

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

