

Dreamphone Sleepover

by Kirsty Logan

oh *gahd*, not *Josh* says Cassie with her
throat tilted just right and her glass angled
to spill. we all shuffle our boy-cards because
it's late and Josh is the hot one. Cassie cradles
the loaf-sized phone — pinker than any girl —
and dials. he's not wearing a hat says the phone
and we all scratch our pencils on the boy-list.
we played this game before we had tits or spots
or periods or stretchmarks or hangovers. now
we've had them for so long we need the game
to be those girls again. a handful of girls to a
fistful of women and really what's changed?
we drink harder and compare one another's
dark roots. you're right says the phone.
I like you. Cassie giggles into her empty glass.
we crumple our lists. the boys
always choose Cassie.

