

imitation

the fan in the corner is
humming and humming
i'm homesick for something
that i've never had.
wishing and losing and loving and loving and
nothing is real
except for the
sound of a stranger
laughing like summer never ends,
never ends,
outside of my window
outside of the window of
life that i've lived.
i am so small and the
world is so big and my
life is the longest that i'll ever live.
so i'm writing and dreaming
of loving and loving
of nothing but someday the
life that i'll live
and humming along with the
fan in the corner
like nothing,
like nothing
exists.