Coke or Choke
By Kalyn Dunkins

It always surprised me how sure
of everything you were.
The way your mind can grasp
something
complex and
crumble it like
an aluminum
soda can.

As I study you, day by day in passing,
I wonder if you’ve figured me out yet.
Have you figured out the way I know
exactly
what
I
want
but that I’m
too afraid
to do
anything
about it?

Does this then make me, the
soda can, crumbled away along
with my insecurities?

You smile at me and of course
I smile back. Yours disappears and
instead, you intertwine your
hand with mine, a hand that says,
“I don’t know either, but let’s
figure it out, okay?”

Maybe you will drink from me instead.