

KENDAL ADAMS

*FOR SAD GIRLS WHO STEAL ICING PACKETS OUT OF TOASTER
STRUDEL BOXES*

i hope your days to come are as great as you are
even if you are stuck in bumblefuck nowhere
and meticulously blow swisher sweet smoke out your window in the dead of night
so that your father will never find out just how unhappy you are
people always say the two of you are so alike
that you have his deep-set charcoal eyes
his deadpan humor
but more than that
you know you share his disposition
an internalized longing for something more
intelligence so fine-tuned
that it's now become impossible to exist
without the weight of the world on your shoulders
he doesn't smile at you like he used to
and you know he keeps marlboros and bourbon buried beneath the old winter coats
in the guest room closet
though he promised your mother he quit a long long time ago
and yet
even so
somehow
you are still here
the world may have put out your fire
but your dark clouds of billowing smoke have not yet dissipated
you will steal icing packets out of toaster strudel boxes and eat them as fast as you can
all at once
watch raunchy internet porn on full volume and masturbate with a once-familiar
adolescent fervor
weave elegant crowns out of dried seaweed and adorn yourself into a splendid
swamp queen
and the next time the boy you let cum on your face says you should wear less
eyeliner
kick him in the balls
and then
run

daddy may go gentle into that good night
but not you
not you