

# Gold Cross Chain

*Dayanara Guzman*

Where did you get it? The one that reflected  
my rosewood lips, draped over  
my face like a rosary and slipped  
in my mouth like communion.

Does sativa still turn your cheeks red  
like the cherry burning in your bowl?  
Does it remind you of mine  
after a hit or two? In the smoke,  
do you picture our faces? Or has  
the haze swiped your mind.

Is that why you resurfaced on my phone? Did  
the look in her eyes remind you of mine?  
Responding to you now just feels like a waste  
for your absence has made my heart stronger.

So, was the grass greener on her side?  
Or is it fading like the ungodly olive  
colored bomber jacket I borrowed one night?  
Is it wrong if you still linger in my mind?