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Yellow Light

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Yellow Light

Alone, you can hear sounds you never looked for. The ghost of the party next door, muffled pop songs and conversations about thin air keep slipping under the door, uninvited. I can hear this room wheeze. Bed springs whine and creak under my heavy stomach weight, forcing the white cotton pillows to rub against each other. I can hear the ocean in this bed. The stained wine glasses on my desk rattle like wind chimes singing their sad, empty song. Wishing only to be full, to be held. But the real criminals are the appliances; the fridge makes ice cubes, and it is an avalanche. The heater hums, with a bang every now and again, shuffling into place. The streetlamp outside glows silently. Pale yellow hangs still in the night, only to remind me that there is nothing there. I take in a lot of air. Cough, even, just to see who would hear.