

JULIA HERPERGER

HUSKED

Husked, broken open, how we had to be
broken down first, those nights that turned the corner

into morning
and there we were: puffy-eyed, dark-circled,
drained, nothing left but scraps

of anger, early-morning light
edging white curtains.

Honed down,
softened. I breathe you in, your flawed
sweet nature,

everything that comes together to create
you. That marks the beginning,

miles from small talk,
good impressions, the slick
blank face of perfection. I'll take
the tangled

and sometimes broken-down
warmth of you beside me.
And when it comes down to it

all I have to offer back is everything:
I hold my flawed nature up to you
every day, and you take me in.