

Um, lovingly

I've fallen in love with my best friend, and I've developed this stutter. All my words are blunted by my recent phantasmoplasty, once they figured the love was a bit wobbly, and I mean in a "disruptive to consensus reality" kind of way.

When I think of him, the tealeaves squad up into the following pictographs:

*The moon being spooned its dinner while in a cage*  
*Reaching into a bag of Doritos and pulling out broken glass*  
*Counting all the dead cats in the river on my way to Yellow Flower Café*  
*—the puppies there are a bit too somnambulant, the open sky rice*  
*paddies a bit too performative*

When I think of her, I'm assaulted by preemptive beauty before I get the words out:

*A shooting star tears the sky when no one's looking*  
*The shattered giantess burns off her curse with copal*  
*The wispy tail of a ghost peeks out under Christopher Robin's shorts*  
*—he smokes Marlboros now*

I feel like the entire world is on the verge of a kiss, but we flinch thinking about the consequences of that kiss, as if we could never fathom falling in love for someone else's sake.