

THAW

on sunday

a blue wolf showed up at your door and you

wouldn't let her in. she took it in stride,

and you told her

about your daddy's drinking problem and how instead of getting out of bed

that day you watched scandal on netflix & cried at every episode,

and about the people you miss

that do not miss you back. the wolf said: *sweet baby*,

and padded away.

on monday you shoplift two lipsticks, one called

persistence and one called *tulip*.

at night the moon rocks everything in your room onto the floor and

when you wake up on tuesday your eyes are sore.

it takes you three tries to make the right change at the convenience store

and the sandwich you buy tastes like old apple. you feed it to a seagull

that bobs its head at you in french.

wednesday you lie in bed making your body light up

in different places like a litebrite, thinking about

when you were little enough

to make your body into a boat in the bathtub,

racing from one side to the other making

artificial waves, making gentle

currents. now the currents are electric

and you want to use your body

as a different kind of playground. the kind

that requires more than one person to build.

thursday you see a stranger on the street with trustworthy hands

and you can imagine spending the rest of your life with them.

you watch the weather channel for hours, you sing

while you make pasta. by friday you've got three empty wine bottles

standing on your kitchen counter like

nutcrackers: you stick a candle in each and consider calling

your internet service provider, chat about

what movies are out, or what you're both

afraid of.

you mean to get up early

on saturday but you stay in bed

past noon: drink cold leftover coffee, wander

around your house like you can't remember what you're

looking for. the stupid groundhog says that the weather will hold so you

go for a walk in your yellow rainboots you bought because

alfie had them. you kick slush around and talk

to a pretend dog you'll have and walk someday.

heel, you tell him.

you try out names: heel, cerberus. heel, gerbera. come on, goodie.

at home you order chinese food and stack the white styrofoam
into a pyramid. you watch reality television where the lady with
small fingers bursts into tears and wails that she doesn't *want*
to get married at all, not really! and you feel very sorry for her and
fall asleep on your couch.

on sunday, the wolf comes back,

and you forgot to lock the door.

she jumps up onto your couch, almost spilling your coffee.

she watches you look out the window, and she starts

to braid your hair with her teeth.

she is very careful. you both are.