

Stuck

By Maria Mathioudakis

There's a pin stuck in Lebanon.

Where I sat under one of those Cedar trees
with him.

I blew a bottle of bubbles
and Marco kept blowing smoke.

He crossed his legs.

I uncrossed mine.

We synchronized our watches.

But every time I looked into his eyes

I'd see the space on the wall above my headboard.

There's a pin stuck through Paris.

"Parlez vous français?"

"No I'm sorry I don't speak French."

"Ah—ok--"

I watched him squirm.

His hair smelled like menthols
and he had this trail of freckles from his left hip
across

and down his right thigh
to his right knee.

There's a pin stuck deep in Santiago.

Alfredo would always say

"You're so goddamn young!"

He'd run a finger along the line of my neck,

**"You're my crystal ball,
you know that?"**

Bullshit.

Every word.

There's a map hanging on the wall

above my headboard.

And it was black and blue

even

before

I filled it with those godforsaken pins.

But

now

every time I look at it

I see you.

Drinking gin,

Inhaling your own Carbon Monoxide.

With a pin in your wallet

where it's handy.