

## DJ Khalid could never

*Ruthie Barakat*

we hold hands,  
never able to agree on a flavor,  
happy to not share.  
i want it sweet, so cold  
i can feel the nerves  
in my teeth,  
screaming through enamel

you bite down,  
i tell you to go slowly –  
you'll give yourself a bellyache.  
but you want more.

i make requests.  
we ask for the whole pint,  
but i'd settle for a half.  
if they don't have what we want  
we'll take it to go,  
spoonfuls in the backseat.

you open your mouth and  
i make that airplane sound,  
lovingly churned cream and  
sugar destined for your tongue

we lay back,  
stomachs full,  
mouths sticky,  
sweet tooth still not satiated