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## Zonker Harris Day

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# ZONKER HARRIS DAY

eenie bernard

Loony toon blotter paper dissolving into my saliva,  
into my blood, into my brain, you holding my hand so hard

I saw the crescent moons of your fingernails shining white  
on the back of my skin, us giggling, waiting, nervous.

We sat on the hill in that honeyed light,  
tripping on our serotonin morning breath,

me gripping the grass so I wouldn't fall off the  
fragile earth rotating below me, anchoring myself

so hard I could taste the raw dirt under my fingernails  
for weeks afterwards, you, my best friend, rolling

down the slope screaming with laughter, crashing  
into me as we felt our own unfathomable revolutions,

champagne popping endlessly behind our eyelids,  
foaming out of our ears.

We watched the clouds parade across the blue  
above us, consuming it, dancing, exhaling against our

skin, you took my hand and asked me not to tell your  
mom and I said I wouldn't if you didn't tell mine.

You looked at me and touched my face, my skin static  
beneath your fingertips, glass shimmering down my spine,

your pupils yawning so wide they swallowed me whole,  
grass tickling my nostrils, leaves in my hair.