

Celine Low

His Dirt

Night elongates, restless,
stalking by the door, looking
forward to when he returns

and in my arms ease,
releasing all the dirt that day
heaped on him.

That night he returns restless
in your arms cradling a black cloud
he thinks he can keep

from you, just above his head
touching
no one else.

You can't know and you're kept
from knowing. The cloud unleashes
silver-sharp rain, tiny holes

all over your body. The silence tears
you even more because you know
that he knows that for every toxic drop

of that cloud
you would trade in with a drop
of your own tear.

Sunday Afternoon Hum

Sunday afternoon hum
of the fan and her snores
and my hands at home
on clattering keys. (The husband
is not home.)

No break in the hum
between us, two women
simply lying
in the living room

but enough for a glance
to rest
on brown limbs sprawled, chest facing
down on the sofa,
her hair sticking
out behind the arm
rest.

You imagine
her face below, mouth open
squished on one side by the pillow
(you smile, invisibly),
your hands still
clattering and your eyes still
never leaving,
never left the screen.

Sometimes the best moments hide
in the humdrum
seconds you take a
second
glance at.

Years Later

She was a goddess in his eyes
when he did not know her.

She knew marriage would take her
off the pedestal but hoped desire

and love could learn to live
on levelled ground.

But when pedestal crumbled,
where are her feet?

In his eyes a strange stone creature
where a goddess used to sleep.

Bloody ugly blemish hinting at a wound
sealed over with layers of scaly tissue.

When he accused her of a dead heart
that was when she died.

She kept a carefully blank face
and closed off her eyes.

Celine Low lives in Singapore, a tiny country in Southeast Asia with a hodgepodge of cultures. She holds an MA in English Literature and her writing has appeared in *9 Tales from Elsewhere* and *Blood Moon Rising Magazine*.