Weather, Then You Picked the Wrong Place to Stay

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Recommended Citation
Twal, Peter (2015) "Weather, Then You Picked the Wrong Place to Stay," Booth: Vol. 7 : Iss. 9 , Article 1.
Available at: http://digitalcommons.butler.edu/booth/vol7/iss9/1

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Abstract
And all memory is just like bagging the last pile of leaves in the fall and the dew soaking through my shoes and the water moccasin nestled at the heart of it all

Cover Page Footnote
Weather, Then You Picked the Wrong Place to Stay was originally published at Booth.
And all memory is just like bagging the last pile of leaves in the fall and the dew soaking through my shoes and the water mocassin nestled at the heart of it all. Could it be that simple your ghost more afraid of me than I should be of it every time I say your name in the mirror or tape together some lightning rods in your likeness and why, here we are my living room you wrapping a plastic bag around my head and my tongue trying to poke a hole through the past. Should I mention I like what you’ve done with your hair.

Taking this chance to impress you, scrawling mental notes across my palm like *don’t look away at dinner* when her jaws ratcheting closed like a cartoon bear trap tear apart her lamb meat or your arm. Note: *mirrors help to heal phantom limbs* All memory is just the desire to kill someone or thing again. Same as baby teeth, our earliest tattoos eventually fall out, you told me that the teetering bookshelf tattooed down my back will crumble, leaving my spine in such masterpieces. You’re in the room but a text: *we’ve already conceived of the atomic bomb, yes, so fuck the table setting tonight* Another: *should I melt the butter or sharpen the butter knife instead* One more: *fork goes on the inside or outside of the body*