

Cellophane

I'm opening the blue box
already torn at the edge

it's alright to open
boxes in the store
if they're already torn—
like this blue
and white box

Chattanooga
across the top it's
cellophane
rattling as I slip
open the end to slide
the inner box
only part way out
enough to touch
the engine

this is what I have dreamed
under my fingers
every detail
nuggets of coal
in the box
the brass rails
the silver wheels

I can tell it's heavy
without lifting it
from the blue box
with the white letters

the store radio
is familiar
with a song I've heard
a million times
I wanna hold your hand I
wanna hold your hand

I wanna hold your hand
Scott

and Barb did

we sat under the jungle gym
touching one sweaty palm
to another—
peaches,
she smelled like the peaches
I had slurped down
at lunch
and her fingers
were sticky
and I was nervous
looking for the teacher
the other students,
not even sure
why

and as I push the beautiful
engine back into its box
before the store clerk sees

touch it once more through
cellophane run my fingers over
the white lettering
the blue background of sky
the stack billowing
broad puffs of dirty gray

I am memorizing this—
this will be mine
I can hear it whistle,
bell,
mine

he bumps me
he is above me
as I turn
he is smiling,
like he has found
what he was shopping for—
surely not my train

he bends very close
his cologne stinging
my nose
and the Beatles
still singing

I wanna hold your hand
and Barb,
sweet peaches
sticky
under the jungle
gym

my parents,
where are my parents

and he grabs
my wrist too hard
and still smiling
pulls me up
to his face
I wanna suck
your cock

suddenly
I am far, far
on the other side
of cellophane
but still seeing this
hearing this *feeling*
this
somehow knowing
he wouldn't think twice
about ripping
open
my beautiful
blue and white
box