

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?

