Valerie Frost – Three Poems

I've Never Been to Chicago

In second grade, I had a crush on a boy named Nick. Except I

didn't want him to know, so I pulled his chair out from under him. And he fell; hard, fast—

like the temps during a Midwest pneumonia front. I've never been to Chicago, but I

probably should've called you back that Tuesday night and learned how to boil

hot dogs. And maybe if I had stayed at school that one break

instead of going Northeast with my roommate, we never would've met and I

wouldn't have fallen; fast, hard. And been left sickhearted from your

false front.

Late Night Pancakes

I miss not being able to keep secrets from you, because

you always knew what I was thinking before I said it, and sometimes you would even finish my sentences for me out loud.

I miss when you would hold my hand and when you let

me kiss you in public, even though I knew you hated PDA, but

you let me do it anyway.

I miss going to IHOP at 3 AM, because neither of us could sleep.

I miss
when we first
got married, and
you used to
leave your phone with me
to use when you
went to work.

I miss getting presents from you, like when you finally bought me my own phone and changed the password on

yours, along with the passwords to all your other logins. So

I started having to go to the ATM to check the debit card balance before I

paid our bills. I guess it was a good thing I couldn't log in to see the bank statement

anymore, except it also comes in the mail, so that's how I knew you spent \$60 at IHOP

without me. Maybe you went with that girl you work with

that you text so much about secret work stuff that I

can't know about, so you turn the phone away from me when I walk by. Did you

ask if she wanted bacon strips or pork sausage, or did you just already know?

Valerie Frost is a Garden State native. She lives in Central Kentucky with her twin three-year-olds. Her poems have appeared in the *Eastern Iowa Review, Anti-Heroin Chic, Thimble Literary Magazine*, and elsewhere