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Reverie

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REVERIE

CHRIS CARTER

I sniffed gasoline
all through seventh grade,
he told me one night.

How the hell do you do that,
I asked him.

Easy, he said,
Let me show you.

He took the nozzle,
put his mouth right over it
and started sucking in
long and slow,
drawing in as deep as his
lungs would allow.
Held it, held it, held it
then blew the fumes out,
falling against the stack
of wood behind him,
eyes closed in unleaded
reverie.