

Lewisburg III

For months, I dream more there, there. An evening in the old theatre. A late-night drive for cigarettes. Something easily shared between strangers instead of warnings about diamond-backed snakes. Instead of miles of corn in civilized formations. All the easily organic produce. All the equestrian Republicans. Slow circles on the Susquehanna one day, then the current racing itself.

Night brings a change in concentration. The stars are open for interpretation: kneecap or fin, dipper or spear. Often I dreamed the past in future presents, and in my dearest conjugational convictions, what was there seemed to withstand a change of tense.

But summer gives way to itself indefinitely, a stone skipped across its own plenitude. And now you are somewhere, doing something, under daylight. You are tired tonight and find rest. A great and gentle hand takes care of us. We find love, and even the failing is good. Even the itch of not finding and the absences are good, galaxies multiplying on the mind's surface.

And what might it feel like to say it plainly after so long spent finding an idiom? No one of you, no two, ongoing. Never-love, now go. Be anywhere. Be somewhere.

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I'll miss you, house. I'll miss your heart in my heart. I'll miss your chairs at the centre of the large cold room at the centre of the cold winter. House, I'll miss you. I'll miss the creak of floor and grey dust balls from your wide-open mouth. The thought of coming home to you and wanting you when I go. House, I'll miss the sun on my body through the cracked window, through the brown shade. I'll miss your blast of heat and cool of air, the whirl of laundry in the room where I imagined I'd fold the belongings of my lover. House. House. House. I sigh each time I say that word. Like it's a dead mother I miss, or dead child I mourn. My house, sweet and clean, a fresh peach between my teeth.

Loren Kleinman