

# Solo

## *Angel Nafis*

I rediscovered weed again  
and it is good again.  
Just in time for Spring  
creeping up the five  
floors to crowd my eight  
windows. Better than  
a cocktail I think.  
But, not as good as  
brushing my own hair,  
or any bridge on  
*Blonde*. I'll admit it  
to you here, thin little poem,  
black strip of witness  
down this vast whatever,  
I miss being nineteen.  
But I would never  
go back to that muddy  
river. Hole in the paddle  
boat. The only skylight  
some stars I made up.  
Certainly I am the shore.  
The dawn. So, I like to sit  
at the edge of my bed  
in front of the floor-  
length mirror trimmed  
in wood and watch the  
white smoke exit through  
my parted lips.  
For once I notice  
my eyelashes  
alone as I am.  
I think to myself  
I am 28.  
Just look at my brown  
little knees.  
I should get a tattoo right  
beneath my collar-  
bone. I'm glad it's  
Friday, dammit.