

Emily Pineau

I would for you

I could never seem to get up
those steps fast enough
as I took out the key I
had to your apartment
that your mom gave me.
Soon I'd know those
steps better than I
know most people.

That summer smell
drove all of your
neighbors' dogs crazy
and they would always
stick their noses between
my toes and behind
my knees.

I remember when I had
sunburned thighs
and I walked into
your kitchen.
Jack jumped
on my legs and
his claws dug
into my red skin.

I think it's kind of funny
that your dog greeted me
with kisses more often
than you did.

Once in a while
I cleaned your room
and made your bed
when I waited for you
and your mom to
come home from work.

You always left
your mattress naked
and your sheets wrapped
up in your blankets on the
floor with all of your lumpy
pillows half-under the bed
with no pillow cases on them.

I wanted to untangle you.
I wanted you to come home
to something that was
put together, so that
maybe
you would feel like
you were
put together.

Emily Pineau resides in Stoneham Massachusetts and is a Sophomore at Endicott college. She studies English with a concentration in creative writing and enjoys writing free verse poetry and short stories.