

abra

by Glynnis Eldridge

Cars like sardines
Fell asleep keggling
Woke up to Jane Goodall at 3 pm
Of all the shit I have to do
I get nocturnal every year
She touches the back of his head
She is afraid of open air food
She catches a glimpse of a bulge
She looks back
Nudges arugula onto the floor
Wonders how everyone else arrived here but doesn't ask
With the coffee her mouth turns sour
Huddles with the pre ripe things
Tries to wake up and gets dizzy
A face hidden in face
She puts a knife in her ear
Midtown is boring I don't wanna stay in midtown he says
She screams
Liam says it's fine
What about Silvia? With an eye? The girlfriend of that guy on our
team and she yells at him to spell her name. With an I or an e? Lia?
Lea? Silvea? Silvia?
Drunk on the train together as one big family
Smells like wet leather and leans to his right against my left
Against my right he leans with backpack and suitcase
Clinging to your features to find you in other people
His nose with me on the subway
His hair with me at school
His slouch down every hallway and his department blooming up the
block
Everyone kisses
Everyone is kissing

What about tomorrow
Means nothing through the game
He removes his shoes to wade through the rubble to get to the
ocean
The half friend with weighted eyes
She asked for a sweater and the secret names and every morning
hour
He says tuck yourself in and keep warm
Try sleeping in rubble
Try
Two pills
He reclines in fear
Did you chew correctly
It is like we never met
He commits to the idea forever
We both wake up screaming
She denies her existence
I ball the foil
She braids her hair
Polishes the horn
Keeps all words in secret
The twisting of nonfiction
I look at you and you're so mysterious and I'm not mysterious
An open brain
He still speaks French
The scalp
The hole
He cries
She says I love you
He asks her to stay
She grips his hand
She wipes his blood on her forehead
She rinses it down the drain
Sticks to familiar faces
Could be anyone

They all eat sandwiches
They wave
I miss him
They fuck in the tall grass
He meets the queen
She meets the queen
He fucks her
She is ten
He is 30
Does she say a word
She does not
They marry
The crime of silence
Inside the single room there is only dirt
They tear each other down the middle
They don't look in eyes
They stutter
They change course
She offers a cigarette to the child
Do not call me by the nickname you know
Are they reunited
Will be reunited
He imagines me as her
I come home to the kitchen on fire
No water in the kettle
No people inside
Do you know how
She pulls him back
Pathetic magic
The woman with the baby carriage
She waves her hand over the relationship
Says hocus pocus here we are
Now they're immune
She says it stupidly
I am very very sorry

I am very very sorry
I will go away forever
She palms the back of his head
You don't know me
You say so much like you might want to
She is aggressive with nail polish and music but pauses halfway
through to murmur to herself
She doesn't know why she sings
This isn't a good song anyway
She says to the audience
And you know it just keeps going like that and that's the song so I
hope you liked it
Even at a very young age couldn't see the point in repetition
Remembers the palm is more sensitive than the other side of the
hand
She palms the metal to fight infection fever
Goes to the dentist anyway
Should have stayed on the slow local
He dances on the platform in a way he thinks is subtle
He spreads his legs and waddles in place
Tugs his hat and pouts
Stares at me and the incoming train
You can turn my lights out
You love me like
The train pulls out and he is gone
That first summer after that fight after I cried when the condom
broke but you said so? and this isn't working but here if you want
you can wear my favorite sweatshirt and you walked me to the train
(and kissed me goodbye) another man approached me to say love
doesn't last forever / was that your boyfriend / I said something
about tenses and lied about being together longer than we had (3
years not 3 weeks) and he gave me his number "just in case"
The subtle bass
They board in expensive recycled graduation gowns

What if:

- spinal meningitis
- flu
- Strep
- Need braces again?
- Dangling booger?

The conductor comes in over the loud speaker to say aargh
I hate how visitors walk here
I want to live in my hometown
She looks longingly at the very double chinned man
He stops calling
Says goodnight
I wake up thinking my brother is gay
My room is a mess
No wonder

