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BRENNAN D'ELENA

He lights a cigarette and keeps
his hand steady on the wheel.
He puffs the smoke into my face,
a taste I'm all too familiar with,
as we drive throughout the city
and watch the sky dawdle as it
attempts to paint itself tangerine.
He invites me into his shack;
butts thrown on the ground, flies dancing
above ancient dishes of leftover pasta.
I sink into the bottomless pit that lives
in the middle of the room, parallel
to the drums as he begins to jam,
pouring his music into my cup.
I take a sip and the room spins
like a record, like a broken clock,
like my beating heart.