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Record Store

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THE APARTMENT

Emily Zamelin

The acrid air of disrepair
fills my lungs with
resinous amber,
tasting like
tension
and clouded with burning incense and
unrequited love.

This prison cell hell, with
rusted hinges
screeching
for me to flee,
can't be heard over the spider-spun music
weaving hope between these bloodless and
necrotic chambers.

The dissonant and familiar chords fill
my ears
and I let it drown out any noise that's
not
him.

So the perfumed smoke
wraps around my neck and
teases me back to his bed and
swallows me into his arms and
plays me like his broken record.