

Less Chance for Disappointment

My lover writes on my bedroom window, *I want to be more supportive*. In an eighteen-minute version, he hands me a Coca-Cola just within reach. It's about four thirty, late enough that several neighbors are shirtless and crows have begun to shake distant trees. We read about what's possible before wrecking the lawn. We are not overcome by today's bombings. We have yet to determine what kind of man or woman is running for president. For two people who sleep less, we hold phones and soda cans very well. Why not pitch horseshoes? Okay, he opens the garage door and finds the rusted set marked *ten dollars* next to a box marked *lace*. Then, that's what we do.