

Sounds—

Ally Denton

I know you're home
when the rubber on the door
swishes against the dusty hardwood,
then slams back with a dull thud.

I know the exact sound of your keys
and their keychains as they dance—
a tiny skier from Utah, the Empire State Building—
clanking against one another in your pocket.

I know the weight of your footsteps.
The pattern your ripped-up Converse choose
as you round the corner, taking
five heavy strides toward my room.

I know the twinge of the mattress springs
when you lay down in bed, on top of the covers,
your clothes still smoldering
with last night's smoke.

And I pretend that I'm still asleep,
So I can hear your steady sounds next to mine.