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## The Vernal Pool

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(She) Shan't Recover This Time

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(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?)