

Legend

I think of you often. I see dead birds when I walk the dog. Tire-portioned bluejays and cardinals.
I don't live in the city, but I live close to the city. Roosters screech into each damp morning, full
Of life. When we went to the river with everyone, you wore those shoes with the individual toes.
I was feeling insecure in my "bathing suit" so I decided to swim across the dirty river to prove I was a man
Or something. Even though you and everyone else called me he, I believed in my girlhood as a soldier
believes in war. The water was choppy and brown. I wore a sports bra and that played over and over
In my head as I swam. *Sports bra, sports bra*. I came up and turned around. I looked for you.
You should've known better. Back then, I said things like "I don't believe in straight people," but
That wasn't the issue. What to make of it? We wade into small rapids. You dare me to catch a crayfish,
But you're not looking when I pinch his hard skeleton between my thumb and forefinger.

Your wife on the phone. The hem of your shirt in your pink mouth.