

I Guess I Could Kiss a Girl. If *like* You Dared Me

My jaw clicks. Vision facets. Everything swarms. *They are more afraid of you than you are of them.* I sing fierce without meaning. It comes right out this body.

I must climb back into the girl-husk and wrap the torn edges over my coming. I must suck the gaze back in through *like* any girl hole I find. *They are more afraid of you than you are*

of them.

The cloud of insects is gone. Still, the light's full of shadows. I click three times. The delicate brown bubbles were her eyes. Were her mouth. *There's no place like home.* With one arm or

leg, I stab a hole right through the paper-thin husk or the circle or the boy standing next to me or the yellow old gaze. *Home home* I drone. I stab a hole. That's *like* what a hole is.