

Kruger

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the day is heavy with rain that won't fall.
i want to lay on your car and scratch love poems into it
with the key to mine
with a safety pin, unsafe.
i want to lay in the grass until it grows over me
until somebody wonders where i went
i want to go find you, knock on your door
lie that i've been having dreams of you in pain
and i just wanted to make sure...

but it's far too late for that.
i should have knocked on wood
when i realized
i hadn't spoken to you in almost a year,
and that you'd finally faded from my dreams a while ago
because now
i see you smiling at me each night
with eyes and hair deep and smooth like hot coffee
which beckons to me
reaches its warmth to my face saying
it won't burn for long.

this place awake is a wasteland
of mud and sticks and footprints
and me in the rhythm of the pavement,
me in the diverted eyes of passers-by,
me in the splintered sky...
and any glance of you is the exotic prick
of a cactus
the shock of paddles to an already beating heart
which stops
the stick of a needle feeding me terrible rapture
but today
your parked car won't even look my way,

and afterward my boredom
a safety pin, unsafe,
pressed to my isolated finger
with bright bold letters
"thinking of you."