

What You Get

by A. Pseudonym

Alone I am an ocean. Apart, I am a rock. And in your company I'm a puddle. You step in me, spill over my edges, muddy others with my shit. When you leave me in our house I imagine swallowing you whole. In moving crowds at airports I stand still and plan to break you. Then, when you come back and look at me, I forget how to exist. After that, what you see is what you get.

