

Ukulele

there's a rhyme and rhetoric
in the crease between your brows
and your tree bark eyes. my favorite

poem is in the severed scar at the base of
your thumb from running too fast
with your favorite vhs tape.

there's that ukulele on
the corner of your shelf next
to your pile of ticket stubs--

it reminds me of nights when
lifeless limbs outside my window
whispered through the moonlight cracks

but your palms always found my fingers.
a polaroid above your bed
of blurry pine trees makes me

think of when we played with icicles
instead of memorizing physics equations,
and you slid the cold between

your knuckles like wolverine
until you dropped them in sulking snow.
maybe that's why you always

tell stories twice and get hiccups
when you eat cantaloupe: because
flying isn't a superpower.

you always told me that birthmark
on your ankle was shaped like
a roschach splotch, but to me, it's

the enunciation of sign language.
it's the reason i began to
be *italic* when i listened

to your diction and why i
draw BIC pen temporary
tats on my wrists of one-word memoirs

Ukulele

and why i tap my toes to
radio songs that you showed
me before the rest of the

world got a chance.
there's lines in my eyes and fear
in my toes but in the hem

of your gaze is a seam sewn strong
enough to memorize myology,
then sculpt their sincere histories.

you are my basket of cliches
and all of my letters seem
overused like my smile

but I'm desperate to teach the translations
of your instruments and hiccups.