



Summer of 1996

by Gina Tron

The iron clasp
of a holographic volkswagen microbus
grasps my finger
clinking against a
plastic bubblegum pink ball
perched next door.

I won't take them off,
not even in the shower.
The steam and country well-water love all over them,
transforming shine into
copper-brown

Jade algae lines of skin
waves on my hands,
salty summer sweat
and Secret powder fresh,
glossy magazine ink stench
a fist of Calvin Klein Eternity.

Gray fields surround my neon cove
a rabbit hutch,
chicken wire.

My heart's inside the tv
lime green pants
a pool
a kiss
a house party, where I want to be.

