

QUICK QUESTION

MATT DEL BUSTO



POETRY CONTEST WINNER

A neuron travels contralaterally.
A long walk lingers as dog reminds owner of his leash.
A boy undoes his widget.
An airbag deflates. A sink spills blood.
The way we almost didn't kiss didn't save me
everything far too flushed and flushed out.
That pear tree, a block from the library
& beheaded before dawn bears no more fruit
but it does resemble the stars
which do glitz and slowly die
leaving me longing.
I shall not swallow this question, I must ask.
When from the bottom of the lake
you pull me in my best suit,
when you slit my belly, when you pry
open my ribs like a clamshell, like an oak chest
and there you find my voice, tinny,
asking if I'm good enough,
good enough
I want you to remember our childhood

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flushed with laughter
entire days spent gathering sticks
in the woods behind your house that endless July
the world a juice box of unstomped opportunities
purpled & sugary,
seething with joy.

