Amirrah Watson

Having a Milkshake with You (as inspired by Frank O’Hara’s “Having a Coke with You”)

is even more fun than seeing the World of Coke in a bustling downtown Atlanta

and burping up bubbles of carbon for the entirety of the day

or getting caught in a downpour on the banks of the Mississippi and riding home in

giggles on that Fourth of July night;

partly, because in your jaded jeans you look nothing like the chic guys

in the Atlanta mall with their jeans intentionally, immaculately ripped;

partly, because of your love for Brent’s pressed burgers; partly, because of my love for your

interest in my meager life;

partly, because of the steamy diner and the tangy cherry stems;

partly, because of the waiter who grins as he places two jumbo straws in a

single Malt-down milkshake.

When I am with you it is impossible to believe that there can be anything as threatening,

as yearning, as definitely inevitable as singularity when in this evadable moment,

in the chill of a city thawing out of winter’s grasp, with the sweetness of cream exhausting our taste buds, we feel this safe and this satisfied in

companionship.

We step outside and the rain droplets don't soak us. They don't even lick our clothes

and you wonder why rain would fall so tamely, leaving everything unchanged;

but, I have no reason to complain about the delicately balanced ecosystem.

I entangle

my fingers in yours and I would rather entwine with you than all of the world’s waters and foliage

because what are the muddy paths and brooks

and musky logs and calf-high grasses of Laurel Park if I don't see them while standing or sitting

or lying beside you?

The low-eyed pot heads who string through the woods alone and the homeless guy dressed in spandex

dancing on the corner asking for a beat that

nobody gives him

want to know

what destructive force cheated them out of a hand to guide

in a dance.

This experience will not go wasted on me alone so I am sharing it with you.