

Boy In

by J. Michael Wahlgren

If it were certainly trouble
The light would shine through a bubble---

I add the s, a “must confess”
If I'm blowing you up with anger. Do deliver

high fives, or two fingers towards the sky
The rest in a depression (the little blues)

Will do. To carry you on my arms, McKenna.
You're an actress in any black and white

world. The notes. The totes. The fights,
Nights alone whispering to yourself to keep

A secret from my tenants. I puncture
our balloons. I do a dance in a frenzy

We're making love in a hurry. Stay warm, Do
well. Be good, sever your ties without the worn out.

