

JoAnna Novak

LOVE NOTE #3

Your two-legged dog eats the snow, but my two-legged dog licks mustard straight from the spoon. A saber slicing through the neck of a champagne bottle sounds like the head cheerleader shrieking. It was quick and we were on the street, in our coats, shivering, holding hands, opening our mouths and closing our eyes. The forties happened again and again. We found ourselves in the girl's academy parking lot late, and our frozen sausage patties unthawed in the backseat while, in the windows, the globes pressed up against paper hands like ferns. Those dogs would angle towards any bare ankles they could spot. I always imagined you would end up in a field beneath dense cloud coverage, swapping Lemon Heads with all the Jessicas of Chicago. "Kill the lights," you said, and we were suddenly back in the corner apartment. There is a key in your pocket, but at the time, I am delicious and unaware.