

He smells like  
refined whiskey  
and weed.

It makes me  
want  
to  
die.

So when I do,  
because everyone does  
eventually,

bury me at make out creek.  
Beneath the  
stars and worms.

Leave poppies by my side  
so I'm forever reminded of my  
saintly sister's sweet scent.

Add a little whiskey  
while you're there.  
Dribble some weed.

That way when I cross  
I will forever see  
him.

Perched in my window frame  
waiting to whisk me away—  
like my own Peter Pan.