

## 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.**