

it was like my soul left my body

by: Claire Robbins

it was like my soul left my body she said

when she was coming, she meant. and you thought that was deep, but then remembered it from a meme she sent to your phone earlier.

she asked if you liked angels and you didn't want to offend, so you had to lie. would it be ok, she asked, to leave one angel in your bedroom, in case she felt sad.

she had a box of angel figurines, which had been her dead mother's, in her car. yes, you heard yourself say because you didn't want her to be sad in your bed.

she picked a small angel that you really didn't mind as far as angel figurines go

and she placed it on your shelf next to the [do not put crow feathers in this poem or crows will peck your eyes out]. you imagined painting

the angel black [do not imagine her leaving you or she will].

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