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Lincoln on My Tongue

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Lincoln on My Tongue

COLLIN MILLER

Lincoln on my tongue,
crossing the belly of adolescence as
twitching feet dangle.
Soiled in the corner,
wet and salty cheeks.
Soupy seas
cover eyes that shouldn't bleed.
Shards of glass, they
penetrate as I crash, the
door I forgot to open.
Mommy, dressing poison ivy, is a
sharp splinter in me.
Saying, "Let's play
Terrorist." I
gagged lollipop lips.
Chords of rope tightened,
lacing places felt anew. Every
loop, each spiral, a
twisted playground, where
learning hands did touch.
Locker room showers. Lunch hours.
Contents turning sour. At
night's embrace, a
glance I'd take.

Dimpled hips began to smile,
tucked under one blue towel.
Sticky
cars parked,
distant dogs barked, our
friendship then was through.
"I love you."
I do too.
"I'll see you sometime soon."
Waiting doors
closed,
sleepovers ceased, your
cold gown down a frown.

He
moved.

Dripping suits of
elementary friends,
side by side they swayed.
This thing I
couldn't say.
"I am secretly gay."