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Criminally in Love

Veronica Shukin

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Atoll

Margaret Moran

The particular scent of creosote-saturated striations, the essence, the emanating incense of Catholic school Lamentations
cornered by blacktop, castaway in a stone sea, I claimed that stinky log as life raft and island, Defensive, dirty haired, friendship-wrecked
pouring out prayers to those child-gods of playground dominion, the bitter of their rejection spoken in tongues, The hum and pitch of their buzzing
the shimmer-winged sand flies, the bite of beach glass, the sting of pretty things of sharp exotic cruelty, I studied each with feverish thirst
Unquenched, the sun baked down on the wilderness of fourth grade recess, and no one got the message I was entirely alone, and no one looked for me

Criminally in Love

Veronica Shukin

Well, I hope you’ve got an alibi
‘Cause you just stole my heart
And I hope you left no fingerprints
When you took my breath away
You better keep your guilty eyes
Away from drowning mine
And I’m sure you made off like a bandit
With all my common sense
I bet you didn’t think I saw
When you put that smile on my face
They’ll catch you if you don’t watch out
You’re acting like a drug