These Days

Darian Rose Dolan
Concordia University - Portland

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These Days

Darian Rose Dolan

Orange light makes sound like static
in between my ears. A fragile sound
like the songs my grandmother used to sing,
like love’s breath on my hair,
like the sun on autumn leaves
on their slow descent to the sidewalk.
I could’ve sworn their warmth felt almost endless.

But blue light makes sound
like an unforgiving hum. A hollow sound
like the room when the world turns off,
like phone calls with my grandmother’s depression,
like death’s hand on my heart,
like the half moon on these shaking limbs
on my slow descent to the sidewalk.
That old sound that buries itself inside my chest
turns me bluer than this long winter.
I’ll hear its song in empty hallways,
in empty beds,
corkscrewing its cold body inside my head.
And I swear,
I swear this feels endless.