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## The Apartment

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**RECORD STORE** Taylor Roseberry

## 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.