

Patrick Meeds

The Body Warms The Bed

Maybe the garbage bag full of dirty
magazines and the phone numbers
written on the door jamb were presents.
Maybe this is the apartment where
I'll sleep through the night again and stop
waking up thinking I'm in my bed
in the house where I grew up. Seeing
the shadows of model airplanes
hung from the ceiling with fishing line
and hearing my brother's wheezy snoring
in the darkness across the hall.

Nothing has been the same since you died
and I stayed up for two days and two nights.
Then that thing happened where it felt like
someone's hand reached up under my rib cage
and grabbed my heart and squeezed.
Like I had some kind of seizure.
Like the taste of pennies.
Like the mystery noises that come
from the apartment downstairs late at night.
Are they scraping animal hides?
Plucking the strings on the inside of a piano?
Worshipping the moon?

Patrick Meeds lives and works in Syracuse, NY and studies writing at The Downtown Writer's Center at the Syracuse YMCA. He has been previously published in *Stone Canoe Literary Journal*, *New Ohio Review*, *Tupelo Quarterly*, *Atticus Review*, *Whiskey Island*, and is forthcoming in *East by Northeast Literary Magazine*