

THE DAY BEFORE YOU TOLD ME YOU WERE MOVING TO BOSTON

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Third Place, Poetry

Back when I knew you,
we'd wear black for
hipster's sake and debate
the Realists.
I said everyone dies alone
so I like their honesty
and you laughed
and reminded me of
how they othered women. I said
Yes, this is true, and
you'd keep coffee between
our personal space on the table.

I loved your wealthy voice—drawing
out of vowels—how you
could pull off saying
Marvelous when anyone else would have said
Cool; and something in
your eyes grey flickering
while I covered parts of my face
by captivated hands during
conversation.

You knew my exclusive secrets,
how I wiggle my feet in bed
before sleep, that I embroidered
your name on the strap of my first guitar,
and I wanted you to know more.

One time you carelessly
bumped the table,
and that unsure place called a soul told me what was happening:
your coffee
was the only thing rippling toward me.