It’s Moderate to Severe

Kate Loble

When I think of you

I don't think of a poem

I think of Saturday Night Live

And really awkward wedding toasts

I think of memorizing Steve Martin banjo tracks

And tripping on flat surfaces

I think of perfectly timed insults

And the way you look when you’re mad

When I think of you

I start to uncontrollably snicker

At inappropriate times

When I think of you

It feels like laying on really green grass

And rolling around like an idiot

Like you taking a shower while I sit on the toilet

I think of our nicknames

And our hours together

And our brief corrals

And how other people usually don’t understand

When I think of you sometimes I cry

I think of all the times I haven’t been with you

All the times you wanted to love me

And I just wanted to be alone

But I don’t stay sad for long

Because when I think of you

I think of Extreme Boxing

And the introduction to the next segment

And “taking a spill”

I think of your man hands

And my huge ass forehead

Laundry baskets + stairs

And pal’s eggs

I think of spilling water on yourself in the middle of the night

And the way you broke your chair

I think of your laugh

And it makes me laugh

I think of you so much

But every time you slither into my brain

I don't think of a poem

But I hope you like this one