Lack of Heat

In the two-bedroom apartment, 
the whir of the heater 
is the only guest. 
I sit at our oak table 
with nicks from day to day life 
dreaming of then: not as I am here now 
alone, no, you were with me. And we 
were the rhythmic 
blowing heat, expected 
and unnoticed. 
Hot air 
Intertwined

with the cold.

Laura Seng

Captive

The door closed our secret breathing behind 
a window taped over with recital posters. 
You trace your hand along my arm and 
whisper of how this story could, turn, . 
twist, and 
become 
"if you were mine"
the blue of your sweater screams against the 
darkness of the air depleting coughing 
stars 
against the untouchable pillows of my