

*Loose Lips Ruin Invasions*

I went from faking acid trips in the Olive Garden to sitting in the park dressed for the wrong decade—me and my lace and your lips burning mine and your fingers burrowing into my arms leaving bruises that would remind me constantly to listen to my parents who were flying in to see my defeat. No and no on no and no; some problems just can't be solved with pancakes. The ants crawled on me all the time I could not make a phone call or pretend to eat unidentifiable objects without the miscreants making off with morsels and morphemes. *But yes yes yes* they whispered to me while I was feigning sleep. *Listen to the monster under the bed.* When it was over I called my closeted best friend and he subtly mentioned that he was not pleased that I was out being violated instead of dating him. We were all sneaking out of windows at that time in an effort to experience love so we had a reason to write the poetry we were going to write anyway. At an inland beach I kissed a boy named Svat while another boy took his shirt off to impress his best friend or his best friend's girlfriend or maybe both. Waiting for an invasion that would have come if we had just refused to mention it.

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