

## **Two (PTSD)**

**By Kurma Murrain**

I failed to remember how to draw the curve of your swan neck  
With the little feathers at the bottom of your sylph shape  
Your familiar features became strange to my pencil denying the possibility of unity  
Two...  
Why did it escape from my brain how to write you?  
My parents split  
My brother and I barely talk to each other  
My husband kicked me out of our home  
My mother and muse died so suddenly...  
Why is it so hard to place you in a number line, on dates, in the year of a new century?  
There is the electronic you, like an inverted five with four angles  
But that is not how you used to be  
You had curves like a woman after puberty  
My mind obliterated you because I'm broken  
Perhaps I disremembered your tiny waist for nobody is caressing mine  
A duo sings "Bésame Mucho"  
A couple follows along the melody with an almost immovable twist  
And I still cannot remember what you look like  
I mouth you  
Staring at the empty space on my bench in the park  
The rain passes me by  
Memories fight like salmon heading upstream  
My brain deconstructs the puzzle of pieces gone with the wind  
I draw a blank on your place in preparation for eternity  
I straddle the cracks in the pavements  
For the casket where I will be pulled down six feet under won't admit a mate...