pure canvas.
dear lover, dear lover, dear lover

let's forget them now
leave them to sit in sorrow
shouting old secrets

tonight,
let the moonlight erase them.