

Hey Jude

by J.L.

He tells me it's weird I always sit with one leg tucked underneath me, and that I'm a bad driver who's going to kill us both. I laugh too loud cause the world looks good that way and for a minute we both make funny sounds just to exercise our vocal cords and see how close we can come to the line without crossing. After the library we switch seats and he drives for groceries while I pretend my hand is in flight out the window. We stop again, for fruit and milk and other things, and on the way back to the car he holds my hand and I skip for a step before kissing his shoulder. I sing 'Hey Jude' for the eight-hundredth time because it's stuck in my head and I've started to replace the lyrics with other words that make no sense but almost rhyme so they're like a game. We wonder if there really are reptilians from space pretending to be humans and if it's illegal to hold a topless picnic in a neighborhood because someone said they did and he doesn't believe it. Neither do I.

Na na na, na-na na na

Na-na na na, hey Jude...

