



It's cold in the back seat and my feet are wet from stepping in a lawn sprinkler sidewalk buttercup puddle.

A peanut butter cup is stuck to the roof of my mouth. Salty, annoying.

MY TOUNGUE WRESTLES IT AWAY ONE HARD JAB AND LICK AT AT a TIME. Time is something I need less or more of.

How do you make boys want you?

"dooo doo lovin' you is like doo doo so gra---nd" the radio snooze of boring easy parent listening. Mom's other hand, the one that's not squeezing the wheel curb squeaks touches my knee then skittles rat skattles to the other side toward the could be empty car seat, she is reaching for something.

So am i.

she gives me a familiar dirty look and so I put my seat belt ... Grrooof., the car starts to drive. again, her hand wacks my thigh, her hands like old man marionette fingers dance reach pull let go.

Fishing through rubbish. Men. Lives.

Old newspapers and phone numbers and cracker boxes litter the floor
she is reaching for something. So am i.

I have ocean breath. Salty. I am a suburban knife.

I am lost boys and a broken longing lullaby that wraps like coiled gear springs in my mind, it chimes "be more like them , one of their kind," love's not blind, I tried.

She is reaching fir something, so am i.

My nose hits the glass, I wanna cry, nah just be wanted.

peanut butter sticky hot boys to me please!

Written by Kate Crash

Her mouth opens “do you see my...”

rolling hills outside.

Outsider... am i? is it cause I'm not a magazine reading teen wanna be or a lusty sweet twenty something?

“glasses...?,....”

why don't the boys want me? Especially that cool one dean.

“ I mean..” her voice squeens, dreemps trails off, .. her words hang like droopy curtains in need of a steam or hang like like

that lost single cloud in the sky,

or that puddle of rain that the sky won't dry

claim back for another summer winter cry

“.... they were just..”

what is wrong with me?

Outsider... am i? is it cause I'm confused or a noose-sence too?

“ right next to...”

Would you love me if I was an elephant in a zoo, the

color blue, six foot two, somebody new?

Would you love me if I weighed ten pounds less, was more undressed, acted like the rest?

She “are you listening to me?” wack wack knee

Would you love me if I was closer to home, not so alone, a little less grown, or you more stoned?

Russle russle “GLASSES! I neeeEEED!”

Would you love me if I was if I was if I was famous and blonde, sexy and wrong, used a smaller font, obtuse, oblong, rich or gone, weaker or strong?

“I CAN'T SEE!!!” she

I don't know what's wrong.

How do I make us belong?

“sorry, nah.” Me vague speak. Oh boys? What do you need?

Is it the zit on my face, my less than perfect waist, the way I taste, my job, my haste, my desire, my face, rolling mountains, I'm jagged, no grace, in the back of my mothers car, rolling mountains days it's too light still to see stars, I'm drooling on the window wishing I was that girl, you know

The one that you want.

Dean?

Crash. Crash. Car