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 Bodhisattas beaconed
me 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.

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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.