

on being picked last in a game of kickball

looking around, who wouldn't choose the same, surrounded as i am by silken tablecloths
and mahogany trays and ripe dates

kinds of fruit

resting in the sun eating a slightly green banana

reaching blindly into my bag for a [bright orange] clementine and finding a [bright orange] balloon in the intermediate distance, rocking slowly on the floor

or, that time i was eating an apple on the street and walked past another woman eating a banana, and we waved excitedly!

ben franklin

spring forward, fall back. do you think founding father benjamin franklin thought of that when he came up with daylight savings, giggling to himself in the morning, in the window, in the chair, in the nude, during his daily air bath?

that old pervert.

hypnagogia

that thing of missing a step, no! the inverse of that: imagining an extra step and instead stomping your foot down into the unyielding ground, jarring your body so hard that the fog of your thoughts darts back into the strange cage of your flesh, as foreign to it as the mitochondria in your cells or my hand wrapped around your wrist as you open your eyes