Poem:

Meerweh

Come, let’s have a pint of brackwasser cobblestone down the water road
watch our breaths mingle at the drought of Frisian wood
Let’s link fingernails pretend that your bra clasp isn’t clutching at your spine
We can talk books if you like or how the weather acts weirdly
We can laugh.
We can skip things we don’t talk about (I pay for your second pint don’t worry.)
Before our eyes darken we leave walk up the heads-of-cats stop when polish finds gummy lines.

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Do you think sometimes you say let’s go back.

- Katharina Maria Kalinowski -