

WANTING

DIANNELY ANTIGUA

I want to write about joy—I decide this when I sit down at my desk,
the overwatered succulents lining the perimeter. I don't

understand the ratio of plant to water to dirt, so I drown
them in what I think is needed. I forget sun.

I forget patience. I try to forget the look death makes—
the haworthia, the snake plant, my grandmother, the dog.

Everything is pale. I wanted to write about joy.
Outside, winter persists, even though it's May.

A lover once told me he believed in the risk
of joy, used it to explain away the kiss on my neck.

He's married now, *the risk of joy* tattooed on the right side
of his own neck, his new wife's name on the left.

My friend said I dodged a bullet with that one, I say
I would've opened my chest to it.