



# Leap

Got issues with touching you  
a lot or a little; I can't figure out  
what's too much— the feeling for you  
or the feeling of you.  
Prepositional despair.

Got intimacy problems and  
it's funny, in that way where it  
deserves a Netflix Original  
where you send me gifs of the disastrous  
heroine and say "Is this you?"  
Hashtag relatable content.

Sometimes wish I could come around every  
four years and you'd still want me.  
We'd skype, text, fb chat. So chill.  
You'd mark my visit on your calendar.  
You'll wake up at an ungodly time to call me EST  
and say, "Booze clarifies my need for you."

One day out of the year every 4 years  
I will find myself in your arms. We will  
say it makes sense, we are so busy /  
like the ocean and the moon;  
distance is required to make waves or  
something. Leap Day hardly exists and neither do I.  
I'll knock twice. You'd open the door.  
We'd waste no time. You'd pull me close.  
Gotta pee something bad, but you  
hold me and I say,

Got here just in time for the last day  
of Black History month. Studies say  
Black women have higher self-esteem,  
denser bones, and thicker skin. We are still  
more likely to drown but less likely to scream.  
Tell me I'm strong because I stayed away  
for so long. I'm here. Happy Leap Year.  
I missed you. Don't make me  
sad, I am. You are  
capable of love.