

# Dreamphone Sleepover

*by* Kirsty Logan

oh *gahd*, not *Josh* says Cassie with her  
throat tilted just right and her glass angled  
to spill. we all shuffle our boy-cards because  
it's late and Josh is the hot one. Cassie cradles  
the loaf-sized phone — pinker than any girl —  
and dials. he's not wearing a hat says the phone  
and we all scratch our pencils on the boy-list.  
we played this game before we had tits or spots  
or periods or stretchmarks or hangovers. now  
we've had them for so long we need the game  
to be those girls again. a handful of girls to a  
fistful of women and really what's changed?  
we drink harder and compare one another's  
dark roots. you're right says the phone.  
I like you. Cassie giggles into her empty glass.  
we crumple our lists. the boys  
always choose Cassie.

