

Sport

Call this depression on a midnight chime where the dog comes out of a clock and yelps 12 times to compete with my own. Call this a poem to save a feeling from melting the skin

into satin skinned mattress where once I laid naked in front of the AC and watched a red water bug crawl by, its wing kissing my little finger. Call this distraction from checking my phone

for the umpteenth time and wondering where America is now, if America is ever gonna text me back, if America was out and about drinking behind my back. Shoot me. In this movie,

I do not see myself. Shoot me. In this movie, I see Scarlett Johanson.

Shoot me. In this movie, I see by myself. Call me fly. Call me good sport. Call me if there is also a body from a foreign land with a gift of surviving any

blood stained landscape, even the one coated in forget, in blossomings, in a soil enriched with bones so minute, there's not even a leftover thought of a carcass. I am a growth. I am dog food.

I am Scarlett Johanson. I learn to take a dip into the acid ocean. I learn to water bug. I learn to strive in every possible contempt.