

# The Things You Don't Have

Jason Parry

You don't have skin like a basketball or  
farts that smell like broccoli or  
rosie cheeks like Santa Clause or  
clown lipstick like "the crazy woman next door," and

you don't have a collection of multi-colored bendy straws or  
desire to waste your life on mutable things or  
passive aggressive conversations or  
shifting eye contact with your Caribbean blue eyes and

you don't have to tell me you love me or  
that we should travel the world together or  
your dreams of being tetra-lingual or  
an apology when we're stressed and left crying in the dark while

cheers of drunkards vibrate through the concrete and  
the smell of smoke stains my clothes from the night before and  
we are sick of all the food in the area, nothing sounds good and  
we fail at all our goals our ambitions and are only left with each other.

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**Jason Parry** is a senior in Literature and minoring in Biology. He tries to go to a random new place at least once a year. He hopes to someday win the World Beard and Mustache Championship. He's working with Ames artists to get the local poetry slam scene going again. His non-fiction is also featured in this issue of Sketch.