swimmingly
by Alyssa Froehling

playground slides have bellies just like fish that water will find, and leave speckled with screams because water wishes it could swim too.

i feel especially alive when our legs touch on a swing set. let’s color in what light is missing from the sky with the charcoal we’ve collected on our shoes.

i feel especially alone in places where the night is cut up and divided and drained. like cities. notice how chicago looks like the bottom of a styrofoam smoothie cup while

phoenix, on the other hand, has a whole fruit sky, a single cut bleeding juice everywhere and burning like rubbing alcohol on the way down winterskin, firetrailing,

how sorbet curves into a spoon, how it thinks it is a fish that could die,

what couldn’t be burnt turning pink, bright eyes poking holes into the half closed curtain.