

Blast Shadows

1. Leaving my blankets and sheets untucked
and the order in which I layer them.
2. A memorized recipe
for garlic and cherry tomato confit you made
whenever it was my turn to visit.
3. Tolerating the smell of weed
and accidentally bringing it back
523 miles with me.
4. *Love in the Time of Cholera* on display,
adopted in my old college town,
longing for its identical twin
that you retain custody of.
5. One deeply confused music recommendation algorithm,
stuck between pretentious indie poets
and “Shit I (Ergonomically) Headbang To”.
6. Insisting on punching out Cuno
every time I start a new playthrough
of *Disco Elysium*.
7. The urge to reach for my phone
every day at 5:00
and tell you about the comedy of errors that is my job
before wishing you luck with yours.
8. The realization that it’s not normal
for a father to tell his daughter that she got Summa Cum Laude
because her college’s standards are “more relaxed”.
9. The little jade Buddha
your mom bought for me a month before the bomb dropped,
the one I eventually snapped the hand off
when I shoved it into the back of my closet
in a haze of rage and rue.
10. A constant shadow lingering just out of view
most akin to when I’m certain
I forgot a piece of myself at home

after I'm already halfway to my destination.