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Nothing Lonely Goes Here

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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—