



SAD  
PLAID

WALTER MACKAY

a book of poetry  
by walter mackey

## urban outfitters boy

and even now i forget what your face looks like  
sort of erased  
but regardless of that  
i wish you'd stop appearing in my dreams  
where i see you at the mall  
while you are drinking a coffee  
and i approach you  
and you say hi  
and i say hi  
and then you invite me back to your house 'just to chat'  
and then we have sex  
and then i wake up in the morning  
and make us breakfast  
and then i leave to go to work  
and you leave to go to work  
and we do this over  
and over again until one of us dies  
and then the other one of us dies  
and then etc.

## picaresque

this morning i woke up and made a playlist  
of the decemberists on my itunes  
because they remind me of you  
they remind me of that time we went to the beach  
and sat there for three hours  
and you read a lorrie moore book and didn't really say anything  
in fact, the waves and the seagulls did all of the talking  
you left the stereo in your car running  
while we sat on the sand and the sun warmed our bodies  
and when you fell asleep with lorrie moore sprawled across your face  
i felt so alone  
but the skipping of the decemberists cd in your car kept me company  
if only for little while

your face is pressed against  
the computer screen and  
my face is pressed against  
the computer screen and  
somehow we are kissing  
even though a familiar  
ocean lies between us

# thanatophobia

iceland is starting to feel a lot colder than i had imagined  
i bought a sweater at the local fatnaður birgðir that reminds me of you  
warm and fuzzy  
a constant hug from behind  
and even these cliffs of akureyri don't mean a thing  
because you're not here to see them  
and even though the atlantic is cold and vast  
i would still swim the entire length  
so i could take off your glasses when you forget  
when you fall asleep with your gameboy in your hand  
and you dream of me  
hopefully

# call me, maybe

part of me thinks that i am crazy  
because i check your blog every day  
just hoping for you to post a new entry  
but you haven't posted a new entry since april 7<sup>th</sup>, 2012  
so i don't know what is happening in your life anymore  
and you don't know what is happening in my life  
and collectively, we don't even know where one another are in the world  
but i still have your phone number  
and i could still text you  
and i could still call you  
and i bet you would answer  
with the same phrase you'd greeted me with  
for three and a half years—  
'bitch what you want?'

august 6<sup>th</sup>, 2010

dear diary

i saw sigur rós play last night at kaffi akureyri

and when jónsi began to sing

i started to cry

because i knew that you would only hear his voice

through the busted speakers of your car

because you told me that you could never afford to leave the country

and my jeans and dreams and life was wild

óhræsisstrákur

but at the end of the night

when i was walking home

i saw a single red feather on the street

that jónsi had tucked behind his ear

and in a drunken revelation

i knew he dropped it for me

so i picked it up and brought it home

just for you

## tandoori love affair

the last restaurant you ever took me to

was an indian restaurant called shalimar

and it was so ghetto

i remember laughing so hard

when the fourteen year old indian boy

brought our appetizer to our table

and it was just a catholic wicker church collection plate

filled with saltines nestled on a bed of brown paper towel

and i will never forget the look on your face

when you ordered the 'number one'

and twenty-three dishes arrived at our table

so we ended up taking home eighteen dishes

and made love in my bed

and when i woke up there was a samosa in the sheets

and i swear to god my mouth still tastes like malai kofta

i p r o m i s e  
i ' l l s t o p l o o k i n g a t  
y o u r f a c e b o o k  
p r o f i l e p i c t u r e s  
i f y o u ' l l s t o p  
p o c k e t - d i a l i n g m e  
f r o m y o u r  
b l a c k b e r r y e v e r y  
t w o w e e k s .



walter mackey is a 22 year old canadian boy from the east coast who has spent the past two years recovering from a broken heart. he has been published or has work forthcoming from pressboardpress, metazen, screaming seahorse, and sadcore dadwave. he blogs hard, he tweets like nobody else tweets, and he's a bitch on facebook and sometimes irl.

[judgejudyisprobablynotavegan.tumblr.com/](http://judgejudyisprobablynotavegan.tumblr.com/)  
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[waltermackey@gmail.com](mailto:waltermackey@gmail.com)  
+1 709 764 6245