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