Coming Down
Marissa Blose

Ninth grade, summer of the smoky room,
intoxicated by the heat, and the fumes
from bubbling bongs and borrowed Bics.
Fifteen bodies with overheating circuits
fidgeting on mattress springs,
blowing smoke rings,
hallucinating.

Shoulder blades pressed against the shaking
walls, bits of their swelling heads flaking
off as Zoey’s finger—tongue?—traces
up my thigh, and Tommy’s braces
adhere to my neck as if caught
on the chain but oh!
That’s the spot

and I want to get off,
but I don’t want
to come
down.

Billy licks the square tab of acid from my breast,
restless, anxious to find another, eager to ingest
one from someone else’s mouth. So we tie
our tongues together, sucking dry
the juices, simply stalling
our fear of falling
down.