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Single Use

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Single Use // Olivia Tennyson

I think if you and I were still together
we'd go to Walmart and melt all their plastic.

To the one in Arkansas
in middle summer, red July
when the road before us
would radiate up, reaching for high light.

Liquified, plastic might become opacity
not like crayons melt to the color of passing
not like ice melts to the color of memory
but like a rear car window
flecked with dirt and grass and animal blood
after driving through Arkansas red July

brought back grassy fantasies
from burning with my back towards the sun

So while we're at it
we melt all the plastic, okay?

Save my sister's otter toy
because she loved that thing

and slept with it in her bed
despite it being rigid in form and love

and we shape it all into a sphere
which we dropkick into space

A new moon for now and for you and I and
not forever, single use and remembered opaquely.