

# Places of Love

by Dylan Foran

I drive home on the same Sunday night streets,  
on dark winding roads that have felt my smiling eyes,  
past windowlit houses that have seen me, holding tightly onto the warmth  
in my chest that you have given me.

Every room, every place, we fill with our memories, with our love

Our Instagram chats  
You're beautiful name, stuffed with love,  
Over piles of perfect little poems  
"goooooodddMOOORRRninngggg you beautiful amazing person:)))"

Our calls  
Google meet, the soil of our love  
Where we try our best to connect through our distance  
Waiting for the weekend to come

Car rides together  
Your car or mine  
A party in a can by day  
At night, soft rumbling brings us to sleep in each other's arms  
Lights flashing by our peaceful faces

Malls of joy and overstimulation  
Movies with the boys,  
and the shock of Zendaya forgetting tom

The park on Laurel Street  
Where our paint and canvas meet

Where we laughed and we hiked  
cried and biked

And too, the neighborhood streets  
Sunsets are honey gold treats  
Where we walked, hand In hand  
Or hand in hand in leash

Your kitchen,  
Where our laughter fills the air  
Making food and family  
Frosting fresh baked cookies with friends and cousins  
Your living room  
Eating, then watching, cuddling, inevitably sleeping, loving  
Never finishing a movie or a show  
Sleeping tight together on that couch instead  
Of a much more comfy, queen size bed

Your backyard, full of love most of all  
Fun Summer swims, stargazing in fall  
Laughing and sliding and falling on ice  
Strawberries and brown sugar and biscuits so nice

Your bed  
Where we wake  
Wrapped in warmth  
Holding each other tightly  
Wordlessly saying " I am here, baby'  
"Through hurting hearts, self hatred and hardships,  
I am here."