

sun-kissed dining room

Ceallan Hunter

I ask for you desperately, and I don't tell the truth.
For hours there is silence. I want everything I don't tell you.

Fish hang from your ears and water drips down your sides. Perfect
small circles your eyes.
You've been tired for weeks now.

You don't sleep well anymore.

I cry when bleeding never stops, and you try to make me smile.
You wrap your arms around my chest, kiss the back of my neck,
hair caught in your lips, and smile through pinched eyes.

When I find you next, you haven't moved, and for days we lay in
crumpled sheets.
Nipples taut under brisk air, and legs intertwined.
I ask you to play that record once more, and Christmas comes early this
year.

I don't celebrate it, you desperately want me to,
and I worry your mother doesn't like me.

Teeth wedged in corners and after a long-time, marks are left on my arm.

After an even longer time, I come back to you, lost in my own stubbornness.

I can see you more clearly now.

Hats pulled over eyes,
and sleeves layered on fingers.

Your collar is on your chin and cold winds can't hide your pain.

Winter has come early this year. I wait in the silence of snow as darkness comes and moves like a giant in the dark.

Conceal me and wait for pale legs with wool socks to pad over cold wooden floors, watch the misty morning break in bleak sunlight and clouds of vapor over coffee mugs.

Me and you . . . hang over the sides of the beds . . . hair falls in the space between and we meet together, as one.

Sickly sweet and wonderfully malicious touching your warmth.
Bounce in the rooms, together as one.

Ceallan Hunter is a senior at UND pursuing degrees in English and visual arts with certificates in creative writing and photography. Ceallan likes to write prose and poetry with a focus on nature and land-based writing. Her photography is similar, with depictions of landscape and nature along with abstract and expressive themes. Ceallan Hunter's poetry is reflective of her time in nature and portrays the movement of time and the fluidity of space around us. Her poetry contains fragments of her imagination and what memory prevails. When Ceallan isn't writing or taking photos, she likes to backpack, listen to live music, and read various poetry and fiction collections.