

# Human Nature

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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.