

**On the Verge Writing Contest 2019, Second-Place Poetry Winner**  
**By Emma Grace Carter**

**montreal**

i sometimes daydream that i will meet a woman who undresses me like she's peeling a clove of garlic  
for fresh bruschetta

runs her fingernail down my centre and pushes back translucence with the pads of her fingers

i sometimes daydream i will meet a woman whose voice tickles me like cattails when i'm walking along  
the edge of the storm pond in my hometown

past curfew with my bike sprawled in the grass

a woman with a smile that crackles like barehand beachside roman candles

like sparklers at caddy bay

i sometimes daydream she will stick n poke my soft parts so i know how my seventy-nine cent  
second-hand sheets feel when i embroider my poems across them  
and i sometimes daydream she'll turn me into a patch to sew onto her denim vest rub my seams  
with her thumb

i sometimes daydream i will meet a woman

an aquarius with eyes like scorpio only when she's looking at me

who strums a guitar like she's scratching my back  
and clawhammer picks the banjo as if it's my clit

i sometimes daydream about how we will lap each other's tears to cure our hangovers  
soak in salt to suck out the demons of our bad hookups

and sometimes i daydream about the sound our teeth will make when they bump together while we're  
under the covers trying to kiss but laughing too hard

in my daydreams her name is montreal and her basilica lips and joul laugh make me forget about myself  
and my name

until all that's left is grace