Forces

Volume 2014 Article 40

5-1-2014

Those Nights of Broken China and Tissues Thrown Away

Brodie Gress

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Recommended Citation

Gress, Brodie~(2014)~"Those~Nights~of~Broken~China~and~Tissues~Thrown~Away," Forces: Vol.~2014~, Article~40. Available~at:~https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2014/iss1/40

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Those Nights of Broken China and Tissues Thrown Away

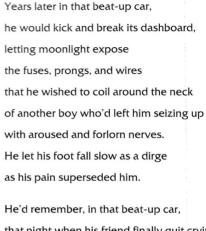
BRODIE GRESS

One evening in a beat-up car, she cried into his shoulder.

He was a tissue she wouldn't throw away, though he wished she would, wanting to shake the unrequited love out of his best friend.

Her foot curled around his for warmth while he scraped for tears to shed for her.

Some boy had broke her heart. Again.



He'd remember, in that beat-up car, that night when his friend finally quit crying. Her orange window light beckoned them inside. She grabbed the white china her ex had bought her, and threw it against the wall.

They smiled and cleaned every shard off the floor, with the smooth exhalation of knowing their feet were safe from wounds.

But the night inside his beat-up car when his foot throbbed and froze on the mat, he wanted to crack the sunroof, too, shatter the windshield, tear up the headrest until the beat-up car collapsed on him because that would suffice until morning came, when he could pretend he was fine. That night he wished for china he could break. Or a tissue he hadn't thrown away.



DAYDREAMING TERRY WHITE