

Dwindling

Kristy Kwok

Picture me in her arms, weeping like a willow,
as she kisses my wet hair and says I'm better
off loving a stranger. The soju sets my
face afire, like a Mediterranean dawn
that promises rain. He tells it simpler:
Your face was very red. Picture me
with him on the floor, spread raw
in the nakedness of my longing.
No, no, try again. Picture me in
present tense, sobbing like
the child he thinks I am.
Am I? The garage door
slid open for him with
no scream of protest.
Not like how I asked
him not to go. God,
I have so much
to answer
for.



Afterhours by Stephen Nganga

