

Lauren Rebecca Gay

Bodies dragged by ankles on softball fields.

Play catch and piano with your best
friend. Never tell her you love her.
Even though you do and stop being
friends by fifteen.

On the piano
She will play the right hand.
You will play the left hand.

Two gether you are playing. Together.

Separate the title from the face and the
bread from the meat but not the mayo
since that is impossible once spread.

I'm glad but considerate unfortunate
we none of us know how to use the
same words while some of us just
scoff.

You have to consider how they met.

Fate. Always. With faith. A relationship,
not a religion. I think of you. I think of you
sweet and wonder if we'll meet at church
someday.

I'll never come crying.

I'll never show you my scar because you never cared to ask and I know you would have avoided my father's funeral. I think you were in love with him. As I think I was.

Like cotton balls in a mouth stuffed already with marshmallows. I am still in love with you.

Hi. Hi. High is time high in the sky like a

fruit. A sour pink orange in the sky

happy you're so slick to be here. So happy
to see you.

Check your shoes.

Check your nose. Your coat your coat at the door.

Check your wallet as in watch for the pick pocket.

He said

He swore

He had

He had something

something important

I damn well know he said he had something

something terribly horribly important to say

say there, how'd you get here? So happy

happy you made it. We made it. We made it.

We made it. We made it here.

We're here.

Check check check. New new new news:

Do not pay attention to the news:

Else you pay with your life.

Else actually the life of someone else.

Splice spice slice

I pre pre prefer app pp ple pie.

Please apple pie.

Please apples.

Please please me atop the sky scraper. Touch it gently with your toes.