

Number 7

Through the smoke

In the leaning room

Their eyes collided.

***There would be casualties.***

He adjusted his heart

Controlled his smile

Lowered his eyes

And contemplated.

***I love him.***

***Him who?***

His approach was simple

For such a complicated man –

Through the crowd

Across the room

Up the incline

“Hi.”

He replied, “Why?” and disappeared.

After winning the lottery

Time passed.

Walking home

He accidentally saw him

Through the clouds

Gazing down

From a yield sign

Protruding from the top of a telephone pole

Across the street

Up the knoll

Alone.

***I love him.***

***Him who?***

His approach was simple  
For such a rich and complicated man –

Through the traffic

Across the street

Up the incline

When the road he was climbing

Got up

And turned on him

Causing him to stumble

To fall, unable to...

Lying on his back

Looking up

He could see him

Laughing atop the sign

Atop the pole.

***I love him.***

***Him who?***

“May I join you?”

He stopped laughing

And smiled in his direction

So he began to climb.

When he reached the top

His phone rang.

The text read,

“We can be...”

Exhausted, he laid down

Atop the sign

Atop the pole

And went to sleep

Alone.

Waiting

For number 8.