

*Chrisp*

*I shake my magic ball for  
all the wrong reasons. I love  
my Chrisp heart, some random say,  
you're not even equivalent to words  
in the dictionary with odd or even letters.*

*People read my poetry and tell me,  
I think I understand this one.*

*I love packing suitcases filled  
with bottled music,  
accented dreams,*

*straggled paintings, things  
I can't keep. I love ghosts.  
I love the memory of the dead friend  
that is older than the span of his life.*

*I love photographs, especially  
photostopped tapes that  
show you can blame the spiral in the background.*

*I love the lullaby of the confident politician  
and the words in a language I know and bothered  
to learn. I love receiving messages  
and sleep scratches. I love when we all agree  
on a job with specific tasks. I love  
that I can still call certain people groupings  
and not fit into that demographic. I love marriage  
because you get to change your name. I love parents  
who have very specific dreams for their children.*

*I watch 'R' just as I can reference lines later  
in conversation. I am proud  
of objects, especially the kinds people sell  
and buy and put in the washing machine.  
I love option 3 and 4, the exact same amount  
and option C a little bit less but it is only because  
she is on a diet. I have never made  
a single decision in my life.*

*— Christian Justice Margaret Pealy*

