



## The Sex Kind

I tried to have a dream –the sex kind– about you. But it ended up to be about visiting your parents, not in a tragic way, but overall: I envisioned having good dinner in a bigger place than we would afford if we lived together. Afterwards your father suggested I make some of my famous drinks for us to enjoy while we discussed a television show. You insisted, and I quote: you said in sex dream speak *we would come together*, and perhaps through this strange and utterly suburban process signify real love to another human being. I decided I would craft a couple few Sidecars, but no lemon juice was to be discovered, even in this world where so many had so much and we were happy. So your mother and I got in your family’s station wagon and went shopping, and spoke of your childhood, and made many smiles at each other. I remember particularly well from my sex dream about you, this: in the grocery checkout aisle, placing only these –our lemons– on the conveyer belt, this now old woman and I appeared rather perfect, and our fruits themselves throbbed clean and slowly towards the light. I wanted never to leave.



**Bobby Crawford** pours stuff into cups for a living, and really, really loves to hear poems read aloud by people who care about them. He lives in Denver, Colorado.

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