

Boys & Girls in America, They Have Such A Sad Time Together

I remember the two of us sitting on the steps of Penn Station, deliciously burning in the sun and watching a long row of American flags hanging from the buildings across the street ripple in the breeze. There were yellow taxicabs and harried travelers, pavements jam-packed with people. But to me, you were the only person in the world.
We will always have New York.

But I don't always have you. You don't always have me. I left, and you left, and I don't know who really left first. We did not discuss it. I said 'Merry Christmas' when I meant 'Good-bye', and I did not clarify. And I did not speak to you again. We were already too far apart. You can travel miles and miles on a cramped bus to New York. I can navigate crowded streets, dodgy traffic, and clogged subways to get to you. There are hours of our lives gone forever in the pursuit of finding each other. But it wasn't me you were really looking for. It was an antidote. I regret to say that no person can be the antidote.

She told me to not love boys with blue-stained emotions. They will break your heart and they will not let you fix theirs. I have been running from a hurricane of sadness for five years now, but you open your arms and allow it to sweep you away. I wish I could color you gold and make you smile forever. I wish you would let me. I cannot teach you how to find the Sun though. You'll have to find it for yourself. But I remember walking through the Bronx and I remember you stopping me, to kiss me, every few steps. You grinned so big and said *I'm so happy. I'm so happy right now.*

And I fiercely wish you could be so happy always.

I always thought I would give you up because I did not Love you anymore. That has not turned out to be the case. You asked me to be emotionally honest with you because there are three stone walls between my emotions and the world, and you'd only gotten past two. You did not realize that you were already a member of an extremely small, privileged group of the population. You did not realize that you knew me more than most, that I would have told you almost anything, if you had only asked. There was only one thing I believed you absolutely could not know:

The Fact that I Love You.

She told me that you and I make sense when she sees us together. She told me that in a parallel universe, we would have been perfect, you and I. And I miss that parallel universe. And I miss you. And I remember when you told me that you think I am the nicest person, and you don't understand how anyone was so mean to me - how could anyone be mean to me? Yet, without consideration, you did the meanest thing anyone has ever done.
You are the one who broke my heart.

But I won't always have you. You won't always have me. It does not matter who left first; we have both disappeared from each other. I still hope that, when they play that song you know I love at the coffee shop you frequent, you think of me, like you did before. You're the one with the bad memory though; I'm the one who remembers everything. It's a typical consequence of this sort of thing, but I cannot go to Herald Square, or look at a Degas painting, or even wash

my hair with that shampoo. Why did you have to steal my shampoo?? I don't want to disappear from your head because it is not fair. I know you won't disappear from mine. You are forever in my memory, pressed in gold.

I remember the two of us sitting on the steps of Penn Station, and I choose that memory over the one of me walking away without you. She teased me when you left, asking if I begged you, "*Please don't go back to Boston! I Love you forever!*" But I won't Love you forever; I couldn't possibly. Yet, I still hated the guard who kicked us off the steps and made me say good-bye to you. I still let you back into my life every time, even after I made thirty resolutions within four years that I wouldn't care for you anymore. I still looked over my shoulder at you the last time I left you at the bus station, the last time I saw you, the last time I hugged you good-bye. We have come to the conclusion, she and I, that I might stop Loving you one day. And then the world will probably end.

I suppose that what I am trying to say is this:
I Love you,
but I guess,
Nevermind.

Sunlight Streaming Through Slots in My Window Blinds: 7am on a Sunday

- I. She discovered that the spiraling
of sirens outside her window sings her
to sleep better than 'Toralora' ever could.
- II. The frost settles into her bones and
her skin groans to settle around it, knowing
she must host it for the next six months.
- III. He is 6'4 and extends his hand to her through
the crowd, ensuring she will never end up like
her little girl in a grocery store past: Lost.
- IV. There is an explosion of deep red blood
swirling. Tradition says that this symbolizes
life, and so she watches as it all goes.
- V. She doesn't tell them where she is going,
but if she pays her train fare with cash she
can change her name and expunge her past.
- VI. The needle pierced her skin and he winced.
She went sailing into his long arms when the
D train lurched and he held her steady.
- VII. But she ties a pretty blue ribbon in her
hair, puts on a boy's favorite jacket, and
buys a bus ticket for her trip up North.
- VIII. My knees are still bruised from
the night I fell in Love with you.

You're Missing to Me

I watch my mother's fingers,
floury and flying,
rolling the dough and taking
the blade to cut strips
of pasta.

The kitchen counter is covered
in mounds of chopped apples,
round, red, ripe tomatoes,
and piles of soft, sliced
onion and garlic.

I pinch the freshly washed basil,
jewels of water stuck in the creases,
and lift the leaves to my nose,
inhaling the sweet scent of sunshine
and summer.

I close my eyes and transport
Back to You.

~

The White Roses
would not have been as
Beautiful
if they'd been given by anyone else.
The hand wrapped around
my wrist
would not have mattered if it
belonged to anybody else.

But
did you feel my pulse quicken
beneath your fingertips?
Time Passes.
I found the greatest gift I
ever received
nestled between the covers of a thin
volume of poetry
and it was you who gave those
heartbreaking words of beauty
to me.

And so at precisely 1:23 am,
you,
though long gone,
teach me yet another new thing
as the ink of those verses
invades my bloodstream,
makes my heart tremble,

splits open my chest,
and stains my cheeks.

~

Back in the city
the pulse of the traffic rattles
the dishes on the shelf
and composes a new score to
My Life.

One that drowns out
any love song you ever played me.
The frosty air is bitter
and ices over my bones.

I like the bite.

I keep my windows open
and watch as the winter wind
sweeps you

Away.

Welcome to Americana, Love

- I. I have just eaten an entire pizza by myself
because I am a machine.
And Grease is the Anthem of the teenage diet.

My sister is locked in her bedroom, talking to Siri,
while my brother drinks beer and watches *Southpark*.

My pinky, my outer wrist, they are smeared over
purple, bruised by the ink that comes
from my inability to capture you on a page.

Because my skull is full of emotions and images,
but they do not bleed out from the tip of this pen.

- II. I have just been blinded by sparking, woozy smoke
that sticks to my fingertips
and nestles in the cracks of the glass asphalt mosaic.

There is a windshield filled with bloody spider webs.
And I wish you'd come pick me up off the sidewalk.

Under my fingers, my knees, my hipbones there are
pools of purple ink that won't wash with hand soap.
Hematomas, not scrubbed clean no matter how I try.

Because metal should last and you say I'm a glass doll,
but my engine lives on while the steel lies in fragments.

- III. I have been lying on ivory sheets for hours
because I am a closet insomniac.
And it's three' o'clock now and I'm all-alone.

I wonder why we let so many wants slip through fingers
because we feel we shouldn't have what we want most?

Through telephone wires, blue glowing screens, you could
talk me to sleep, keep me company, and fill this
empty room. But I won't call like I want, though you

spin the best stories my mind's ever seen and they
permeate my dreams as you whisper through the phone.

- IV. I have been thinking about the afternoon we met
because you shook my hand

and looked at me like I really was something.

The American city with its fast food, fast cars, fast pace
and look at where it's gotten us in just eighteen years.

So I can't quite voice what's gone on in my mind but
you always understood what's in my eyes, looking at
me under red lights. And I need one last answer from you:

If you do one thing before you go from here, can
you please tell me what's gonna stop me being so lonely?

The First Stage of Grief

Molly sits in a green plastic chair, staring at the bugs that flicker in and out inside fluorescent lights. Lights that make everyone look sallow, sick, deathly. Lights that fool everyone into thinking they belong here. Even those stupid bugs who are so attracted to things that shine that they reject the precious life that's left in them.

All the women with the plastic smiles say Virginia would be so happy that Molly came to see her. And do tell, how exactly is Virginia happy to know Molly is here of the Molly in question is always sitting in the evil, hard, merciless, green plastic chair in the Waiting Room? And how can Virginia feel anything when the Virginia in question is always asleep? The adults say that she may always sleep and, if that's the case, we must accept that it was "her time". But Molly saw Virginia, just once, late at night when the young receptionist was generous enough to break the rules, and Molly knows that the adults are wrong. It is not Virginia's time. Because though her skin was mottled blue and purple and red, one day it will be soft and golden again. And despite the wounds and slices on her cheeks and eyebrows, her hair still falls softly around her shoulders like glittering threads of sunlight fallen from the September sky. She is Sleeping Beauty and the adults are wrong because Sleeping Beauty did not sleep forever. Even Sleeping Beauty woke up.

Molly knows that Virginia will wake because otherwise the earth will just stop. That's not her being overdramatic; it's really logical you see. For as long as Hades keeps his promise to Persephone, Virginia must stay. Molly knows she is the winter, the darkness, the cynicism, the sarcasm, the worry. But Persephone was allowed to return to earth and so too must Virginia. Because Virginia is the summer, the sunshine, the positivity, the laughter, the joy. Molly needs Virginia to give her courage, to give her friendship and sisterhood, to give her confidence, to give her love. In fact, maybe Molly should have given more in return before they found Virginia in a mess of steel and rubber and glass on the pavement. But it's not too late to change because the adults are wrong. Winter and Summer, Molly and Virginia, they cannot exist separately. They were born together; twins are not meant to be broken apart. Not then, not now, not ever.

Molly kicks back the horrid green plastic chair and pushes back beyond the women with the ugly plastic smiles. She storms into the blinding defeat of Virginia's white-sheeted prison and beholds the flurry of ivory coats and hands and tubes and masks and wires.

Molly shakes her head. No. The adults are all wrong. No. It's not "her time"; Virginia's not finished yet. No. Persephone must return to the earth. No. Even Sleeping Beauty woke up.

No.

That heart monitor is a lie.

Red Lipstick, Lost Keys, and the Imprint of a Hand

The streets of Chelsea skipped us
over streams of methamphetamines
and hurtled us through chokeholds
as we spiraled down the underground.
3 hours, downtown, uptown, to Flushing
and back where you spill your secrets
and we express the most in the
words we don't say.

HeloveshelSheloveshimHeloveshelIlovehimIloveher
You & I are the loose ends of the equation.
The Remainders.

The ones who spend 3 hours underground
to learn Coney Island isn't a giant
ice-cream cone
and penguins are devious little shits
and we better run down the hill
and slide over the neon lights
because he's coming for us
everyone's coming for us
except the ones we want most.

Pabst Blue Ribbon on Ice

“What color are your eyes?”

Tap my inner wrist
Square your shoulders to mine
And let the staring contest
Begin

How long can this last?
The interlocking gaze of your
Deep brown eyes? I hope
Forever

I wish I could save you from
the darkness in your eyes because
the Malibu hasn't quite done
the trick

I wish you could save me from
the fragileness of my wrists because
the Fireball hasn't quite done
the job

Your face so close to mine
and I have never felt so beautiful
with red-rimmed eyes, and the
loose slip

of white cloth on my ribcage
just above the heat of your fingers
and the steady way you are looking
at me

I wish to understand the
pitfalls of your mind but they
are too deep for me to cross
tonight

I wish to soothe the
perfect sadness in your eyes and
I wonder what have we done to
ourselves?

Suddenly your eyes spark

and a slow grin spreads like a secret
shared just between you, me, & the
loveseat.

You break, I win and
I cannot help but smile
when you make that face
at me

You answer with your discovery
and right there I could kiss you.
In front of all our friends I could
Kiss you

Triumphantly you declare:
“Blue.”