LOOKING ?

no sheets on the bed, no color on the walls
exactly 5 shirts hang in the half-open closet
an almost empty particle board nightstand
holds a cellphone from a tech company I've never even heard of before
and an unopened pack of cigarettes

other than these there is nothing
to suggest a living organism
I'm standing in a bedroom, if it can be called that
While the loneliest man in Edmonton unbuckles my belt.

He keeps his things in a box under the sink
his sad, his happy,
his friends to text back when he's finished here
he keeps me facedown
moustache down
plausible deniability, I think it's called.

the lady on the cigarettes is staring at me
barb tarbox
how fitting
like if I was named john cumdump

When we die and fossilize
under batteries and vape cartridges,
other things incorrectly disposed of
will they hold our bones and feel
the sweaty palms, too-hard touches
heartbeats out of sync
will they tilt their heads and listen
to the shame that bubbled out of lips in whispers
of a language nobody speaks anymore
or will the automated
sorting system slot us
into two display cases
parallel across the hall
looking, not touching

Tonight, I look behind me
while he stares into his eyelids.

I wish I stayed home.
-- *sable b.b*