

Sixty Stories

"Jessica"

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Last year I left a box of milk in the hall
Behind the heater to go bad; a rotten smell.
I'll never pretend that I didn't know
What she was doing in the stall.

Jessica's hiding out in the bathroom with pale skin.
Jessica's hiding out in the bathroom, eyes tearing.
She's got a cloth to wipe the shit off her dirty knees,
A rotten toothbrush yellowing with her teeth.
Jessica's hiding out in the bathroom again.

Her tummy pouts in bathroom mirrors and bathroom
stalls
That have seen a thousand teenage dreams go
unfulfilled.
And I'll never forget and I'll never let go
Of those scenes of a body bursting, then still.

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