

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"