CRYSTAL KARLBERG

Storm’s Coming

I would like to wear more silk now. I would like to know single malt whiskey the way my mother knew her lovers, a highballer in the tallest of tall towers. Take an hour. Take all the time you need. I would like to have had a fast youth to recall like that time in Detroit that never happened because Michigan, because motorcycles, because I cried when my sister said, *Stay there. I’m coming to meet you.* Who knew she’d be so cool with me asking if our father ever played the guitar and what medication does she take before bed? Heaven is full of sharks.

I mean, they have to go somewhere. A pond is nice on a warm day, but there’s nothing like the ocean: far-off sandbar, all ours for the taking. What planet is this we’ve been calling home? My mother knew a vulture when she saw one, so it stands to reason her mind just isn’t what it used to be. The fish rots from the head or so she says, and I wonder what company she’s been keeping. The flora is calling. Lichen hangs in the balance between our hill and the neighbor’s. I have wanted to feel moss against my bare feet for months or maybe years. Who can remember? My words flounder tonight, held under with lead sinkers. *Trust your gut* is actually good advice if you know how to listen. Stones knock together and the music is a hook. I’m lured nightly by the physical, by a chemical anchorability I couldn’t spell and didn’t know I needed.