

Why My Roommate and I Don't Go to the Beach in December Anymore

because night fishing took language in a baby shark
 silent in the soft of my palm like pain was the rosary
 of sweat on my neck. we tossed it back, neither
of us could stomach taking away it's
 fighting chance. Our breath hung mid air &
 the flashlights hooked to our hips strobed around
the twitching dock as we waited & she
 went on about a boy who bought her cherry
 sprite that summer & was now working on a novel
he called "epic," & hadn't called back,
 to which my roommate asked why she still thought
 some good about him. i want to hold the answer
behind my back like the world's best red balloon
 dog. instead i say "things could be worse:"
 chris pratt walks into a bar & flirts with everyone
but you, indoor voices all the time, a variegated
 cat limping back home after new year's eve.
 what i'm really trying to say is that our distance
from the world is troubling. that this poem is as
 important as the long list of applebee's bathrooms
 i've ever cried in. we should've left. should've ran
back to the house & kicked open every door
 that led forward, but we spooned our hooks
 into the baby shark & reeled it in over & over
again because we were beginning
 to understand the interruption of time,
 the waiting, the way we are stitched out of our

environment & tossed back in.