December 2023

tolerated

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we do this every morning. you
roll out of your side of your bed
somewhere around 7 and stumble
to the bathroom. the mattress rocks
a little when you rise. a cloud of steam
wraps around you when you return (i
dream of doing the same) and you come
back to bed. your body is damp, heavy,
and for some reason i reach for you.
you do not acknowledge my presence.

i carved your name into my right floating
rib the first night i met you. my head is
starting to sprout hairs the same color
as yours. there are twin marks on my hips
where your hands always rest. what else
do i mean to you other than this side
of the bed that's not even mine?

i know our routine by now. you climb back out
of your bed, out of your room, into the kitchen
wordlessly. all that remains of you with me is
your scent, faint of sandalwood and beer. i
close my eyes again, breathe in deep, and
pretend that i am anything more to you.

you will remember i exist after your morning
coffee. you'll come back in, hover over my body,
hesitate, and simply just whisper good morning.
then you'll leave. once again, i am no longer a
person, but a crossed-off item on your to-do list.
once again, i pretend that is what i want to be.