

how i saw you sail

by Amanda Deo

The first thing we need to get straight is the weight of your insides. I'd say ten or twenty pounds. Maybe more over the years. If I opened you up and took them out and weighed them at the counter I would have to walk away without paying. I had a friend in high school that wore a size G bra and we would take guesses on how much her tits weighed in comparison to the rest of her body. I spent a night wondering how she kept upright. A few more nights thinking about how she'd find a mouth big enough. I had a chance to open you up once. We were drunk and I put my hand inside your sweater and scratched the inside of your chest. I thought I scratched deep enough to cut you but you kept holding onto me like a buoy so I forgot about the measurements.

The second thing is that I've heard you howl over Lake Ontario. There are beautiful boats that sail by with your face on them. The faces are all different but they are all yours. I decided it's not fun to see you this often. The boat with the arching frown bothers me the most. If I make a wish it sinks on top of your wife. I believed you when you swore to god and on your kids' lives that you could hold an erection for more than four minutes.

