there’s someone who loves you

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there's someone who loves you

there’s someone who loves you.
he knows which floorboard complains,
how you bite the skin from your thumb
when somebody says his name.
he knows you leave half your coffee,
that peaches make your mouth itch,
that you sleep facing the doorway
when the week has handled you rough.
he keeps a toothbrush at your place
beneath the bathroom sink,
still sealed in its plastic
like a promise afraid to breathe.
you ask him to stay for dinner.
he checks a watch he never wears,
then eats cold noodles in his car
beneath the pharmacy glare.
he fixes the chain on your toilet,
levels the wobble in your chair.
every screw finds its thread.
his name keeps slipping in his head.
you say it with sugar in your voice.
he hears it dragged across gravel.
you touch beneath his jaw
and every muscle turns to travel.
he has been useful all his life.
useful men get asked to stay.
he carries groceries, changes tires,
then finds a clean excuse to leave.
once, you fell asleep on his chest.
he counted each breath against him,
certain you would wake and discover
you had mistaken shelter for skin.
he loves the scar above your knee,
the gap between your front two teeth,
the way you dance while folding towels
when you think nobody sees.
he keeps whole Sundays in his head,
your earrings beside his keys,
a yellow bowl upon the counter,
your bare feet beneath his knees.
then the dark window catches his face.
the whole room spoils at once.
he cannot place himself beside you
without feeling like a stain.
so he leaves while the kettle trembles.

you watch him cross the parking lot.
he sits behind the steering wheel
and goes nowhere for an hour.
there’s someone who loves you
who plays your voice notes twice,
then once more with the volume low
as though tenderness might hear him.
he writes, I should have stayed.
deletes it. writes, I was scared.
deletes that too, then types your name
and lets it sit there, bare.
the cursor blinks beside it,
a small pulse under glass.
his thumb waits over the screen
like a man above thin ice.
there’s someone who loves you.
he has spent years leaving first.
tonight your name stays where he placed it.
then beneath it,
i do.