

Bekah Pollard

*my smile takes up my whole face, but
I have clouds on my hands so I can't touch it*



I sit in a freshly opened jar of marshmallow fluff,
tilting back ever-so-slightly.
The tips of my toes peeking out
from atop the mound.

A miniature man in overalls stands on my shoulders and pours
a tin bucket of luke-warm water
down my back, igniting my senses.

My lips tingle from a kiss.
My fingertips twitch from a touch.
The very tip of my right ring-finger toe tells me,
"Hey, this is fun."

The waterfall feels numb and present
as droplets dance and dart
across my back.
The man with the bucket takes a break
and opens a trap door above my left ear,
blowing the fog from the cracks in my brain.

I wrap myself in a blanket as
the tip of my right ring-finger toe
kisses the floor.
I fall asleep lying on my back
in a tub of warm water,
covering my ears halfway.