

## **Ben Nardolilli**

Sill, Lintel, and Jambs

These make up my world,  
No island, but straddling  
A strait that others use.

Home holds no friends, family,  
Or lovers, only crumbs,  
Dust, and books already read.

In home there is only amusement  
In sleep, the only ride  
Is stretching out in slumber.

But out there, on the streets,  
Are puddles, stains, and faces  
Which look away from me.

Out there are the buildings  
Which are never comfortable,  
Constant demolition and rubble.

So here is my world,  
Where I greet those leaving  
To find excitement

And greet those who have returned,  
With mascara dripping  
And shoes filled with blisters.

**Ben Nardolilli** is a twenty three year-old writer living in Arlington, Virginia. His work has appeared in *Houston Literary Review*, *Perigee Magazine*, *Canopic Jar*, *Lachryma: Modern Songs of Lament*, *Baker's Dozen*, *Thieves Jargon*, *Farmhouse Magazine*, *Elimae*, *Poems Niederngasse*, *Gold Dust*, *The Delmarva Review*, *Underground Voices Magazine*, *SoMa Literary Review*, *Heroin Love Songs*, *Shakespeare's Monkey Revue*, *Cantaraville*, and *Perspectives Magazine*. He was poetry editor for *West 10th Magazine* at New York University.