

November

Jade Cameron

(content warning: mentions of suicide)

Sometimes I think
that I am already gone
I cannot see you
touch your bones
 like the grey paper
 brittle bitter cold
 room August morning

you knew what to do
who to be
 I cannot

in May
my mother joked
 about the ease
 of stepping off the subway

he is always
surrounded by people
 who never seem
 interested in me
he says that I have made it

we are relieved
to not have to see anymore

I spent the week
trying not to think like that
 from a Brooklyn rooftop
 5 am

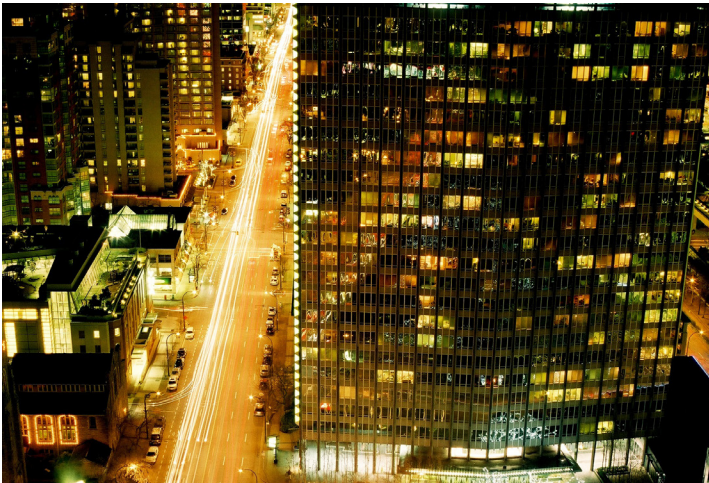
I never was
five years more of laying awake
shaking
on the living room sofa
with her drunk, bored

and the images
I keep falling into places
in a moment
longing for longing of space before
never able to stay

but you

I look at you
threadbare blades
and all the things I could hope to say
to save you
to see you
I cannot

(my own superiority)



City Lights by
Mizan Somani