

Jessica

Kaki King

Jessica,
Said she'd wait for me.
I'd be 18 when she is turning 23.

Decorate,
Her room with greeting cards.
They burn up when she turns a light on in the dark.

Trying to,
Remember love that,
Never really was.

When the milk,
Tasted like perfume,
You had been drinking from the carton,
And I knew.