

**On the Verge Writing Contest 2018, First-Place  
Poetry Winner  
By Kate Fry**

“abroad”

I hate to break it to you but  
someone from your highschool probably sent sexts on  
christmas eve

do you enjoy this reunion  
in the act of having outgrowing  
an old everything?  
college is terrible because financially, yes, you should  
go home for the summer so you don't have to pay rent  
but

where is “home” when your 20 anyway?

I admit,

this is just a fancy way of saying

“I would really like to not have to live

with my parents for 4/12 months of the year”

someone just tagged a facebook friend in a meme about how

“moving to montreal won't fill the void”

but I'd like to remind you it will lower your rent  
gentrification grows on the walls of gastown

brighter and more blinding every

return I make

but here I have returned again

no one cares to stop me with Kerrisdale so heavy in my back pocket

just to update you:

the google search for “how to break

a curse” did not yield much

however, it did

inform,

in an ugly italicized helvetica,

that travelling across water should weaken

malevolent spells

and just an update:

100 kilometers of pacific called the georgia straight

sleeping in a twin size bed

wearing clothes that do not fit

you may want to consider taking a loan out with BC ferries

the queen of small magic elbows

too forcefully in the ribs and

you laugh, but it really did hurt

so, is it the ADHD or the aries ascendant?

cause someone here is certainly to blame

last week at lucky bar, it didn't feel enough like the cobalt.

I placed my leg

into my best friend's hands and,  
    as if I were mounting a horse,  
        threw myself over the moshpit.  
hoped the sea of palms missed the scoliosis and  
hoped I didn't kick anyone in the eye,  
    although that actually would have been rather punk,  
and hoped you were watching  
and hoped the weight  
    unravelled an eighty-sixed  
assembly of years  
    childhood bedroom gutted of its books and trophies  
and posters and other assorted organs  
    yet,  
        you still remember the shape of that anatomy  
even when you told yourself it was a  
    healthy raw-scrubbing  
  
    there was so much dust  
    of its skin  
and now there is only  
    the candles that your mother curates  
for the window sill