

Love and How It Gets That Way

by Bill Yarrow

You were the most beautiful girl in third grade.
My thoughts were restless escapades. My heart
was roasted butter. I donned wax wings and flew
toward the highest sky I could find. And then,
among a score of others, to be invited to your party!
We all stood on the lawn behind your house, most
of us in wide-striped tees, one of us in a bow tie,
eyeing that thing in your backyard, that thing
you pumped to spin around, and we all took turns,
you on one side in a yellow dress and one after
the other of us on the other, and we spun you,
spun you! and then that kid in the bow tie got on, got
dizzy, and vomited, and you looked at him with disgust,
and I felt like Adam's apple had just landed in my lap.

