

# Jet Fuel Review

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Artwork: Otha “Vakseen” Davis III’s “Eyes Wide”  
Cover Design: Ashley Castillo and Audrey Heiberger

that girl grown, and perhaps  
is not any other, but simply is,  
and you must allow her that but do not  
know how, never having learned  
not to see all of the man-made  
boundaries, the blocks of roads  
of neighborhoods of cities, the ways  
we rein in everything wild  
of ourselves and tell the others  
that we alone are how to be.

**The Punch line**

*after Kim Addonizio's, "Ha."*

A man walks into a bar,  
but this is not a joke. I'm with him,

drunk, and we've come so he can buy  
me another, maybe to kiss me

or get me to bed. I'm in love,  
concentrating hard on what

he's saying, so I don't say it  
first, but he doesn't say it either.

Marriage is a three ring  
circus: engagement ring,  
wedding ring, suffering.

He laughs and next asks  
if I've heard the one about

the priest who drinks his Guinness  
with the hand that holds

his rosary. When we leave,  
it's snowing, and we're the two

losers on the corner asking  
why our affair was doomed to be

short-lived. Not that either of us  
knows we're in it, even then.