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Chicago Winter Confession

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In Parallel

Bakul Banerjee

In parallel, we walked the streets, sometimes paved with city refuse under the sulfurous haze of dirty sunlight or lined with tall trees under evening sky flushed by the distant Aurora Borealis.

I bear the curse of never stopping, yet I scan your signals forever.

There were days when I tried to stray toward you but Bodhiswattas beaconed me to show the way to equanimity, to keep my path equidistant from yours. "The geometry may not be Euclidean," you mused once, "In time parallels do meet."

Carnivores I abhor, but I yearn for the salt of love, perhaps just a nibble at your earlobe.

Chicago Winter Confession

Aaron Brown

Last summer,

When the sweat dripped slowly down My face like five o'clock traffic, The sun ovening the pavement, The steel frames tinting in the heat; I wished for winter. Forgive me.