

Before I Found You Again on Tinder

Leaving
what was honestly,
a pretty lame party,
we walk together,
talking about nothing I can remember
but interesting enough
to distract us
until we reach the place you sleep,
we stand outside
for an unreasonable amount of time,
a slight drizzle to keep us company
until you ask “do you want to come inside?”, and I do,
and I proceed to count every piece
of Yankees memorabilia that litters your room
and tell you, regrettably, genetically
I’m a Mets fan.
We stand, backs pressed
against the doorway that leads to your bedroom,
dizziness sets in, and I close my eyes,
brace myself against my soon to be
sea-sick mind, and when I look up
you’re leaning in,
exactly what I was waiting for,
just the wrong time, and as Derek Jeter watches,
I lean my head to the right,
and explain to you,
I actually
have a boyfriend tonight.

Antidote for Failing

Be sad for the sake of it,
wear it like a poorly used literary device
thinks it’s subtle, wants to be found.

Be angry for the rage of it,
bend others to your uncompromising will
it’s the only way anything’ll get done around here.

Be resentful for the weight of it,
carry around everything, anyone has ever done to you
something to point to when you drown.

Can I call you in 5 mins?

I hold my sister's disembodied voice,
hanging from the telephone
she recounts her latest realization
I try to be a big sister
from one hundred and thirty-nine miles away
only a 2 ½ hour drive but still stretches a semester,
I sink into the natural pauses in our conversations, moments
she stops to think, to breathe
I lean against the wall hoping
she can feel the weight of my presence,
soft pressure, as I wait for her to find the words.

Skinny Jeans

The way that pants,
freshly removed,
sitting on the floor,
fold into themselves
like an accordion
ready to expand
back over your body
or what's left
after you finish using it.
It's okay
to have a complicated relationship
with skinny jeans,
to enjoy the way they
suck you up,
but mostly how they
spit you back out,
when you want to
crawl back into bed
exhausted and pantless,
you earned it,
spread your hands over
razor ached cellulite skin,
sunburnt, yellowed bruise,

compulsively pick that
ingrown hair
squeeze thighs tight around
a hand
reintroduce yourself to
your own body,
something we can never leave
but still do.
It waits for us,
we're not as patient
we need to be entertained
and validated
the body only needs
to be fed,
but it wouldn't hurt
to rub on lotion
every now and then
as if to say
I see you
maybe I'm wrong,
maybe the body has needs
and I'm just bad at listening
like the boyfriend in a rom-com
interrupting our main character
too many times,
always in succession,
so that when he finally circles back
to ask
What was it you wanted to say?
she just says
Forget it

Chalky Love

I know you're in there, Lazarus, get up
Grab wrinkled jeans from the floor,
Decide if the bed is worth the time to make
Pick your poison: coffee, tea, or breakfast smoothie

Packed with protein powder
Until all you can taste is chalky love,
Cause protein keeps you fuller longer, says her
Wet nose, dog pushed up against the glass,
Joy is watching the bus pass, mad dash
Untied laces leave a trail like,
Bread crumbs on your cheek