

Zephyr

DF Parizeau

I'm drawn to the warmth
of Saturday's fresh-baked buns,
Orange Pekoe steeped too many times,
and the radiance of the TV
no one is ever watching.

Voices never compete here
they each harmonize with the
rhythmic tchk of Coca-Cola cans
and the intermittent firrrttt
of shuffling cards.

Painting the walls
comforting shades of
off-white & beige
ivory, cream, and buff
each a vocal imprint
of those I love.

Even as logic dictates that
twenty-plus years,
bread cools into cement
and dry crackling static
fills every channel.

I come here
drawn to a place where the brass
deadbolt is strictly ornamental:
a WELCOME sign for those
seeking shelter.

I come here
drawn by the promise
of Orange Pekoe
and the warmth
that you can only
find by coming home.



Millennial Romance

Anna-Beth Seemungal

Swipe right,
Swipe right,
Two star-crossed lovers
Bored on a Saturday night.

Reading by Audrey MacTavish