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Katherine Storm

FRIDGE POETRY

*swinging through
another tornado listening
for the quiet*

M turns to me
Her smile lighting up
My heart
As it has countless
Times tonight
She points to her poetry
Pieced together on my fridge
And proudly shows
Her thoughtful addition

She must have stood
In in front of my fridge
For ten minutes
Maybe more
Deciding the perfect words
To string together
For with M
All words
Must have meaning

I wonder how
It is possible someone
So thoughtful
So breathtaking
As her
Can fall for someone
So lost
So breathless
As me

SNAPPLE FACTS

*"Real Fact" #931
e nothingness
of a black hole
generates a sound in the key
of B at.*

We double over laughing, and H asks
"Is it a scale in B at, or the speci c note?"
L responds that they do not know,
how could they know?
How could anyone know
What a black hole sounds like?
How could anyone know
But Snapple?

We have been sitting in our park
e sun is creeping away
And we have refused to leave
Refused to walk away until
Our ngers grow numb
From the cold
From the poetry
From the tarot
From the painting

L writes of me
H reads for L
And I paint H
ese are the a ernoons
Which make us feel
In nite
Found
Eternal
Complete
ese a ernoons in the park
With Snapple facts
With graphite stained ngers
With paint smudged clothes
With tarot shaped words

POPSICLE JOKES

*How does the ocean
greet the beach?
It waves*

We used to be able to
Laugh at anything
Fits of giggles would come
No matter the occasion
With any small joke
From any tiny print
On a popsicle stick

We used to be able to
Talk about anything
Hidden away and protected by
the branches of our tree house
Which still stands by my home
Built in a labor of love
Kept by a labor of trust

We used to be able to
Dream of anything
Grand schemes were planned
In the dim lights
Of sleepover excitement
Never to be ruined
By the rising sun

Things have changed
Things have changed.

We no longer have
Popsicle stick jokes
Only our jokes
Forged by years
Of trust
Of friendship
Of love

FORTUNE COOKIES

*Take a chance
On that big decision
You've been pondering*

M laughs at the paper
Which begins to crumple in her hand
"But I don't have a big decision!"
She exclaims through laughs
Her breath creating shadows
In the cold February air

We are sitting in my car
As we open and ourselves
Finishing a meal
Of dumplings and soup
With tea and french fries
And fortune cookies

We are in the parking lot
Of the ice skating rink
Which resides in my hometown