

I'm sorry that you'll love me.

I'm sorry that on our first date

I'll move

(and shift)

uncomfortably in my seat

(the entire time).

And you'll assume it's because I'm bored

(but I won't be)

and want to leave

(but I won't want to).

I'll just be desperately trying to hide

what I'm not ready for you

to see.

I'm sorry that the first time I meet your family

I'll wear long sleeves and pants in the middle of July

(but really cute long sleeves and pants)

and I'll pick at my food

(but won't actually eat it)

and I'll laugh noticeably louder and smile noticeably bigger

(but only noticeable to you).

Because I'll need them to not

look at my skin

and to not

think I look bloated

and to not

know how perpetually preoccupied my mind

really is.

I'm sorry that the first time you tell me you love me

I won't say "I love you too"
(even though I would mean it).
Instead I'll say "are you sure?"
(and I will mean that).

Because how could you?
How could you love someone who gets seduced
by sharp ends and
colorful handles?

I'm sorry that the instant you bend down on one knee
with sweat on your brow
(dripping)
and that big, beautifully stupid smile on your face
(beaming)

I'll be thinking
"how do my scars look from down there?"
"how sharp are the edges on
that diamond?"

I'm sorry that on our wedding day
as you promise me a forever
("Till death do us part...")

I'll stand there
ridden
with guilt
seeing
no such thing.
Because there is no forever
with someone
who loves blades more
than people.

I'm sorry that the first time we make love
when you kiss every inch of my body
(not missing even one)
and your lips brush on the parts of me that are mutilated
(not by accident)

I'll flinch
and stiffen up
and you'll wonder
if you did something wrong.
But it's not you.
It's me.

I promise.

I'm sorry that our daughters
will look at my body and ask
(without hesitation)
"mommy where did those scars come from?"
(with blunt adolescents)

and that I'll look at you
because I won't know what to say
and for some reason
I need you to bear my
cross too.

I'm sorry that sometimes you'll come home to
a locked bathroom door
(our locked bathroom door)
And you'll want to
(so badly)
knock
(loudly)

call out my name
(desperately)
break the door down
(forcefully).
But you won't
(thankfully).

Because you will know
that when the devil
speaks to me
just a little too loud
there's nothing for you
to do.

I'm sorry about the nights when you'll wake up
and won't see my body lying next to yours
("no").
But you will see the scissors missing
("please no")
and hear the shower running
("please God no").

You'll walk to the bathroom
and see
the scissors on the floor
followed by
a trail of stained tissues.
And you'll walk right up to my
shuddering body
on the floor of our shower.
And you will hug me.
And I will cry.

And I will say
"it hurts"
and you will say
"shh"
as the water rushes over both
of us.

I'm sorry that when we're old

and you lay in your hospital bed
(sound asleep)
and I hold your hand
(wide awake)
I will weep
(quietly).

My heart
will sink
and my mind
will be consumed with the realization
that you wasted your life
falling in love with a woman
who turned out to be
just a bunch of broken pieces
that loves
to think about scissors
and hates
to talk about food
and is
always overthinking
and shared
the bed with more than just you.

I will weep because
you deserve better.

You

deserved better.

But today more than anything

I'm sorry that you'll love someone who loves to

hurt themselves.

I'm sorry that the twisted reality of our circumstances will land you in my lap, making you fall in love

with me.

And I'm sorry because at some point, I'll wish

you hadn't.

And I'm sorry because I'll know that there is nothing I could've done

about it

and I'm sorry because there's nothing you could've done

about it.

And I'm sorry that you'll just have to be here

with me.

You'll have to look at my scars

(kiss them goodnight)

rub your thumb over them

(until you don't feel anything anymore)

and look me in the eyes

and say

"baby I love you".

And I'll look you right back in the eyes

and say

"I know, and

I'm sorry".

your apologetic wife