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Zyrtec and Kleenex

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ZYRTEC AND KLEENEX

by Sean Stemas

My dad's house smells like dog piss
and sometimes seasoned salmon
with steamed vegetables. Nights

I can chew the support of a father figure
that I wish wasn't so salty,
but you would probably think is tender,
flavorful. There's a woman I want to marry.

Her two bedroom apartment smells like candles from the mall
with names like motivation, success, and dedication. I can taste future
when I open the door and all my senses flare up

like I need money for the honeymoon already. I always wish my nose was congested
when I walk into foreclosed homes, but I've ingested that stink and it's stuck with me
and on the day I buy my first Cadillac, I'll get a poverty scented air freshener.