Human Nature
Allison Kantack

In the morning, you had wrinkles
like river veins or twisted maple arms
branching out along your chest

We seem much older than before—
before the storm that hasn't formed,
before the flames that haven't burned.
The bud has only started to regrow.

And I forget how young we are;
how foolish, hurtful, ugly we might be.

Despite these sunny skies,
those lines across your heart
are nothing but the imprints
from the creases of your bedsheets.