

Everything is Holding Your Hand

The plastic knot fixed atop the garbage bag is proof that I had to let go eventually, but lately, I have been clutching onto household items as if I were holding your hand.

I will be brushing my teeth before bed, then look down to find that I have stolen the can opener from the kitchen, then wandered into the bathroom without even noticing.

My index finger will stroke the light switch before giving it a final flick, give the spherical doorknob a lil squeeze, and fictitiously flirt with the kitchen faucet.

The remote control is the worst. I will gently rub my thumb along its rifts and rubber Buttons. I will picture myself telling it soft things like, "Can you believe this is our life?"

In my attempt to ease your absence, I end up completely muting my television show or Altering the input so it no longer displays HDMI 1 but rather HDM1 2 or even worse,

I will accidentally switch to the non-existent cable channel, then get burdened with that static buzzing. Other times, I will roll over in bed and find a bread knife in my white, linen sheets, but

Maybe that's got more to do with why your hand is in need of replacing so I scurry back onto the tile floor and quietly file the silver back into its proper home. Can you believe it? The other

day, I found the fire starter in my left hand while folding laundry. You'd label me your promising pyromaniac like you'd done in the past while killing off my partial ciggy with a

disappointed glare. I am just curious to know if you ever hesitate before setting down your dinner fork, knowing that the second you drop it, she will be waiting for you to pick her it.

The Wrong Crowd

I spend a year in a mosh pit. No, I have
Never seen these guys perform. I am
Drinking a Long Island Set Me Free.
It is a double. It was twenty-three dollars.
I spend a year in a mosh pit. A bunch of dudes
In cut off band tees touch my bum. Don't they
Know the sleeves are missing them?
They want you back, Ryan!
Haven't they always had your back?
You cannot body slam the pain away.
It does not work that way. I spend a year
in a mosh pit. I crowd surf on hands
That later grab me near the tiki bar
Say, it's cool, have another.
I order a vodka red bull shit. He will try
To pull me back in, but I do not go.
Somewhere, someone with sleeves waits
To critique my golf swing.

Girl Seeks Tall, Pillsbury Doughboy

Hey, if you are reading this poem like it is
A nutrition label, deciding if these are the words

Best suited for your digestive system.
What is to be said for comfort.

Sometimes, we make choices
Already accepting the outcome.

I knew you would come out alright.

We can forgo our trip to the gym today, instead
Let's restore our souls in the grocery store.

We will giggle, purchase dough with our new dough
Draw faces in freezer fog. Back at home,

My eager hands will pull you apart, maybe throw
Your bulk on a sheet or two and turn up the heat.

If you come out crisp, I will know it worked.
Love, apparently, is designed to get tough.

Deep and Going Deeper

Rolling, my eyes way back and also are
The wheels to the Ramen house in our

Town. My noodle is shorter than the
Wait for a table. Do not take your hunger

Out on me. Do you like my orange wings,
Maverick? No need to touch. Rolling.

From house to house in the darkening
Streets. The compliant guy likes my tricks.

I reach down for leftover food at the foot
Of our cardboard evening. The waitress

Folded in four brown corners and returned
Me to gravity's center. Two musketeers.

Joy sifts waste-basket blues. Ass squeeze.
This is forever now. In a corn-maze, you

Pocket my scream and save it for later.
In the bedroom, a candle whistles in our winded

Breathe. I am startled by the way you imagine
Me in our material moment. Horizontal twilight.

Vampire teeth glow in your favorite darkness.
We worship the honey moon of our wet tongues.

Treacherous markings from your scorched, moon
landing. We are remembrances. Your flag flies.

Bottles of our delayed responses have been
Drained and emptied. The inside of a jack-o-lantern

darkened by the big, forgotten fire. Each sign
Has stopped short of its transmission. Who receives

our mixed messages? I retreat into your soul.
Then reach through its safety net for a bag of skittles.

One, two, and three fall to the ground and book it
Far from our fingertips, reaching. They keep rolling.

Trying to Move On

Oh steeple in my heart!
Are you wooden or steel?
I have kissed Christ, in fact
he picked me up in his new
Mazda. The new guy that thinks
I am cute is so glad I brought
Back the "checking your fake
Watch joke," but something *still*
Does not sit right with me. The
Other one bought me a fresh
Copy of the book I lent a friend
Who failed to return it. A bright pink
Sticky note atop so I would know what
Passed between us. There is another
Who hands me kaleidoscope goggles
From Silver Dollar City and together
We tongue, sipping in deep gin breaths.
The biscuits are chalky and the gravy's
Consistency is all wrong.

Last night I dreamt of him again.
When he pulled up, along the cement curb,
His car sported a fresh car wash and detailing.
He rolled down its transparency. Looking proud,
He said, I am going to park and *come find you*.