

# at night, she comes

*by* Renee Blair

As I lay in bed, my head was swimming with nicotine, the coldness of the first snow, and unfinished love thoughts. The part of me that was my truest self cheered for me with steaming tears running down her face. And although she would disappear down into the recesses of my deepest faith and fears at dawn's break, she had appeared in a dingy bar bathroom when I needed her the most. And just the thought of her and the proof that she was still alive and well and fighting drifted me off into the haze of necessary sleep.

