

frisson

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Abstract—7:15am: morning rainbows from the glass ball hanging near my window.

Index Terms—copenhagen, spit, kool-aid, container

I. HOUSEPARTY

Sticky slabs of moonlight on my front porch,

Like porcelain eggwhites. Earlier:

I sweat through six layers on the floor that is the sea,

Reached further into the air towards the ceiling fan,

And drank from the sink that is a metal boat, straight from
the faucet like when I was a kid

And I'm bigger now. Chipped nail polish on fingers grabbing
tangled curls, bumping into bodies and sharing glances at
120 beats per minute.

And I'm little again, small enough to fit in the front pocket
of that gigantic sweatshirt : armor, against the sweet fresh air
that turns cold cold cold

Should-to-shoulder on the couch looking at our stars. Who
knew that I'm a Leo Venus? And who knew that everything
can be so good?

In the house that is many tiny compartments of perfect.

II. THOUGHTS, SOME TREEHAVEN

Scooped scum, pool water tiny bug

Quick cupped hands, onto the asphalt

Sprawled with wet filthy rubbish and

Scorched in the sun, emptied from the net.

And I'm the furthest from home

But closer than I've ever been to moving into the new.

The smashed blue Camaro on Stone , windshield wipers are
the last bleeding artery of the night.

Piss in the kiddy pool during adult swim

And eat soft pretzels and airheads down on the basketball
court

Pelted by tennis balls, shattered basketball wrist