

## Tuesday Evening

Talia pots the citronella to keep  
the mosquitoes away. Hangs the mirror.  
Waters the rosemary. The tape player  
offers muffled trumpet, backyard clarinet.  
Keeps time with the curtains slapping  
their knees against the window.

The kids are lined up at the corner  
waiting for the ice cream man.  
Pink headband gang. Drumsticks  
in back pockets. Silver coins drop  
from hips. They know their loot  
will go into the freezer until after dinner  
but the little ones giggle, nervous,  
as the big ones count their change.

Penny slices onions and the freshest  
block of tofu. Megan scoops  
spaghetti squash in yellow mounds  
of ribbon. Chickweed and dandelion  
salad. Sprinkle of sunflower seeds.  
Wild rice and morel mushrooms.

The girls built the raised bed while  
I was at work. Cedar planks, a truck  
full of black dirt. I staple chicken wire  
to the wood frame for the compost bin.  
The staples punch like snare.  
The breeze sings like a plastic harmonica.  
I fall in love a thousand times before  
I ever get called into dinner.

## Gas Station Vodka

Maybe it was the gas station vodka and Tahitian Treat.  
The bottle rockets exploding in the subway parking lot.  
Maybe it was the man in white pants punk-singing  
in the basement. The astronaut on the amp,  
the green umbrella, the ukulele.  
Maybe it was the tough and lovelies haunting  
the turn table. The red shag carpet, the rooster lamp.

When I looked at you in that vinyl evening,  
I decided then and there that we really should  
get that cottage.  
Our cottage should not be in the woods, though.  
It should be in the city. With a yard full of goats  
that sing us worship songs.  
We should have a puppet theater with a tiny  
green dressing room for our puppets.

We need a huge comfy couch where our feet  
don't touch the ground. It will make us feel small  
when we get too big for our britches. And we will.  
Get too big for our britches. We will get terribly  
lonesome in our fame. We will get so deep  
in our awesomeness that we won't even  
be able to see how awesome we are.  
We will need each other.

We will need a room full of compasses and stopwatches.  
Otherwise, we will have no idea where we are or how long  
we've been there. We will say Thanks every time we leave  
the bathroom. We will drink, gossip, and curl lips like old  
people who don't give a damn about anything because  
they are old. But we won't ever get old. We will get artistic.  
We will get Grand Canyon and shoreline. We will get naked.  
A lot. We will be jars and jars of kisspulp and the goats  
will lick the kisspulp from our lids and you will say those goats  
are so damn gross and I will say maybe we should sell the goats  
but keep the puppet theater. I promise it will be really beautiful.

Maybe it was the gas station vodka and the Tahitian Treat.  
But in this light, our story is so delicious.