

The Mattress

The room had been sold. We are moving out tomorrow morning. We are leaving our old mattress behind. It's not a spectacular thing; a yard sale find for fifty dollars, plus shipping. Sheets (multiple sets) would not stay tucked to the corners, no matter what we did. Not a great loss, more a small, personal one. My lover and I talked and fought. We laughed, made love on this, our first bed together. We battled for pillows and coerced each other from our slumber early Monday mornings. We broke the box spring. Now, it stays tilted at an angle. It's a sight, abandoned in an empty room, our life sewn somewhere inside the limp, battered stuffing. Tonight, tonight is worth remembering.

For Someone I Never Knew

Sometimes, when I'm looking at my reflection, I
imagine I'm looking at you. Hair, thin,
brown, going straight down your spine. Olive skin,
your one anomaly, and light blue eyes

that had been missing for generations. You
would be the prettier, and I'd be glad
beside you, doing the simple things I had
planned. Eating breakfast, sharing a small bedroom,

the fight for car keys, and going to high school.
For some reason, you are always a cheerleader,
and I am in the stands with your lettered
jacket.

I want more—

I blink. My hair is
blonde and curly.