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The Answer is Yes

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The Answer is Yes by Katy Wilkins

Monday night, 7 pm—hibiscus juice and berry,
Sipped, saved and savored, chilling in the icebox.
I add gin.

Rolled blunts in pockets, smoke gliding off glass,
sauntering down the sidewalk.
You play your rap. I hear voices.

Fuzzy violet cushion minds the gap,
fighting fumes congregating near the crack in the door.
You light up. I switch on the shower.

Brandy and rum and gin and bourbon
down down, gurgled like oxygen in the air.
“Share this half with me?” *Okay.*

Pink Floyd, rainbow pants, sweat on skin,
Bam Margera screams as soil leaps into the air.
I bet it’s a representation of how I feel. I don’t know.

I know you came—don’t know how or when or why
because the back of my eyelids were
like blackberry skin. *No sweetness.* I run.

Orange and orange and orange into the bowl—
it tastes like hours old peanut butter. You hold my
hair and tuck me in. I pass into Blackberry Wonderland.

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The Beatnik in my head bangs bongos full force
as I spit acidic H₂O.
Maybe I said yes?. But it still happened.

It was a convoluted sandwich, you and I—
not quite peanut butter and jelly, though it tasted
like it. I imagine my red strawberry jam on the carpet.

I sometimes wonder if you worry about me.