

# 77 Words About Nothing (Tangled)

*by* Anthony Van Hart

We laughed along the way -  
brushing our sleeves against one another's.  
I asked silly questions —  
but was only curious -  
Did you like flowers?  
Did you love me?

It was a crash course  
that only tangled us in the weeds.  
You carved my initials into your inner thigh  
with a jagged stem -  
not being careful or cautious of your artery,  
you shielded me from your actions and  
the tears that clung to the corners of your mouth.  
Smiling.

