

Gandy Dancer Archives

Volume 9 | Issue 2

Article 9

5-1-2021

Slide

Misty Yarnall
SUNY Purchase

Follow this and additional works at: <https://knightscholar.geneseo.edu/gandy-dancer>



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Yarnall, Misty (2021) "Slide," *Gandy Dancer Archives*: Vol. 9 : Iss. 2 , Article 9.
Available at: <https://knightscholar.geneseo.edu/gandy-dancer/vol9/iss2/9>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by KnightScholar. It has been accepted for inclusion in Gandy Dancer Archives by an authorized editor of KnightScholar. For more information, please contact KnightScholar@geneseo.edu.

Slide

We've been fighting over
the side of a slide on the playground about yesterday
afternoon. My boyfriend and I broke
into an abandoned house and fucked
up the wooden paneling with
a hammer in search of treasure, but found
insulation that smells like suffocation. A snuff
of a drug like a hat that comforted me, until the high
faded, and I saw
the hole in the wall and I crawled inside,
and coughed into the abyss. I smacked him.
He kissed me and together we
leave.

A child screams,
chased around on the ground, I look down
from the top of the equipment. I sit in silence
and slide
to the bottom of the structure into a cluster of gravel stones
where my boyfriend greets me. He grabs my
wrist and we kiss under sticky sunlight, woodchips
stuck in my sandals I can't bear
the taste of his spit.