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## 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.