OUR NEXT BREAK

by Amanda Deo

Gabriel is a Godly name so when you shout it across the library I feel like going back to where I came from and kneeling slowly and another rough draft. I think about winter all the time and how late it comes and how long it stays. In winter you don't sweat it out. In winter you sneak me behind the front desk and play with the buttons on my coat. You welcome the new girl by putting a message on her back. I breathe harder until she pops or until you ask me what I've seen or until you see my hand turn into a fist.

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