



Pantea Karimi © 2017 All Rights Reserved

Domestic

We've joined hands around a warped Ouija board, inquiring where the phrase "for crying out loud" comes from. We're always saying it to each other, always mad about something, except at dinnertime, when we eat our complex carbohydrates while constructing pyramids of excuses and regrets. Sometimes a piercing cry escapes our infant's lungs, but mostly he's happy, eating Cheerios, smiling at the dog. Moments like these I embrace the seamless blend of nonsense we call life. I recount the good old days when I delivered seventy-five newspapers by 7 a.m., then did 110 pushups with a 50-pound bag of sand on my back. That's the guy my teenager will respect, the over-the-hill stud my wife will crawl under the sheets with, the rose-colored sheets I've fashioned into a tent, under which her spine softens, her calves relax, while I tell her everything she wants to hear.

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Peter Johnson's latest book of prose poems is *Rants and Raves: New and Selected Prose Poems* (White Pine Press), and his latest YA novel is *Out of Eden* (namelos).