The Things You Don’t Have

Jason Parry*
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You don’t have skin like a basketball or
farts that smell like broccoli or
rosie cheeks like Santa Clause or
clown lipstick like “the crazy woman next door,” and

you don’t have a collection of multi-colored bendy straws or
desire to waste your life on mutable things or
passive aggressive conversations or
shifting eye contact with your Caribbean blue eyes and

you don’t have to tell me you love me or
that we should travel the world together or
your dreams of being tetra-lingual or
an apology when we’re stressed and left crying in the dark while

cheers of drunkards vibrate through the concrete and
the smell of smoke stains my clothes from the night before and
we are sick of all the food in the area, nothing sounds good and
we fail at all our goals our ambitions and are only left with each other.

Jason Parry is a senior in Literature and minoring in Biology. He tries to
go to a random new place at least once a year. He hopes to someday win
the World Beard and Mustache Championship. He’s working with Ames
artists to get the local poetry slam scene going again. His non-fiction is also
featured in this issue of Sketch.