

We're eating Thai food, like we were supposed to do yesterday,  
and I tell you *that spice level, I couldn't handle* but next I know

we're walking through alleys shoulder-to-shoulder when you ask  
*when you gonna talk about the real shit?* And we keep on, sun

dipping to avoid the real conversations and I know this box of Stella  
in my hand isn't strong enough to make me start, but in my house

there's honey whiskey, and I ask if that's real enough but no,  
*too much sweetness*. We drink anyway, ice falling from freezer

to floor as I reach for Old Crow to hurry to some kind of real talk,  
the kind we couldn't find on our walk to Giant Eagle

but there are bonfires too hot for our hearts in the real world,  
a tinder of paper and logs we decide not to learn the names of

and we're drowning whiskeys, beers, and slow small-talk  
telling each other about exes to the flame's orange humming

and that's *real*, I thought, but not *real shit* and so the hanging lights  
are unplugged and we're searching for stars through clouds of smoke

and we talk about how little we know, how far we want to go  
but beside you those stars don't seem so far and in the swirl

of darkness we kiss, realize *that's* the real shit  
until we open enough to tell each other.