

Mika Soria

Aftermath

(of a high-school break-up)

The world ends
at fifteen. I am
writing this on an index
card—one-half—to warn all
that love is poison!
Take it from an ex
-pert anti-romantic. Better
that drinking fountains
touch your lips
than some sweaty slob
sneaking one in at the
bathrooms. Ditch the John
Green crap on infinities and
wipe their initials off
Twitter. Screw climbing
the highest mountain (they're
already halfway
down that stairwell) and save
the fucks you give
for grades.

The warning ends
up half-baked. Potato
Corner for one. The sizzle
and crack of the fire (her
favorite sound), cheesy
hot fries spill
into the gaping bag, salty
but sweet—Hello!
says my homeroom teacher

as he scales our staircase.
Does the world end
at fifteen? I am to crest
that concrete hill where
we last spoke, maybe shortly
after math.