

You Could Live

by Katie Southerland

I wonder if I could just roll you
up into a ball, put you on my
nightstand instead. The last thing
I see every night. I could dream
of you in red jackets sitting next
to a pond, feeding ducks with a piece
of bread. I could dream of you
twirling ribbons and tapping
your foot against stone, impatiently
waiting. Then maybe we wouldn't
be alone. We wouldn't stand in doorways
waiting for something to happen.
I could live in my sleep.
You could live in a jar.