

Tangerine Fingernails

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Abstract—(screaming loudly behind the wheel of a 2002 Toyota Camry in Tucson) I KNOW WHAT LOVE FEELS LIKE, I KNOW WHAT LOVE FEELS LIKE, I KNOW WHAT LOVE FEELS LIKE. (clasped hands across a booth in Brooklyn and a long hug before leaving at the station)

Index Terms—taking, space

FISH, BIRDS

Down at the reservoir, sometimes I'd cast my line into the tree. Tangled, messy plastic and a bright red and white bobber. I thought it was a mistake, then. But now, I know that I must have been fishing for birds.

CAR TIME

I'll pretend it's snowing.
Midnight,
I'll blast the heat
Feet on the dash
And close my eyes.
Scream along to Snail Mail
And pretend that the seasons still exist.

I.

This month. This month was full of craters.