

Pittsburgh

By Kayla Shannon

I sat in my idled car
Along a narrow street
That grew dilapidated homes
Like weeds.

My bones shivered in protest
Despite the heavy heat pouring
From the vents.

I was waiting,
Multiple state lines away from home.

You came out
From behind the screen door.
The night cloaked your details.

Just
A black silhouette in the distance.

The snow slipped under my worn out shoes
As I stepped out of the car
Into the cold
To see you in the light
After four years
Of reaching my hand into the dark to find you
And coming up empty handed
Every single time.