

# Slightly Broken Sonnet

*by* Parker Tettleton

It's late it's early love you  
fuck me the difference is  
in the garage boxes sit

behind me in the trunk  
like passengers beside me  
like pedestrians in front

of me I choose our direction  
what stays what comes what  
is what and how did I end up

in the garage in the first place  
in the first place I love you  
or did or didn't or still do or

still don't still listen to this  
engine doesn't it remind you  
of something?

