* Toronto Street

I dream my molars are knocked loose

for the third night in a row.

Mika tells me that means I know loss,

or I am about to.

I repeat things aloud,

mocking with a sure sincerity

of a New Zealand accent,

a shot of gin and pickle juice

Hailey falls through the rotting deck

in Deebank, a parachute opens

in my throat.

Scrape the salt from the table,

pluck the feathers from the grill

of Zach’s truck. Keep the names,

swaddle them heavy to your chest

Working in a bookstore is the only way you’ll take up reading.

I remember visiting the AGO with Jada,

telegrams framed between Joni and Leonard

*He’s just a guy*, she tells me.

*Aren’t we all angry at 11 pm?*

Still we sit, knock-kneed and clinging

sunken in the leather adjacent the projector screen

One day we will get a two bedroom,

I’ll knit her a new scarf

and buy an overpriced coaster.

Billiards scatter fights over a dollar in

the alley behind College and Ossington,

Taryn kills her cigarette between my index finger and thumb

because I ask her to.

Raccoons suckle peach pits in spring,

huddle over my teeth, and chew.