The HOWL
https://thehowlmag.org
thehowlzine@gmail.com
@thehowlmagazine

the drive-through

Avani Reddy

the woman i can't see is waiting
behind
        a speaker; i imagine
        her in an apron and vison
and a mask
        of sweat; i am made
        of anxiety
how can i help you? she says,
(crackling like the potato chips
        you denied yourself)
never realizing that nobody
can help me now.

i know how to have conversations with photographs
        and how to cry to poetry because
you cannot freeze dry tears

i know that you starved yourself in pursuit of
        something you already had.

hello? miss? the burger is the special today.

especially delicate like paper gladiolus
you were the rare crescent moon
        curving so gently
an eyelash, a milky fingernail

please make a decision, ma'am.

The HOWL
https://thehowlmag.org
thehowlzine@gmail.com
@thehowlmagazine

i've been dwelling for some time now,
between past and present.
i have hovered over your photograph for hours
we've had interesting discussions about
Rilke and Dickens.
even the glossy paper you embody is beautiful.

hello? m'am?

are you still listening to me? have you grown tired of my pleading?

miss, i really need to move on.

me too.

me too.