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The Anti-Gravity of Nothing Familiar

She'd like to move to Tokyo, not knowing anybody
or the language, just to feel the float of anti-gravity,
of nothing familiar, no attachment to surroundings.

She wants to set a motorcycle ablaze, to accessorize
its flame decals, but recognizes there is some frisky
fuel that would singe eyebrows in a fearful *whoosh*.

She imagines shrieking at a vapid "customer service"
representative, who says her call's important but who
puts her on hold with teeth-grating backdrop music.

She envisions kicking that smug ferry worker, far
too ungrateful in his government gig, where he gets
to smell seawater and watch the waves all day long.

She plans to sleep forever, only waking up to drink,
eat, and eliminate, water houseplants, check email,
feed the cat, then return to a sheltered somnolence,

where her dreams

make more sense

than this pointless life.