

Static

The stereo on.

Bass, strummed soft with a heartbeat.

Mellow light from the corner casts shadows on his face.

The ceiling fan is going,

but nowhere in particular.

Its monotonous whine is smothered

by the hidden drums in the speakers near the bed.

A brush strokes an invisible cymbal.

I'm lying in his arms

thinking of him,

Wondering who he's thinking of.

A sax wails.

I pull away,



while cries from an unseen guitar cover my own