

His Spiderman action figures
point to the “bad” box
with the silk white handcuffs.
Toys. You don’t lose
them. You trade in for engines and
latex. Nothing’s wrong with
Traffic Cop at night.
Someone taught me to hate
what’s *inside* me,
so I uneducated myself.
Dumb. It’s the guilt when you
unzip your jeans.
Almost thirty and nobody’s taught me
if an adult is a person or a store.
Never quit playing claw
machines for Beanie Boos.
Always keep pressing the keys
of dusty pianos.
I wonder who lied and said dreams
need to be famous.
Work. On yourself
when the alphabet starts with
Anxiety and ends with Zinfandel.
Don’t worry about calories.
Breathe. You can choose who to
tag. *Virginity*.
It’s impossible to lose
when there are so many firsts.