

*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.