

Julia De Angelo

Me in 40 Years

I want a long braid down my back

A belt with a photo of every place I've ever been

Glasses with seashells and sea glass glued on them

And a shirt with the signature of every person I've ever loved

By then I'll be fluent in the

Language of a deer,

An animal that no longer satisfies

Our exotic tastes—

We look past its golden coat only to find

Infected ticks and digested remnants of failed

Summer gardens

I won't look at a sunset and be reminded of a

Science experiment, the densities of each substance

Arm wrestling their spot into line

But instead, all the different shades

Of pink my cheeks would turn

And the clementine that winked

At me each morning

Lists will turn into love poems

And the rain, our favorite song