

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."