

## Magic Friends

we were like magic friends who couldn't be friends who couldn't be swell'd with a Full.  
my core hollowed out, and dry firewood lining the siding was wasted.  
walking over and walking over your driveway to play friend-pranks that contained minerals and juices  
8 pairs of glass eyes staring over eaten BBQ chicken wings, I am leftover, torn over -  
cry public in a parked car  
all or nothing slides down my stomach pipes that can't sound out the Story.  
screams come delayed for me and Denial lasts past its due date  
white trucks red trucks and red suburbans:  
things hiding under carseats feel warm and have a more resilient comfort  
I miss your fucking hair, you should cut it.  
every piece of dry wood should push through like jenga - open holes  
into and through the house, a cold alien house, I am a returning immigrant,  
becoming stranger strangers and neighbors  
all the links are thinning, not like fly fishing ribbon.  
I could run so fast and punch the plank fence and isolate -  
surge, I gave you a painting, I drove all over  
I fell in the pond and there were no catfish;  
the smell of BBQ chicken and boys wrecks and you are not you /  
magics and tricks are friends with strategies and slips and camping gear.

Sign for 'Sales'

I bought your co-workers Easter M&Ms and cream pops -  
I remember when I 'liked' your friend Rand - that was weird.

Climbing gyms, rules, and abutted talk -  
I didn't miss everyone when I -  
quit stopping by.  
I missed stopping and got held behind.

The podcasts I went inside of got stale  
and history and science and the news became mundane;  
Crackers shelved for weeks got eaten,  
I noticed when I stopped –  
looking at the 'sales' sign.

(I Don't Know If Your Eyes Are Brown or Green)

I had just finished a drawing -  
there was glitter in my blood  
and my eyelashes felt sweeter.

My arms shoelaced over your shoulders -  
you wore the perfect combination of gray and slates and green.  
Your heathered T-shirt mixed into my cotton stripes  
and teleported to my backpack at some point.

I realized I never knew the definition of hazel  
and I don't know if your eyes are brown or green;

Like a yellow lab -  
sometimes, you remind me of George.

We might win the Myers-Briggs compatibility prize -  
Let's tie a balloon to the turtle so we don't lose it.

(Thigh-High Fountains)

I was running, not far  
practicing self-forgiveness  
better at it  
and the sprinklers went off next to the sidewalk -  
each step set a new hose connected to a timed string to unleash  
miniature thigh-high fountains,  
it was a coincidental sync,  
human and mechanic.  
I smiled for miles  
and I must have looked crazy  
in windshields  
and rear view mirrors.  
when I got home I called mom Terry  
and forgot to mention it -  
I intended to describe it -  
but - other topics  
and the moment was archived, remained  
only my own and savory:  
'lone.

(It Was Good to See You Healed)

Like rolling waves  
and I stole that from the band.  
I pushed high school-age kids out of the way  
I emerged to a clear level, relief;  
and it was calm and neutral  
and the yard games and rental cops  
on dirt bikes in cooler air  
- I thought one was a recent friend, Ben -  
accessorized a backdrop quiet and sound.  
Leenda and I were Switzerland  
sealing the cooler of PBRs -  
It was good to see you happy  
It was good to see you healed