

Sarah Velez

Admittance

A month after you left
I felt exactly the way I had
When the accountant
Shut the storage door behind him
Closing the two of us
Into my mother's office closet.

Just like driving through
A morning's heavy fog
Nothing is visible.
Not the lines on the road
Or the ones I swallowed-
Placebos.

Desire
Something to take for a pregnant thought,
Long strides and a fast pace,
Creased and collared shirts,
The sign of grey hair,
Differences in decades,
Restless sleep,
Claustrophobia,
The click of a lock,

Two cuts on the left side of my back.
My heart has become a shade darker twice.

Sarah Velez lives in Albuquerque, NM where she enjoys hiking, eating green chile, and the sky. She has had 2 prose pieces published in the Santa Fe Literary Review.