

"The Stream"
by An-Dinh Nguyen

So how are those raindrops curdling on the window?
Such splatters mess things without caring to try.
Oh, certainly, that crepuscular time of day is not yet over, but who's to say
How they milk them from corpulent clouds?
Those clouds could lose weight,
Yet how they float!
Maybe it's the atmospheric equivalent of lard in their systems that keeps them from
Sinking
And crushing the gems below.
Treetops would be sliced off as if by a giant butter knife
While houses
And pastures—
Don't dare think it.
Losing too many brain cells toward unnecessary things as it is,
Never to grow back.
If only they'd switch places with dandelions, those pesky driveway-crackers
That don't give a flying rip about ruining your lawn
While glowing and smiling prettily on wicked stalks.
Maybe that's where "stalking" comes from.
Or a "stocking," which can be slim and long but much flimsier.
Flimsy.
"Flimsy Lindsay" is almost a rhyme;
She's pretty skinny anyway.
"Skinny" is a horrible word.
I prefer "thin"
Or "slender," implying flexibility and litheness more than ramrod stiffness and
Spindliness, like spider legs.
Ugh.
I hate them:
So alien,
So eight-legged,
Eight-eyed,
HAIRY,
Like a sophomore-class biology teacher who won 20 beers.
I don't care to drink alcohol;
It burns and tastes bitter on the back end of my tongue,
Though the tongue actually begins
Rather than ends there.
Saliva coats and smoothens those rough taste buds, which die out every few days anyway.
Death is sad;
good-byes are the saddest.
I cry,
Saltwater flushes out from behind my eyes,
Like rainwater from a floating sea.
Down the windows.
Better wipe them dry before I drown.