

## tear-jerk

sore tendons cracked asphalt hundreds of years of memories coupled with

five too many giant brown roaches crunching through bitter ink streets you shriek and grab my shoulder

we're running skyward in the sprinklers lifting our heels and plotting our trajectory so the roaches don't scurry up our legs and out our ears

we're falling curling up on worn out foam mattress toppers like lazy cats  
lifting your chin up with two fingers i'll tell you *hey look at the way the bed is caving metal bar bending i think it might be about to crack*

*in two*

your blonde hair drips down your back as we whisper into each other tossing out memories that sizzle like sparklers

fourth grade pizza parties who's picking us up from school today where did your mom park the minivan we never could touch the bottom of the pool even on tiptoes i don't think we even wanted to if we could

we say we'd hate to be so early 2000s again like someone is lying under the bed listening to our tear-jerk confessional biding their time 'til they can remind us that we'll never get

that privilege again

and i think we can touch the bottom of the pool now

## looking for geese

one day when i'm seeing the curves of your smile in every cityscape i'll search  
the surface of every murky lake looking for geese  
praying the flower blossoms their saccharinity will echo your favorite citrus  
candle the splashes of geese paddling in the lake will reverberate  
all those words we peeled off our rib cages folded into paper airplanes  
sent soaring into each other's arms before anyone else could catch them  
and wherever I end up there will always be a goose pond and there will  
always be you rattling around in my heart like old pennies and dryer lint