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Katherine Storm

## FRIDGE POETRY

*swinging through  
another tornado listening  
for the quiet*

M turns to me  
Her smile lighting up  
My heart  
As it has countless  
Times tonight  
She points to her poetry  
Pieced together on my fridge  
And proudly shows  
Her thoughtful addition

She must have stood  
In in front of my fridge  
For ten minutes  
Maybe more  
Deciding the perfect words  
To string together  
For with M  
All words  
Must have meaning

I wonder how  
It is possible someone  
So thoughtful  
So breathtaking  
As her  
Can fall for someone  
So lost  
So breathless  
As me

## SNAPPLE FACTS

*"Real Fact" #931  
e nothingness  
of a black hole  
generates a sound in the key  
of B at.*

We double over laughing, and H asks  
"Is it a scale in B at, or the speci c note?"  
L responds that they do not know,  
how could they know?  
How could anyone know  
What a black hole sounds like?  
How could anyone know  
But Snapple?

We have been sitting in our park  
e sun is creeping away  
And we have refused to leave  
Refused to walk away until  
Our ngers grow numb  
From the cold  
From the poetry  
From the tarot  
From the painting

L writes of me  
H reads for L  
And I paint H  
ese are the a ernoons  
Which make us feel  
In nite  
Found  
Eternal  
Complete  
ese a ernoons in the park  
With Snapple facts  
With graphite stained ngers  
With paint smudged clothes  
With tarot shaped words



POPSICLE JOKES

*How does the ocean  
greet the beach?  
It waves*

We used to be able to  
Laugh at anything  
Fits of giggles would come  
No matter the occasion  
With any small joke  
From any tiny print  
On a popsicle stick

We used to be able to  
Talk about anything  
Hidden away and protected by  
The branches of our tree house  
Which still stands by my home  
Built in a labor of love  
Kept by a labor of trust

We used to be able to  
Dream of anything  
Grand schemes were planned  
In the dim lights  
Of sleepover excitement  
Never to be ruined  
By the rising sun

Things have changed  
Things have changed.

We no longer have  
Popsicle stick jokes  
Only our jokes  
Forged by years  
Of trust  
Of friendship  
Of love

FORTUNE COOKIES

*Take a chance  
On that big decision  
You've been pondering*

M laughs at the paper  
Which begins to crumple in her hand  
"But I don't have a big decision!"  
She exclaims through laughs  
Her breath creating shadows  
In the cold February air

We are sitting in my car  
As we open and ourselves  
Finishing a meal  
Of dumplings and soup  
With tea and french fries  
And fortune cookies

We are in the parking lot  
Of the ice skating rink  
Which resides in my hometown  
For an hour we glided  
Freely on the ice  
Chipped and cracked

Never before while skating