

Mercury

by Chanel Dubofsky

At 11 pm, it is 87 degrees and I sit in front of the air conditioner, eating oatmeal. The oats aren't soft enough, but it is sugary and fills me. Outside, the city hovers at the edge of a brown out, people sweating hopelessly inside small boxes. In Utah, it was cold enough at night to huddle under blankets inside our tent, my fingers running up your spine like a zipper. When you held the flashlight under your chin, your eyes huge and your lips puckered, I laughed until everything hurt, until I believed that it could all be healed.

