What the Fuck is Cheese?

Heather Wolf
College of DuPage

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I texted her at 3 AM.
I was already up,
reaching for the phone to tell her
the way she made me feel was like
cement drying in my stomach,
late night kisses drawn on the pavement
in my shaky child’s scrawl.
“What the fuck is cheese?”
I texted her, even though I already knew the answer—
it’s something good left alone for long enough,
growing mold until it makes something else,
something that tangs on your tongue like the words “I love you”,
which is what I was trying to text her.
But instead I say things like milk
in the hope it will make her laugh
so hard she will forget to clean me up,
and instead leave me out overnight
to grow mold.

LGBTQIA

I sit down before you on the couch;
you’re worried that your daughter’s growing up too fast.
I find myself in a pew, you at the pulpit,
a straight woman preaching about the destructive nature