

I. the brown beaded ring
your mother gave you—rather
you stole from her box of
life

before children. Jewelry big enough
to forget fine lines
growing around her smile
the fungus suffocating itself
around a tree

“you lost it,” she says, like
you lose
things—rather
don’t stays yours

all
things

II. the refrigerator door open
starts beeping
your heart lies frozen
in an ice-cube mold, waiting
for the warmth of a hand to thaw it
even if from the one who put it there
It’s light hitting you
from a break of cloud; we’re all just
aren’t we?

girls

III. the breakfast you ate yesterday morning
did i devour all things good? No, a muffin.
Chocolate chips going down my throat
past wisdom teeth meant to be taken
out 2 years ago but I-

forgot

IV. what you were about to say
Huh? my friend worries
Probably nothing important, I worry back
The train you two are taking to Long Branch
is a noun, becomes a verb

Voices blend into people,
places, or things
The 'not important' infused with engine gas
Everything is important, you know this

V. Snow's sweet crunch

Snow-white snow beneath your feet
stomp, crunch, stomp, crunch
below you. I've heard this sound
before, this time it's not bones
Maybe when God looks at me
he doesn't see a breaking

VI. All this time,

you're half human, half monster,
all girl. Of all things
never forget that

-AlyssaMR