

## Layla Lenhardt

### 39 North

We'd lick honey from flower petals  
and make peace, with a couple  
fingers in a rocks glass. Time didn't  
exist in this vacuum, tucked between  
two pines giant enough to make sly  
squirrels tremble and plummet to  
the velvet earth below.

We'd pretend the wind outside our  
window was ocean waves and swallow  
a thousand purple cups, sleeping on the  
floor in a home where the cats plan  
their great escape  
and all the monsters in our heads  
are drowned out by the sound  
of airplanes above us.

**Layla Lenhardt** has most recently been published in *Peeking Cat Poetry, 1932 Quarterly*, and *Door Is A Jar*. She is editor-in-chief of *1932 Quarterly* and she believes that you can never have enough cats. [www.pretzel8byteslite.wordpress.com](http://www.pretzel8byteslite.wordpress.com)