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