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Apartment E Minor

Zach McMasters

The dirty water as I
walk along the curb, splashing
my ankle with cold satisfaction, reminds me
of a girl I used to know.

I think, I linger,
I light a cigarette for her.

Inhale, exhale -
neutral and mechanical.

I decide that nothing is comparable to
this sudden lethargic winter spreading
throughout my veins.

One and two, with the
wind and the rain, the fervent
static and the dead poets cutting
sleek lines through reality,
she allowed me to
brush the hair away from

her face as she bled
salty, unforgiving tears.

Yes, I do remember.

I take a drag and wish her well.