

No Dinner Date

By Dayniah Manderson

Bro, stop asking me out to eat
Do I look hungry to you?
I know I look a little thin, but actually thick
Enough for you to push up on
Yet, you propose a dinner date
With the 39 trillion things to do on this planet
Let's find something else to do
Like look at some street art
Buy some pieces that speak to our souls
Pieces that bring peace and make us feel whole
Why don't we?
Why don't we
Listen to some reggae, bachata, smooth jazz
Smooth as the skin you long to touch
Feel me?
Feel something, feel anything
Let's feel sand between our toes
Eventually we won't have a choice but to eat
Eat food
Eat me
Slurp you
We should maybe get slurpees
Fill the cups with many colors, different flavors
Cold on our tongues
Sticky on our lips
Until we're so filled with sugar
Oh, sugar, then
We'll get our fill of each other
In due time,
Time will tell us how to use our time together
Just no more squandering of time being ordinary or boring