the space between daylight & the darkness of the east river tunnel // Mayyim Hayyim

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In the shower we sometimes remember
the fantastic—
water coaxing shoulders
to rest; the steams of memory
fogging reflections

in the mirror; if we once shared
water with a lover or watched
the water pool in our palms; if we
saw all the troubles of our day sneak
out the window like a ghost; if we

closed our eyes and nearly
fell asleep in the downpour,
(as if to ask water to fund
our escape to dreams;)

if we wondered why hard water
is not as conducive for lather; if we
watched our blood swirl gorgeously down the drain,
a monthly reminder;

if we wondered where our lovers
are, what our childhood friends do
now, and if they still go to the beach,
what our mothers are

thinking about when we're not home
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high-contrast insta-hued times sq i hate it—in the east village i found you &
your white sneakers—you asked me the word in english for arrancar—i am
sorry i almost dropped your sketchbook into the dumplings—the colorful
markered painted pages, a turtleito and buildings with faces & highlighter
bright—in between searching we find our way but are lost again, completely
desconocidos—to look for toy boats in the penn station k-mart—you would
use them in your thesis about the ocean filling with trash and the seagull
that tried to pick up the pieces one by one—stopmotion animation—your
father owned a mining company in chile and moved all over the country
and so you were used to any and all cities, even new york city—going to
your queens apartment was to witness the scene of my whole adolescence in
front of me, on the train, the marsh between douglaston and bayside; the
breath between suburbia and borough—have you ever fallen in love during
a dream only to wake up and see light moving on the ceiling—stopmotion
animation—you were the wish to escape all that i know—tenía miedo de
times sq—why'd you always want to walk that way to penn station—but
thanks for taking me—but to become so full of someone you barely know
yourself—you told me we could be friends-plus—you left me on read on facebook messenger—i waited for you in the starbucks and pretended to write—you left me on read on facebook messenger—is this what the internet does—i find your polaroids in my notebook—stopmotion animation—like the animated shortfilms on your instagram, all the projects, all the temporalidad—all quick and saturated stories end & i continue scrolling, desconocida again