

BASEMENTS

you cannot give
a proper name
for nights that end like these
these crowded hallways
never left us
any room to breathe
we stayed up until
we knew the house
had fallen back asleep
and we held our breaths
took off our clothes
and kept good company

basements
of the houses
that didn't feel quite
like our homes yet
we played our
secret games and
we would listen
for the footsteps

thirteen years of
silent music
waiting in the wings
you're drawing dragons
on your arms, you're
covering your sleeves
and ten years pass and
skin is easy
battles have been fought
but you still keep the
doors unlocked, fingers
crossed that you'll get caught

basements
of the houses
that didn't feel quite
like our homes yet
we played our
secret games and
we would listen
for the footsteps

basements
they need cleaning
lives bereft of
proper meaning
someday
your skin will find it
keep on touching
keep on dreaming

you're not alone

SAFE

open bar
ten dollar cover
you come alone
and undiscovered
vowels removed from every title
prayer hands peace signs new disciples
silhouettes and stern expressions
“this next song’s called ‘my depression’
i wrote it at three am when i was stoned
and i hope you like it”

chase or be chased
you play too safe
won’t you speak up
don’t you want change
isn’t this how we both got here in the first place

the camera pans
the party’s petty
and throwing shade
is the new confetti
their critiques are our excuses
counting blessings counting bruises
undercover and overthinking
i shouldn’t smoke when i’ve been drinking
can we just talk about it when we’re coming home

BREATHPLAY

eyes lock
i know nothing about you
another face in a square tile
“it’s a pleasure to meet you”

small talk
make a bad first impression
i will lie about what i do
so you don’t ask me questions

false start
“could you show me your bathroom”
i need a minute to myself
before i start to touch you

clothes off
keep your hands where i can see them

where has your body been

weekend
you have kept yourself hidden
you will take the express down
after tucking her kids in

he’ll host
as long as you pay off his debt
you find the less you belong there
the louder the sex will get

skin thick
but young enough to be your son
you’ll be swallowing your pride
when he’s swallowing your cum

let go
this is your little secret
are you willing to keep it

NAME ALL THE ANIMALS

waking up on the weekend
to the sound of your sleeping
all the pillows are stacked atop your face

we drank all of the sake
we skipped out on the party
we are hungover in our hiding place

i stumble to your bathroom
this floor could use a vacuum
your roommate's cat watches me piss

after our staring contest
i return to our lovenest
and fail to wake you with a kiss

sleep tight, name all the animals

jack herer and palo santo
watch the smoke as it billows
tucked away from this sad state of affairs

you could waste all of my time
skipping class missing deadlines
i'd rather lay here with you than go out there

i'll put on a grouper record
as i try to remember
the last time that i slept alone

you taught me to be patient
when floodwater hits the pavement
this ark we've built we'll make our home

sit tight, name all the animals

PLAYGROUNDS

duct tape around the mouth
before i leave the house
no one will bat an eye
they never know what i'm talking about
i'm stepping on your toes
they told me not to look down
this isn't my old playground
i will try my best not to hide behind my phone

when did we ever learn
or is this nothing new
when our feelings get hurt
we speak in absolutes
when did we ever learn
or is this nothing new
with our hands in the dirt
we learn to tell the truth

the songs we sing all say
"we aren't kids no more"
when nothing's really changed
our feet have just begun to reach the floor
they put me in time out
but i'll still eat the glue when
i know that you're not looking
i cannot afford to be myself with you

AVALANCHE

find the exit sign
the double doors
just hang out there
stay off the floor
and you'll be fine
a round of shots
take the edge off

take the edge off
open a tab
the night is ours
let's focus on that
for all we know
an avalanche could
soon approach
and take us all
from the window
to the wall

will we
come home
in one piece
you're not trying to be funny
this night could get ugly

i will eat your bread
if it is gluten free
i will join your circus
if the animals are treated ethically

with an audience
without consequence
perhaps we stand a chance