

*to the girl who stole my tupperware for two weeks*

i remember  
cherry popsicle  
dripping  
down my face  
in my childhood  
driveway  
and how my  
mother loved  
the poem i  
wrote about it

it reminds me  
of when you  
looked me up  
and down  
and told me  
you're happy  
to be alive

i have never  
wanted to  
kiss someone  
as much as i  
wanted to kiss  
you in that  
moment

it was like  
i was  
7 and 12 and 20  
all at once

scraping my knee  
on the fountain  
in my backyard

standing on the  
dance floor, "closer"  
playing too loud

sitting in your  
passenger seat,  
eyes closed

the three girls

inside me all  
having that  
realization at  
the same time

i want to make  
you laugh in my  
childhood driveway

i have never  
been as  
happy to be  
alive  
as i was  
back then  
except when you  
look me  
up and down  
like that