

How to fall in love

By Christopher Wilson

Step 1-

Watch the pretty girl spill lemonade
on the tile floor of a building plagued with asbestos.
Outside it's *packed to the gills* with children screaming in delight.
Children who will command from the cardboard walls of their castle,
and leave waxy grass stains on the knees of their jeans.

The ones with good parents learn how to forgive
while the ones with nice homes forget what hunger feels like.

Take a moment to breathe in the asbestos on the second floor

-inhale-

~exhale~

and for goodness' sake please get some paper towel
to clean up the mess that the kind girl made.

Step 2-

Date other women.

The one who loves Jesus (is she really engaged now?).
The one who cut herself (now a neurosurgeon in the making).

The one you always forget about.
The one with a broken home (she loves Jesus too).

Watch yourself grow into a man with potential but no patience.
You always ace the interview
and listen to what they say.
With delusions of grandeur but no diagnosis.
(You always have been of sound mind).
It's time to stop picking at the spindly red tines of passing afternoons
and invest in the dissonance
that really makes things interesting.

Step 3-

Settle qualms in your consciousness
and allow the crocheted bees that sting only at night
to unravel until they're nothing but
a hamper full of yellow wool and cotton honey.

~Left foot~

-Right foot-

~Left foot~

-Right foot-

Take leisure in mapping out the maze
of shared ideology and love of sweet cherries
that stain your tongue dark red at the end of July.
A July filled with stuffed peppers and skipped stones,
unsaved walking sticks and scared sex.
There's no longer any reason
to hide Friday nights with old friends
or pretend that accolades
precede thoughts of mortality.
Close your eyes on nights when you're still living
to hold hands till your shoulder is sore
and the bed feels smaller
than it actually is.

Step 4-

Watch the beautiful woman trip off the boat
into waves of laughter and summer fun.
We live in the center
of the universe now,
watching eagles and lone ducks spend most of their time
searching for sustenance in different ways.
We breathe and dance together
while we muse over houses
and children yet to be born.
In the future I've promised to hold out
until she is already gone,
but for now
I only want to laugh together
while we watch eagles roost and ducks fly.

