

JULY

july buzzes noisily at the window, but the
silence between us is deafening, the
space separating us an endless
expanse. our parents fill the remaining
seats at the round table, chattering on about
injuries, work, food. they sit shoulder to
shoulder, pressuring us together, yet somehow
we remain worlds apart with just one inch between.
the sky is darkening, spilling pinks and purples on
indigo canvas, and i remember the first summer
you looked at me like i was the last person
on earth to love you, hair flying in every
direction as tegan and sara blared on the car radio.
little did you know i would be daisy and you would
be gatsby, chasing a dream that would never become
reality, a july that would filet you at the ribcage and
splay you wide open like a beautiful cadaver. through
the noise i hear our mothers joke about us getting
married and suddenly i am gatsby and you are daisy,
and i am racing over that endless expanse of space
between us at the table into your arms. in another
life we own a round table of our own, the noise
around us not from parents but from friends or
children. in another life we are those children,
speeding down empty roads and chasing twilight
faster than the wind can whip through our hair. but
in this life is july, buzzing and chattering and
pressuring us together, us with one inch of space
between. our parents cannot know and will never
know of these julys but will speak of them
anyways, and we will remain out of earshot,
out of sight, forever lingering in that colorful
noisy limbo together.

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