

Kyle Keller

Yeah, No. Nothing Serious

When it rains cold in autumn,
to rehearse the warmth of her senses,
the girl presses lip
prints to the pane
of a window's fog,
& unflinchingly intimate,

Nods off Beat
to the pulsing jazz
of her heart.
In a light sleep, she stirs
& dreams once more of restless
folk-strings
on a worn stage, in orange
-aura, outdoor summer symphonies,
amid the hazy evening hum
from hidden swarms of cicadas.

As she sleeps, my name will run
to the screen
of her phone, send a buzz-buzz
down her leg & in a bubble,
as though I'm speaking,
will read: Listen tho,
I had no intention of being
so enchanted. Please,
squeeze me to the marrow,
til the cages of my bones
close.