

# Float to Water

*by* Tina Barry

I don't remember the name of the boy in high school  
or if I cried at his funeral  
careful not to smear mascara  
hoping after the priest spoke of God's will  
weeping girls vowed friendship in the afterlife  
I'd be beneath the arm of a boy  
in a paneled basement  
too stoned not to laugh

I remember potato chips' greasy aftermath  
girls' patchouli guys' sweat  
the boy in high school's pink scalp beneath thin hair  
train track of ribs  
as wind lifted him in the parking lot  
tumbling arms flapping to entertain

The girl who sat beside him on the bridge  
the end of her joint blinking, said  
after his hat scarf plaid jacket  
his jump was just like that day in the parking lot

Arms spread wide

floating

to

water

