

## **The Wendy to your Pan**

I take life in decimals,  
afraid to barter my heart  
for tattered lines  
and hand me down kisses.

And don't tell me about  
Aphrodite's boy,  
running around  
with a bow on his hip,  
I'm never a victim of  
Sentiment, only the bullseye  
that meets it halfway.

And you,  
Peter pan's protégée,  
I am a fan,  
the lost boys would  
trace your footsteps  
around Neverland  
if they could find  
you in all that haze,  
but I only jest,  
and the only flaws, lest  
we forget, are ones that  
keep you in Neverland,  
away from

Me, I wait.  
the pun is etched  
on my skin.  
and the weight of yesterday  
wallows  
in the tar of today.

But you,  
like clementines,  
scent on my fingers  
finds me in my most  
maudling of moments  
reminding me that the world  
is smaller than the citrus  
shape it marks;  
drained and stained  
by the sun,

as it washes down  
the gutter of night

And you invite me  
into the sky,  
shadows and silhouettes  
in the shape  
of stars,  
I blame myself  
for believing in gravity  
as you teach me not to  
dust off what's left of Tink.

So as I stitch you back  
to the ground,  
tell me, lost boy,  
is finding us like finding  
Hook's treasure?  
Is finding us  
tantamount to being  
found?