

Your First Crush Sleepwalks

Your first crush sleepwalks
into the sky, cannot fall down.
On what, even?

You can't age out
of clouds.

Your first crush is alive
because she saw you
in math class
finishing Spanish homework
on graph paper.

Memories are a hammer
of grass & recess.

You were never
dreaming.

You were never anatomy.

What class taught you
about the spider of hope?

Listen to those eight legs.

Listen, those eight legs
dissolving graph paper
into cloud cover.

How does joy grow up?

Well, why are you replacing
your head
with another animal
as though you have forgotten
what you are?

Your last crush is whoever
brings you
an empty jar

& calls it the sky.