

crinkle-cut grass

Tanner Pfeiffer

Crinkle-cut grass

Fries in motor oil

As I mow the lawn,

Surrounded by stinging serendipities

Wedged homilies

Feed my childhood soul,

Drenching my queerness

In invisible ink

Spiral-cut trauma slices

Slide out of a sandwich bag;

I offer my chocolate chip loneliness

In exchange

Sun-dried jump rope and crabapple confetti

Fill my mother's nightgowned view

I stub my toe on the concrete,

Lies dribbling all over

Hash brown memories

Linger on the counter

Diner booth brittleness

Clinks against ceramic sadness