

Neighbors

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We stand back to back, and I imagine us looking at each other,
reaching forward when we get cold and bruising our fingers on a
mirror.

We sit hand in hand and I imagine myself as monk, singing with
venom under my tongue seven times a day, cloistered just to spite
you.

We swing side by side, and I imagine us making papier-mâché
seahorses, throwing them in a pool, laughing when they don't
breed.

We lie face to face, and I imagine myself buried in your chest,
listening to your heart beat like a scratched record lurching for its
mortal chorus.

I wait second by second, and I imagine myself haunting my
memories, sweeping a white room, counting the fluorescent buzzes
until I no longer notice them.