Sun Poisoning

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it’s wednesday afternoon. your landlord hasn’t fixed the window box air conditioning he promised he’d have blowing out ice by last sunday. maybe it’s the global warming; maybe summer took so long to come that we’ve forgotten the season might end before the heat does. august’s sun stabs through the screens faster than the sharp wind we let whisper between us.

so much wind in this city; so much wind in this room.

swaying our hair like static storms; it’s not enough to distract from the sticky dripping heat and we melt into marshmallow cushions, passing a White Owl of trees and smoke from lip to lip. the air smells like sweat and patchouli and tastes like white grapes and warm beer. you blow o’s.

they linger around your head like thoughts and that’s the only thing you say. o, straying through roomed wind. o, fading away. oh,

the things we could say if we weren’t so afraid to be listened to.