

Brittany Kusserow, Apartment 801

The ceiling's got its stains
and the couch has seen a lively past,
watching like it always has,
moved from place to place.
There's nothing here to eat
but Airborne and EmergenC.
I use rabbit ears on my TV
for PBS and NBC.
But I set things up the way
I thought that you might like it.
All my furniture's
meticulously placed.
I can't control my thermostat.
Too hot or cold, and who needs that.
But I think we'll be just warm enough
when you come to stay.
I'm confused by love,
wondrous in the morning light
when you search me
with wide open eyes.
You'll be here in a week.
But sometimes I regress,
and I think I'm damned,
I'm scared you'll leave.
When you find out
the rest of me
on VH1 or MTV.
See, I am still so reckless.
Like the time I broke that necklace
that she gave me in a letter
just before she went to Greece.
Still so many pictures.
Every now and then I miss her.
But maybe that's the consequence
of dreaming for the seas.
The oven's way too small
but that's okay, 'cause I don't bake.
There's nothing to eat, anyway,
and nothing on the walls.
You'll be here in a week
and I'll pick you up and drive you home.
I love it when we're almost home
and you're
dancing, riding next to me.
Alas! Alas! There's nothing here
until you're here beside me.
And I won't fear the noises
of my kitchen in the night.
I hope you like my traffic cone
I stole from that convenience store.
I hope you like the parts of me
I find so hard to fight.