

Drunk

I am drunk on 30%-off-after-Valentine's-Day chocolates and I am driving. I am laughing, and I am feeling my legs and my arms and my stomach. I am feeling my heart beat in my chest like a balloon with a rubber band on the end of it—*thump thump thump thump...KEEP THE MOMENTUM.*

I am chewing with my mouth closed and enjoying the feeling of fake meat in my belly. My tongue is happy for me and it covers up the clattering in my head—there is so much clutter that builds up between 4 walls.

I am seeing the past come to me in the form of an old friend. I am seeing it covered in dark facial hair and a dark green jacket, and 2 years felt more like 2 minutes. He says, "Plane tickets to LA are only \$40". I say that I am elated, but I am afraid of flying. I say that I am looking for trouble, but I have French fries in my mouth. I say to myself, inside my fingertips, that I wish I could get into trouble.

Now I am driving past houses with my fingerprints and my footprints and my sweat stuck inside them—smashed into them. Places that made me laugh and cry. I am driving past memories that I will probably forget soon—hopefully forget soon—and talking about them out loud like they are my bones—like they are facts and they are there forever, even if I don't remember them.

And now I am coming down from this night out. I am craving a cigarette and another chocolate. My ceiling fan plays back images, and the nostalgia that comes along with 9th through 12th street makes me dizzy. I am discontent now—in my skin—and I wish I could make laughter bubble in my split ends. I miss the moon shining on my eyelids. I miss the heart break and good feelings that come with it. I miss the restless hands that come after it and my heart beating so fast it could heat me to malleability.

The Valley

A distant portrait of what it's like to watch the rain drip from the sky comes to me as I lay in bed covered in a pile of blankets with my eyes closed and my stomach tied up in a half knot. The plopping sound of midnight flash me back to when the Valley would fill up like a cereal bowl before you drink the last of the milk, and everyone would scream and look out of the window and ask if they could go play in flip flops. Rain boots didn't even exist to me until I was 15 and found out that my eyes could do more damage than the sky could, and that just because somebody risks what they love doesn't mean that it is for you.

I think about how I can't afford to buy new shoes for this new place, but I'm okay with that, because every time my socks get soaked it reminds me that I am from the desert, where you take your shoes off before coming inside because you don't want the sand to get everywhere, and sometimes watering the grass is pointless because the dirt our houses were built on is full of alkaline and nothing grows there anyway, and you have to dust once a week all year round because the smallest grains of dirt are the most sneaky.

All we had were mountains to look at in various shades of blue through the tint of sun glasses and probably a windshield because there is no time to waste when trying to reach air conditioning, but sometimes during the winter there was a slight sparkle of snow at the very top if you squinted your eyes enough.

And when leaving it's like going through a time machine or a portal to a new universe because there is a stretch of highway where there is no radio signal or phone signal or view of flat land, and all you can do is look for the single palm tree at the side of the road, or the pile of sticks that looks like a little man with a gun, or the small spaceship off of Mountain Springs exit, I think, where we stopped once to take photos and I wore black and she wore some shade that I don't remember, but she was beautiful and so was I, but I didn't even know it. And the Valley is beautiful, but I never got to know it that way until it couldn't hurt me anymore.

Eat

Spoonful after spoonful after spoonful
For what?

There is a tomb inside of me.

There is

Decay.

I have seen my mother's stomach grow 5 times.

I looked into the mirror after each one

And I saw less of me.

I saw freckles

Growing into

Holes

And my teeth got more yellow

Even after I stopped smoking

Spoonful after spoonful after spoonful

For who?

I am just empty space

She doesn't know how to

Feed me, anyway

Grogginess

grogginess defined
not by the heaviness of the eye lids

but by desire
feeling perpetually half risen

because of such a necessary distance
and then forgetting what whole feels like

and then forgetting that time passes quickly
but remembering at a very bad moment—

like the halfway point

Heavy

They said,
“Open wide!
Here comes the airplane!”

So, I did.
And now I sit here,
trying to remember how many pounds
of metal I have consumed.

Wondering about
what is weighing me down
and how I can get it out
before grey is all that
I can see

