

Non-fiction

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I stopped mid-conversation and jumped over a chair to say I liked your shirt Calvin and Hobbes flying a TARDIS sled past Dalek snowmen didn't care that the blue purple orange print didn't match the green cotton they're my nightmare antidotes after playing Aaron and Coach Carr in Mean Girls we watched Bridge to Terabithia on my bed and pulled our sweaters over our heads when he went to the art museum and still cried even though we'd known the book and movie since middle school late night in the library I pretended I was reading Orlando while you scrolled through Tumblr and we laughed too loudly at dubbed cats drank fake hot chocolate at Tea Garden and snapchatted pictures of fruit to your friends who kept saying date date date and imagined what it's like to be famous showed you The Perks of Being a Wallflower and we giggled when Sam had an English accent and you first took my hand when Charlie realized his Aunt Helen's touch hadn't always been good it was one-thirty you were tired from tears and I said you could stay the first time you stayed over I had a bad dream but you were still there snoring a little bit, was to leave my klonopin on the nightstand we bussed to the art crawl almost walked into someone's apartment thinking it was a gallery with an Invader Zim door and talked to a grandmother who mixes glass beads into paint so her canvases glitter decided to make ourselves official so we added it to our timelines, watched the reviews stream in sitting in the park next to F Scott Fitzgerald and the birds that kept flying up and around and down and reminded us of Alfred Hitchcock and our years in school marching bands playing music from Psycho and Batman ate a rushed dinner over café plastic flowers so we could make it to The Cradle Will Rock on time and you laughed yourself to tears when the boy who says sir and ma'am offstage motorboated the air Pokémon battles over wifi five of us sitting on the floor until batteries died so it became storytime but when the topic turned to exes you nudged me and we left and you said you didn't want to talk about it Tumblr on my couch Photoshop edits and lipsyncs and cartoon gifs and you tickled me until I fell off onto the wood floor it was loud but didn't hurt, my roommate said no being gross on the couch and grinned I started crying in my sleep blood stirring in calloused memory and you pulled me against your chest and told me it was just a dream this time he wasn't here you were first snow southerner claimed you'd snowball like Buddy the Elf left our backpacks in the field so we could run faster and gather ammo and threw and dodged and said we were accidentally in each other's line of fire we were going to go dress shopping change up your wardrobe for the ball like Cinderella but you said you weren't feeling confident enough to go out I didn't hear from you for two days after that library carnival blow-up horses bounce through the bookshelves fabulous photobooth shoot in the study room dance in front of the printers last hurrah before finals on the couch writing your nanowrimo my comic book you so silent you started to cry said your first your friend your first morethanfriend his touch hadn't always been good your blisters too raw you thought they were callused still rub can't see me without seeing him can't do this anymore you said need to be friends best friends pinky promise put out my little finger and forced my voice steady never dream of making you feel guilty for what he did to you and I knew the story too one day it'll be a story a timeline point a ten week tale but once upon a time it was real