(she) shan’t recover this time
To Virginia Woolf and lovers alike
By Daniel “Xetini” López

(I see her face still in my shadow,
embarrassed of her memory now):

she kneels under faint lights on the bathroom floor;
I reach for the knob. The door swings open,

sharp—like tears—as she held a
knife—pressed in—against her throat.

I met her eyes of wet black paint,
panic coming on strong. Laughing,

she reached out, smiling in yellow light,
wiping her tears with the tip of the knife.

A love like hers was always
reproaching false narratives, always

a threat retold in sky shrieking
voices: “If anybody could have saved me

it would have been you.”

The knife spins:
she dandles it in the thin air between
us, stabbing up high—searching for heaven.

(But with the certainty of our goodness gone,
how long can her threats live on?)