IN WHICH TIME DEMANDS ITS SHIT BACK

Cavar

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I am in the passenger seat
Of the white old car
Of the best friend I once loved
And still, on occasion
Bump foreheads
And we are driving, or rather, they are driving
Home, or rather, their home, and first,
Wendy’s, which also counts,
Doing sixty-five in a sixty-five and belting
To the aughts we did not share with
Each other, or anyone,
But razors and holes and insects
In the walls and the greenbrown creep
of mold amidst the shower-spouts
And as potential breakup song arrives
They turn to me, and I am screaming
Like a little girl and I am saying “all it takes
To make me apeshit is some aly and aj!”
And they say “Sarah,” my private name,
my little-girl name, “Sarah,” they say,
“You know I go apeshit for so much less”
But see, I am already singing
Along more loudly than I have sung in years
Since the voice outgrew
My diaphragm. Did you get that?!
Let me repeat that!
I want my shit back!
And recall I spent the lyrics
Hating slim and straight-
Haired girls for calling me
The dyke I was, in many words and many
Sidelong glances, euphemized
And I urned to a lover
who is also my friend,
A bluelit flame, uncensoring
The driver’s seat,
And we are grown-ups in the together of wanting
our shit shit shit back