

AILISH HOPPER

Did It Ever Occur to You That Maybe You're Falling in Love?

- We buried the problem.
We planted a tree over the problem.
We regretted our actions toward the problem.
We declined to comment on the problem.
We carved a memorial to the problem, dedicated it. Forgot our handkerchief.
We removed all “unnatural” ingredients, handcrafted a locally-grown tincture for the problem. But nobody bought it.
We freshly-laundered, bleached, deodorized the problem.
We built a wall around the problem, tagged it with pictures of children, birds in trees.
We renamed the problem, and denounced those who used the old name.
We wrote a law for the problem, but it died in committee.
We drove the problem out with loud noises from homemade instruments.
We marched, leafleted, sang hymns, linked arms with the problem, got dragged to jail, got spat on by the problem, and let out.
We elected an official who Finally Gets the problem.
We raised an army to corral and question the problem. They went door to door but could never ID.
We made www.problem.com so You Can Find Out About the problem, and www.problem.org so You Can Help.
We created 1-800-Problem, so you could Report On the problem, and 1-900-Problem so you could Be the Only Daddy That Really Turns That problem On.
We drove the wheels offa that problem.
We rocked the shit out of that problem.
We amplified the problem, turned it on up, and blew it out.
We drank to forget the problem.
We inhaled the problem, exhaled the problem, crushed its ember under our shoe.
We put a title on the problem, took out all the articles, conjunctions, and verbs. Called it “Exprmntl Prblm.”
We shot the problem, and put it out of its misery.

We swallowed daily pills for the problem, followed a problem fast,
drank problem tea.
We read daily problem horoscopes. Had our problem palms read by
a seer.
We prayed.
Burned problem incense.
Formed a problem task force. Got a problem degree. Got on the
problem tenure track. Got a problem retirement plan.
We gutted and renovated the problem. We joined the
Neighborhood Problem Development Corp.
We listened and communicated with the problem, only to find out
that it had gone for the day.
We mutually empowered the problem.
We kissed and stroked the problem, we fucked the problem all night.
Woke up to an empty bed.
We watched carefully for the problem, but our flashlight died.
We had dreams of the problem. In which we could no longer
recognize ourselves.
We reformed. We transformed. Turned over a new leaf. Turned a
corner, found ourselves near a scent that somehow reminded us
of the problem,
In ways we could never
Put into words. That
Little I-can't-explain-it
That makes it hard to think. That
Rings like a siren inside.