

Francis Forever: An Anthem for Being Over-Dramatically Melancholy for No Reason

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1.

It's that time of year again when I can only write poems about one specific time in my life because I never got closure and I am haunted by my unconscious mind who thinks I need to imagine how happy we could have been while I try to sleep.

Everything reminds me of lavender roses and pearly purple fingernails and my dirty feet skipping across the cracked parking lot of the Greek Orthodox Church, nighttime stretching its arms out forever and fat bands of stars like salt spilled across a black velvet tablecloth. You held my shoes swinging by the heels from two fingers and when I looked at you I knew you had me by the heels too but I never said anything about it.

I never say anything about anything and look where it's gotten me seven years later.

2.

One time I made you a mixtape and wrote *this is good shit I promise* on the front but of course it wasn't and I was just projecting, handing you a declaration of my whiny hopeful fantasies of holding hands and living in the mountains (I can't listen to Ingrid Michaelson without thinking about my desperate eyes on you and the speakers too loud in my car and you asking for the name of that song so you could play it for your girlfriend). At that point "Francis Forever" hadn't been written yet and at that point you were still around.

3.

Last year I wrote a chapbook about you that turned out to be the poetry equivalent of "I'd Rather Be Blue" from *Funny Girl* played on repeat at a party from the other room.

I ache inside with the dreams and the anvil of our unresolved tension sitting on my chest. You ran away somewhere and I feel it like birds eating my liver. I am dramatic and maudlin and maybe that's why you left or maybe that's why you stayed so long but either way it molds itself around this one Mitski song and makes a home there, screaming for two straight minutes into a void that feels like being pulled in all directions and no directions at once.

I feel the dreams revving up like trying to start a chainsaw, just getting there but not quite, leading into something big, something loud and destructive and dangerous like it used to be when we were teenagers. You made me bleed, once, on accident, but I can still see the round white scar on my finger when I press it back and all the blood rushes down.



Mitski

"Francis Forever"

*Bury Me at Makeout
Creek*

11/2014

Double Double Whammy

We used to have all the same friends, and they sort of knew, and I made them read my chapbook, and then they knew too much; God forbid any of them read this now.

4.

Sometimes I think about you sitting between me and her at the movies, your girlfriend, and your leg bouncing next to mine, hands wringing in your lap, how I wanted to touch my fingertip to your knee to make you stop and I laugh at our boldness, how innocently shameless we were just the two of us, perched in my open hatchback with your hand so close to the edge of my skirt, smelling of smoke and pizza grease and my mouth tasted like Mountain Dew and if we sat for a little bit longer you would have found that out.

My pulse was in my finger, then, wrapped tight in a napkin to stop the bleeding, and I could have pressed it to your lips to make you feel my heartbeat on your mouth but I think of everything too late so I just sat still with you and bled from that little butterfly scrap of skin.

When Mitski said "I miss you more than anything" I felt that.