

Drifting

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Perhaps it could have been different

for you and me.

I hear you crying behind closed doors
and the blare of music fails to disguise
the painful echo of your pained heart.

The light dims and you move
silently across your room
to rummage something plastic.

The amber hue of the light casts
a soft glow and paints your shadows
on the grey mosquito netting.

Quietly I wait and touch the surface
of your door; silently forming on the faded blue lines,
a distant memory with the tip of my finger.

My finger circles over the smooth fibrous lines
and stops on a door wound made by a nail,
perhaps in the past.

You turn off the lights and the creaking fan
grates annoyingly at its metal parts
producing a jarring sound
in the humid afternoon.