

## Brine

By Allegra Freund

We could fall asleep through anything--to avoid reality  
Spent time like it was counterfeit--  
Not worth a freaking thing.  
And the soot that the cab driver  
throws into your hands. I've been there.

Have you ever been surprised when you looked at the ocean?  
Flicked our cigarettes in the sand  
Defying our meaning  
Running your fingers through dirty-blonde waves  
No, it can't exist--Something big  
Something actually important!?

And dreaming!  
We--everyone  
Sweaty hair caked to hotel beds.  
Closed our eyes to pick their peaches.  
Fake orchard in the South.  
Paradise-you been there?

Did someone say pair o' dice?  
I've been there.  
Girls in bowties and skintight velour  
Dealing us our separate failures  
Smoke in our throats  
I've been there.  
I am the slot machine--  
Disappoint everyone  
Just to make a living.

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