Sneaking Out

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Sneaking Out

I stood in your front yard,
gazing through my reflection in your bedroom window
ready to tap on the glass.

Inside
tall blue pillar candle
burned
slow and smooth
sketching long shadows on the wall
swirling rivers of indigo from curved wax edges
to the base of the flame

your music penetrated the glass
guitar raindrops strumming on the pane
melodic and even tones
and the occasional crackle of a page turning in calloused fingers
my lungs heated with the strong citrus candle scent
familiar like lemon fruit loops
yet bolder, juxtaposed over faded patchouli

I watched you read, waiting for me
elbows rested on your knees,
and I could feel my hand on your back
arched over
soft flannel
I wish I could drink you in like soup,
warming my stomach as it flows down my throat
straight to chilled colorless fingers

I tapped, wanting the window to shatter at my feet

Andrea Catharine Steves