

The Spread
Isabella Waldron

Out my window that I dare not open

I hear a couple plan their pandemic love:

Well, it wouldn't be prudent to kiss you

I agree

Even though I may want to

I understand

Perhaps it's best this way. Less complicated

Although

Look at the bright side. You will never break my heart

Oh

And you will never catch a cold from me. Isn't that the worst when you—

Well, the worst?

Right. Right. You know what I meant

Or maybe if we

There can be nothing else

There can be nothing else?

You shouldn't touch your eyes with your hands

I am sad

Your head! Your head is on my shoulder!

Just for a moment?

...

...

...

...

I listen to their silence then the silly couple headed to their certain grave
choosing one brief life over lives and I remember for a moment
a kiss the weight of my own head