10-2013

Nothing Lonely Goes Here

Abigail Zimmer

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/inscape

Recommended Citation

Available at: https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/inscape/vol33/iss1/35
NOTHING LONELY GOES HERE

by Abigail Zimmer

In the dream a friend becomes a lover, taking my body apart. I think how nice, better than pillows, though I did not remember wanting the friend nor how he came over and when I next see him while awake, I feel very close to him, like I want to kiss his mouth, but this is not a shared past and we have never touched.

In the dream I am very small and many phones are ringing and I don’t care about the phones but I care about being small and the chairs are too high so I sit on the floor which is dusty and the dust balls are very big because don’t forget I am small and I think I start crying, only in dreams water has very different properties, for example, water is not something to be felt.

When I try to write your name out—