Where Loneliness Lives

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Where Loneliness Lives
Supreetha Gubbala

There is a pit
carved into the center
of my chest
filled with swollen
moth balls,
themselves coated in dust
or leaves,
forgotten attempts
to preserve
the stored away heart.

At high noon
in mid-June,
the Orange line
readies, packed
for a saturday ball game.
Boston thaws,
inviting the warm skin of strangers
to ebb against mine,
sticking only slightly,
then peeling off at the stops.

I watch them
adjust their caps
and step off into the
rays of light veering
rarely through subway
station windows.
Relieved for space,
I exhale.
I miss them.

I jog in Sacramento
because this is
what one does
in Sacramento.

Foliage is slow here,
falling amongst rows of gentle houses
in rhythm with the couples
that appear so suddenly,
that the side walk feels infiltrated

fingers wrapped around fingers,
and rose gold bands
with their dogs and trees
that drape over yards filled
with wooden rope swings
and stability.

I jog past.
I attempt a smile
Look happy
Completely satisfied
without your dog
wooden tree swing
or rose gold.

It is 2pm.
The high tide crashes in,
swirling pools of muddled foam
invade my well-kept cave.
The mothballs,
they float aimlessly to the surface
popping out their
white balmy, balding heads,
coating me with slick discomfort.

There is no place for
this kind of ugliness
in Sacramento.

Sometimes loneliness just has to live
between tides,
and skins of arms on subways.
Only to suddenly appear as
vulgar,
bubbling
garbage
floating in clear blue waters,
passing by gaping vacationers and
disrupting holidays in Cancun.

An uninvited reality
between
engagement rings
and
tree swings.