

*a daydream for sofia*

five forty in the afternoon and i'm daydreaming again. your hands are up in the air,  
all ink stained and steady making shadow puppets. in the flood of fractured light,  
you've crafted the strange creature of a girl body built up of real sad bones.

the shadow puppet thinks she has been writing too many sad poems lately. maybe it's  
because she listens to mitski too much and not enough of mountain man's music,  
or maybe, it's because she's living out of memories, as trite as that might be.

memory has not served the shadow puppet well. in fact, she gave it a one star yelp  
review for only nourishing her with silver platters of crushes that never cared and  
dead cats and lost keys and summers without warmth or water or well wishes.

oh dear. the shadow puppet is making this one sad, too. maybe we should try to make  
her happy before the sun goes down. maybe we should feed her an orange and tend  
to the sad bones inside of her with neruda poems and band aids from CVS.

the shadow puppet wants to salvage what remains of this poem so she'll tell you all  
that she remembers to be good. conversations on couches with friends and letters  
about lighthouses and the steven universe song that says, *just let us adore you.*

six eleven and the shadow puppet must go now, so let me say that i think memory only  
hurts us when we try to live without it. this daydream is coming to a sudden close,  
and so is the sun, so let me say that i think this poem is me living with memory.