

A Night in the Trailer of the Headlining Band

by Emily Sparkles

My bandmate and I
met our favorite band.
He told us to meet up after the show.

We waited.
He joined us.
We talked.

About books,
and teaching,
and relationships.

I charged my phone.
I didn't ask for a picture.
He passed out generous slices
of Game of Thrones birthday cake.

I told myself the conversation was enlightening.
She talked on and on, nerves showing.
He complimented our supportive friendship.

His eyes wandered and I wondered
why he was breaking the stereotype.
Grateful, intrigued, and only disappointed
in the quality of conversation.

I talked less and less.
He wasn't on my level.
She couldn't stay on topic.

All 3 phones lighting up,
time to go, time to part.

He gave me an unopened jar of jam.
His email address,
a walk home,
and a hug.

