

## Lonely Monday Evenings

*Ryan Krasnoo*

Some nights, when clouds cover more than just the sky,  
I tear the butterflies out from my ribs and  
rearrange the colors until they look like you.  
Their wings flutter a requiem in the silence,  
so when I close my eyes,  
all I can hear are endless rebirths;  
you and the morning, symmetrical.  
And I am slowly, surely,  
sewing myself back together.