

77 Words About Last Night

by Michael Seidel

Mom poisoned my sleep with sweets. She couldn't have poisoned me *in* my sleep because the sugar, two courses of it, kept me up. And because she loves me too much.

Blacked-out out on junk, I bet money on a sport I hated just last year. My dad, in a text after he won, said, "Booyah!"

Why am I how I am?

I think again of desserts and having my face rubbed in loss, just for fun.

