

Misha
Collins

Some
things
I still
can't
tell
you

Poems



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Poems

Misha Collins



Andrews McMeel
PUBLISHING®

For West and Maison,

May you grow happy and strong. You are loved more than any silly book could ever explain.

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Love poems

THE KISS

The longest kisses
Were some of the first.
In high school, we sat on the east lawn hill
By the student center.
There's a picture, me lying on my back,
You straddling me, marking property
On that lawn, in your blazer,
With our friends sunning nearby.

I remember lying face-to-face
Breathing your breaths,
Mouths open, lips joined,
Breathing out as you breathed in.
Our stomachs pressed,
Mine rising as yours receded,
Inhaling to exhaling
Used air.

Did we deprive ourselves of oxygen?
Did we kill brain cells?
Would we have scored higher on the SATs
If we hadn't been so in love?

This morning, decades later, in our ultra-chic kitchen
You disappeared into the living room, saying:
"I'm going to leave you to work out your own bad mood.
I'm not going to wait around for you to take it out on me."
When I couldn't see you anymore,
I called out,

"Don't leave me like that. Be nice before you go."
And you came straight back and leaned down
And kissed me with still, pursed lips,
And we held our mouths together for the longest time
Before peeling back to start our days.

LEG WRESTLERS

I remember getting to know you
As a body in my bed.
I don't mean that way,
Or at least not just that way;
I mean learning to sleep
Next to someone else.
We used to spool the duvet
Around ourselves,
Leaving the other uncovered,
And you'd drool
On my shoulder,
On the pillows,
On anything you could
Get your sleeping lips on.
But the main thing I remember
From sleeping in the
Getting-to-know-you years
Was our war for
Vertical dominance,
Who'd flop their leg on top
And who'd be the
Pinned-down underdog.
In later years, we'd be content
Under or over,
As long as some
Leg-flopping was going on.
I remembered this last night in bed
When my knee crept up the hotel wall,
Looking for you as I tried to sleep.

A MEAL OF BEETS

Last night, we ate beets
Raw and warm, with rice and greens,
An avocado, and a broken head of garlic
In a wooden bowl between us,
Our faces lit by a drooping, half-melted candle.

You said eating like this reminded you of
Our summer in Washington:
All the vegetables, slow and nowhere to go.

Then from your office you brought a note
On one of those torn half-sheets
That you write to me on planes from time to time.
You dropped the folded page beside my plate,
Pinked with beet and a few grains of scattered rice.

I leaned in toward the candle across our table,
To your adoring eyes, and read these words,
Written while you were crying at a window seat.

Now—after seventeen years,
Four cities, shared partners, pregnancy scares,
And so many things that add up to two lives already lived,

Reading your note, at our table, in my voice,
I heard you were ready to accept my love,
Which, of course, changes everything.

THE MOTHER OF LEARNING

“Paftarenya mat oocheniya”

Is Russian for:

“Repetition is the mother of learning.”

There are parts of your body

That I replay in my mind

Like a scratch on a vinyl record,

The needle of my memory

Returning again and again

To the same part of you,

Repeating and repeating

Until your contours are

What I know best,

What I love most.