

## At Dusk

I see a woman smoking in the glass. Time is stopped, rewound, and sped up. I've been falling for a while now. Then. Soon. The city drips away, leaking color all over my subconsciousness. It's entrancing, the liquid horizon against the growing night. I'm following the absence of shadow with every wing beat of my eyelashes. But they're sticking together- water and light and sweat on my silhouetted skin.

My awareness, what I see and taste and smell, it's bent. It's pulling the hairs on my head, the memories in my mind. That girl sounds so familiar and I'm swaying with the changes in her voice. I'm swaying with my head on my mom's shoulder. I'm swaying alone on the gray and yellow tram.

I take a step back, slip through the pages of a photobook. I land on feelings, incomplete thoughts, faded polaroids of my identity. They dance and shift like heady sun rays in the hour between the day and night, sun and stars.

The woman's burning and I'm twisting away from that dusty glass. Cigarette ash is on my tongue, in my lungs. Falling with dull strands of hair. I give in, closing my eyes, but gold still glows across my vision.

The girl laughs and I know what she looks like. What she dreams of. She has the hand that draws the shades. The short fingers that tap and touch her rosy cheeks and dimpled chin. That now splay across my thigh, long and dry and still. I furrow my brows and feel the bones of my arm, neck, face. I feel nothing familiar.

She laughs again, but the sun is setting. If I look up, I'll see constellations in the dust glowing there. If I look down, I'll see my shadow grow, change, and spill down the way. I'm not sure where it all stops, but we've reached the end of the line.

We step out into the rain and I rub my dimpled chin, take one last drag of the cigarette. In the flash of an ember, the darkness disperses across the green grass and I understand the innate significance of the hand before me, the sun behind me, and the stars peaking through the grey.