

Static Electricity

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In second grade, we did an experiment with static electricity.
We rubbed balloons on our heads and stuck them to walls.
And kissing you is kinda like that. My hair stands on end.
I get shocked when I touch things, and I wanna tell you
stupid stuff like kissing you is a bundle of kittens
colliding with my face at point five miles an hour.

It's like being shot with a dart gun made of hummingbirds that
shoots darts made of hummingbirds. And your lips are so soft
I can't actually tell when we're touching
like braiding hair underwater
or napping under a blanket filled with
rainbows and clouds and your favorite books.

When you kiss me,
the cartoon devil and angel on my shoulder climb into my ears,
lick all my neurons, and start fucking on my brainstem. And if
you were a 300-pound professional weightlifter and
I were a Kia Sorento, you could drag me anywhere
with your lips.

Kissing you is patient and impossibly slow like
peeling paint off a wall with glittery stickers
or cooking a turkey with a lighter.
And knowing I would someday kiss someone who kisses
like you is why I let them give me braces,
why I even wore my headgear to school.

You remind me of the time in second grade when Bethany Hopkirk
called me a freak-face and stabbed me in the arm with a pencil
'cause kissing you is kind of like that,
unhealthy and will probably result in disfigurement.
But baby, bring on the facial scars and lead poisoning
'cause when you kiss me, you are dangling me off a bridge by my belt.

You are the screen door in my childhood,
all teeth and swinging, so full of holes
you could never keep anything in.
You are every black eye, you are a semi-truck,
and I'm a turtle with two broken legs and
a broken heart.

You are illegal fireworks
falling downstairs together, driving on four flat tires,
playing Frisbee at night with a sawblade.
Kissing you is like falling out of a thirty-seventh story window
exploding into a cloud of robins and reappearing
on the ground with my mouth full of feathers.

And when I can't kiss you,
I try to find the electricity in my apartment.
I dig around in wall sockets,
I change lightbulbs with my teeth,
and I make out with the toaster. I know,
I know we've only been seeing each other for a couple weeks.

But when you kiss me, I can't remember my middle name
or which one is my left foot.
So come over tonight.
We'll shuffle around the apartment in our socks,
and we'll let our lips drift toward each other
like tectonic plates made out of kittens.

— 選自 *Northbound* (Button Poetry, 2014)

尬詩表演 (poetry slam) 影片：

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=b0BXkPp1zsE>

<https://www.facebook.com/neilhilborn/videos/1606296752761197/>