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.