Fair-Season Friends

Molly Kruko

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Fair-Season Friends

Molly Kruko

Summer

Stars explode in the back of her eyes, wind whips through her hair,
She looks into a galaxy full of potential (through windshield from driver's seat).
Wondering if she has what she really wanted, turning up the radio, turning,
Grasping at his arm, telling him to tell her all about it.
He talks about girls that are not her, she turns the volume dial again—up.
And she listens as well as that old twisted maple tree doesn't, laying under it,
Heat stroke, sprawled out in the sun warmed grass, goodbye.
Get back in the fucking car and drive it faster!
She needs to get out of here, maybe go to Tokyo.
He calls her, morphing her into one of those annoying people who can't shut up,
Cell phone glued to her ear, can you hear me now? Gooood.
He wants to see her now, again, it's like going to the doctor, something she doesn't want to, but needs to—do. Scared of the real results.
He pretends that he cares when she really does, but doesn't want to.

Spring

He pretends that he cares when she really does, but doesn't want to.
At the same time he places her picture back on his shelf.
Her smiling face looking down at him, he can see her from anywhere in his room.
He can smile at her when he's falling asleep, or over the shoulder of another girl.
The meet up in April, toes stuck in mud as they sit on plastic lawn chairs.
She tells him about a boy that broke her heart and he says he 'understands'.
They pause to drink Minute Maid lemonade out of crystal cups and sit in silence.
Kicking it Billy Joel-style, the ice breaks in his glass, moisture on the side.
Speaking together as one, laughing over old jokes, remembering what it's like,
Meaning so much to each other, as much as employees at Wal-Mart mean to
Each other, he hugs her, she turns her head, says 'see ya,' gone for another month.
Breathing in the sounds of May, sitting in a pool of sunlight.
She thinks that she's won this—the second round—a revolution.
Only to have him tell her, later on, how hot she looked.

**Winter**

Only to have him tell her, later on, how hot she looked.
She swears that it's a different story this time,
A book written by a different author, that's the way she sees it.
Maybe Snow plowed over her heart, maybe it's frozen?
Blue tinged brain, her nose won't stop running and her smile is frosted over.
They throw snowballs at each other and put cold fingers down pants.
She swears it's a punk rock strike!!! this time.
Things will go her way or she'll have someone sign a petition against
Another broken heart, she'll start smoking Marlboro if she has to!!
She vows to dye her hair black (Herbal Essence style) if she must!
Until he reaches over and rips all of her barriers down,
Just like the snow plow slid through that stop sign—crash.
Taking out the barbed wire fence that was protecting the (empty) playground
Just like the barbed wire fence that was protecting her (full) heart

**Fall**

Just like the barbed wire fence that was protecting her (full) heart.
She listens to him just like she did in the summer,
Two seasons ago seemed so far away, just as far away as the pond
Surrounded by golden leaves, sitting behind the house that they slept in.
Her parents gone for the weekend, his smooth talking convincing her;
Break the rules, like the one kid from Malcolm in the Middle.
Crying for weeks after he left her again, breaking CDS that remind her.
Saying fuck it all and reading a book, then writing a book, about a girl who was better than herself, a girl who broke boys hearts,
Then meet one that was better than all the rest (him). Special dedication—
She called the book Reluctant Hero: never wanted responsibility
But takes it on because [he] must. She sent him a copy, he read it and
Loved it. He finally called her and apologized for real. He finally said
What she wanted to hear all along, words that she couldn't accept anymore.