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hide your love away

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hide your love away

William Pearce

a few 3 AMs every milford summer, while walking home from work alone, i have crept into the hedge below this left-open bedroom window, piqued like a lonely rabbit.

the first time, i expected to hear the harmonized wheezing of a set of old marrieds finishing their numbered days along the foamy atlantic in a cottage shuttered with red cracked-painted planks. instead i heard a pair of teens whispering "i want all of your years," to each other in their sleep.

once i heard them muffled thump fighting, without words, like a ghostly riot knocking books off shelves. that night the blinds were slightly angled just so i could wish upon a shooting-star knotted fist arcing across a navy backdrop like a haymaker meteor ready to ripple dust rings in a used-up field.

that was not the last night like that, but more often than not, i don't hear a sound save a half-asleep peck smacking. i think my favorite nights below their window are the twice i heard him gently blow flat into a brass harmonica while she was low crooning "you've got to hide your love away."