

Catalogue of Decadent Depravity

Ringlets around Lake Rooney in your Carolina blue Pontiac Sunfire,
you swear the pile of snow
blocking our view of the road is a young Mount Everest biding its time
before swallowing us up,
I ask you if you ever think about when we used to munch our potholed canvas sneakers
through ash encrusted snowbanks to the West Lawn Cemetery,

gravestones illuminated by blue and white solar lights
that lived in the grass to soak up the Sun,
we would welcome ourselves into the wilting, seemingly
uninhibited Chevrolet 3100 considering the withered interior and WD-40
poisoned seats to be overwhelmingly hospitable,
listening to Nirvana's Incesticide

I would smoke my Camel 99's while you pinched your lips
around tin cans of purloined PBR that your dad bought in counts of six for \$5.79
at the Phillips 66, talking our way to three o'clock in the morning until the cartilage in our voice
boxes got tired of doing the wave and our laughs liberated themselves with the hiss of dying
space heaters, only when our marijuana-drenched breath became polar ice caps
did we find an excuse to take the lollipop-stained,

cotton-soft blanket out of the black duffel bag and subjugate it to the gravel
only then did we tense
our muscles against the unfriendly cacophony
of wind and taunt the dead with our youth, Grandpa John's
headstone staring longingly at the saccharine fourteen-year olds
who thought they could outsmart the sunrise.

Your laughter comes to a boil as we build a memorial
of our adolescent selves, a shrine to our own asininity
you turn down a choppy gravel road and kiss me
with coffee-stained lips as we build
our catalogue of decadent depravity,
our sanctuary certain, concealed by Carolina blue.