

On Side-a-Longing

I look up at the ceiling: a fixture of steel concentric rings. This looking I do helps me meet ends, not least the mouth on me that opens on “Oh.” As in, “I don’t have to involve a man I know.” He was, once, beside me, on his side. Outside is a highway one blue car cuts down per second. I put on my body and not for a judgment and not for a body. It was rare that I lived outside myself long enough. I knew what was next. Now not.

Nathaniel Rosenthalis, *24 Hour Air*