

Acceptance

Unafraid of rejection, I send packets of poems
into far fields to accept their boomerangs,
but it is another sunny Saturday I am spending
alone, too muddled to text Rob, Kaili, Kendra,
or Christina. Majestic clouds beckoned
today, drinking Burning Rivers in the cold
light of the oncoming sunset, wind whistling
through my head. My go-to guys have moved,
Kurt and Evan and Deric, and they lived close,
unlike my high school: a thirty-five-minute
drive, all my friends a distance, the way my
brain's magnetic fields oppose the whimsy
of my heart, and I feel the fissure across
this small city, five years now, wishing
for a bridge, how this uneven gap
between myself and self-acceptance
keeps me at home and isolated.

Slop Sink

Larry says, *elevator broke because we blocked
a slop sink, let chemicals eat pipe that helped*

*it when we built that fake staircase on our
restaurant set, its guts spilling and fizzing*

over panel. When I tell the broker, my boss yells,
you should have confirmed! It was a slow

drip that caused the pipe to burst! As if
we have time to collect enough of ourselves

in these mountainous days I climb with lies
to survive, now weeks, months in these lamp-

lit hives. Everything must drain, but how
do I keep my walls clean for years

of muck, mold, and grime?

The God Between Us

Not here, in our heat. Where I
hold my heart in my hands. And
ponder pure clouds, wanting
us above the world— you say you love
God more than you love me. *That's that.*
And the sand dissipates between
my fingers. The throbbing
in my mind a sharp stone. A triangle
I thought was a symbol.
An arrow. Leading up to
something holy, you let
me float away.

Free Boba Tea

at the blood bank
without your sister

the weight room
without your strength

at North Market
without money

the soft spheres
in this tea

go down
easy

which is unlike
me

Goodminton

playing in the back
yard, your hair in a bun

green grass ahead of the carriage house
& the orbweaver does good work

spitting web
across our table. we will return

the charity this evening tour
all four floors. the kitten

lives on each, simultaneously,
doing the good work

of batting affection,
a shuttlecock through space

lifted from the ground
when our rackets miss