

Amanda McGuire

I Want More Umph and Some Truth

The hour hand slid on top the minute hand:
sexy, but time to exit this impromptu party.

You grabbed my hand with so much
certainty all the animals in the kingdom met

in the center of my heart. Crying was the first
impulse. Resolution next: *let's get outta here—*

Together we dodged every beady eye of every
trunk in that forbidden forest. We neglected

crumbs of *fun* and *friends*. And the wolf—together
we ripped off his mask, and we walked beyond *the end*.

Not a morsel of bread in sight, but insight:
When it's over, it's over. This is not easy to tell.

Look. Haters call them childish stories, delusions.
The sky that day ~~could have been~~ was the sea,

the edge of your iris, a wordless picture. Look.
I would watercolor it for you, if I could.