

\$7.99

twelve avocados,
the better half
of a second dozen—
two light jugs,
buttermilk fabled
to light your face
on some dark blue fire
you once respected
like a red stoplight
forever asleep
the week of final exams.

five wrapped packs,
cookies stacked
in a cracked microwave—
one large bottle,
grape Kombucha
you walk away from
as loyalties profess
themselves in full
to modest needs
keeping angry egos cool
as ice cubes chatter and spill.

The Pricey Date that Wasn't

her coral paint chips—
do forgive.

walking on blocks,

cement and the lake
drowning her regret
and tiny transgressions
discussed several times
over twelve dollar coffee.

follow her—
and remember.
breathing inward,
symbols that English
never captures well
so now you shuffle
a hand of misspellings
and clouds drawn sharply.

rest your heads on wood—
avoid staring.

Sweet Ennui

it is so easy
like arithmetic assigned
after kindergarten smudging

premium, bitterest coffee
that reminds so subtly,
you are not liked
to the degree you prefer

a morning glass, boiled milk
whole and steadily available

aware that now
is inopportune, and
time breathes raggedly
but it stands in the flood
immersing chicken wire buses
with windows that offered
that annual something

live for a grinning light
as laughter presently scares



*On the weekends, **Kristine Brown** frequently wanders through historic neighborhoods, saying “Hello” to most any cat she encounters. Her creative work can be found in Hobart, Sea Foam Mag, Philosophical Idiot, among others, and a collection of flash prose and poetry, Scraped Knees, was released in 2017 by Ugly Sapling. Visit her blog: <https://crumpledpapercranes.com>.*

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