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
feminism, dripping beauty
"I wish you were mine"
yours so you could tear my
clothes like paper,
like rain
("You will stand behind me, your breath
    warm on my neck, my ears..."
"
"...and then we'd, uh..."
on top of me now breathing quietly as I	
tremble
your hand fumbles against me and inside	
there is screaming and flying orgasms of	
pain
("You will ask if I know what your thinking
    and I'll just breathe silently...")
your fingers travel with care and your eyes	
bear into me	
rhythm dancing	
and panic nude
("...bitch you are meat, you are something	
   to grind...bitch, you are meat you are	
   something to grind...")

Casey E. McGrath
Parenthetical Excerpts from Nicole Blackman's
Blood Sugar, "You Will" and "Backstage"