

Your Fanboy

by: Beck Banks

On the floor of your apartment, you spread tarot cards out with long arms and heavy sighs.
You say the cards are a mess, all over the place, as your eyes narrow at them.
The moon appears in my future with its crawling crustacean and howling, mustard-yellow mutts
and a windy path that will take ages for that lobster to plod.
As a group, we throw down flipped interpretations, backseat readings, shoulder-shrug suggestions.
It's clear, though, an investment in my shadow self will be made.

My voice cracks all the time now, as it slowly shifts from an alto to baritone.
We sit side by side in the worn wooden booth while I tell you why.
In the middle of my murmurs, you lean toward me,
Embracing the breadth of my shoulders.
You say I embody everything you love about teenage boys, the best of adolescence.
Hardy giggle leaves your mouth as you press your face into my arm.

I admire you
While you shake your fist at glistening, ice-covered sidewalks from the road,
At the sight of your homemade haircut, the willowy locks swaying from side to side,
When your phone sends you reminders to brush your teeth and go to sleep,
As your eyes widen while you count the years passed,
For our comfort, a warmth I keep with me.

My stride slows as I leave your place.
You tell me you miss me as the front door closes.



#MMPisLIT

www.meowmeowpowpowlit.com