A Drunk Girl Who Dreams

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2007/iss2/6
I think of all the liquor.
Strong. Sweet -
That seeps from me when I'm awake.
Lift my chin up.
Hold back what I cannot fake.

I saw your figure in a field. Like a fairytale far away.
We don't speak for months.
Get smashed.
Call.
Say what we never say.

There was a girl at the bar tonight.
She was you, but only from behind.
I wanted to walk her home.
Follow a liquored curve
That in the sunlight is just a line.
But I landed back in bed
The sunrise singing me to sleep
And you were by my bedside--
Spinning in and out of every dream.

In the middle of the moonlight
I let myself slip into a dream
While you got up
Pushed your elbows off my bed
Got up and on your jeans.
I disappoint in slumber
Mouth gaped open like a fish without her sea.
I wake to what we could have been
Two girls in twisted sheets.