

## Girls hurt each other like tooth decay, like

## Fragment 182: I might go

Missing you is in my throat: sore taste  
of waking up ill, not breathing well  
all night, something to eventually cough up.  
I am soon to flip a coin for a choice

the size of my life. Very much I want  
to put my head down in your lap and sleep.  
But you, the first of the coin-flippers, with  
your six-foot fiancée and new mortgage,

dear old best friend, what can you know of this  
disease?

And if I might go and try again,  
call heads for love, requited love, I might  
prove every biphobe right and end my search

with my own man. Then our weighted coins  
might be our change for bus fare to new towns.

*This poem is an "anti-erasure" that expands on one of Sappho's remaining poetry fragments, using the version from Anne Carson's If Not, Winter: Fragments of Sappho.*