

5-1-2020

Dead Ladybugs on my Window

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SUNY Purchase

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Recommended Citation

Middleton, Amy (2020) "Dead Ladybugs on my Window," *Gandy Dancer Archives*: Vol. 8 : Iss. 2 , Article 14.
Available at: <https://knightscholar.geneseo.edu/gandy-dancer/vol8/iss2/14>

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Dead Ladybugs on my Window

At 4am my sweat-drenched sheets smell like you.
I'm jealous of the bugs because I can't sleep
through a night. I'd grow an exoskeleton if I thought
it would help but I'm worried it'd just make me look fat.
Watered down coffee doesn't wake me, it sits
heavy in my stomach wondering where you went—
together, we watch the sky turn white. A wall of
blackbirds come from across the street, all their wings
in sync, and they're singing a song you once said reminded you
of me. One I could never remember the name of
but could always pick out if I heard it. Morning wanders
in quietly, careful not to glare in my eyes while I wash my mug.
Wet coffee grounds stain the sink—shades of brown
racing towards the drain—stuck in stasis, just out of reach.