

What I think I'd like to say

The skull claps open—
a misplaced comma,
a misplaced mattress.
To steal a coat—
to wake up on a highway
barrier in Barcelona,
or a beach in Barcelona,
or a taxi in Barcelona,
or a hotel in Barcelona,
or, just, forget Barcelona—
to douse us all in chocolate
& not *nata*—to drink more
than two glasses of wine
a day, or gin, or more than
four glasses a day—gin,
snippy like we all are, sweet
with juice, sweet
with cucumber—
to embrace, but always
devour—to regenerate
old daydreams—what
novae do. In the silence
of a tent in the woods
after prom, her leg wraps
around his into a question
mark, & I believe it.

— Jesse Damiani