

wintering

by Ashley Inguanta

a name is what you are,
and a name is a wall
between. one day

let me be earth, so you may be allowed
to say you love me. for now
i am separate. i'm afraid

that's how i will die,
and sometimes
when i'm in bed at night, i think,

if i stayed here for two days straight,
no one would notice. my whole life
may be a wondering of why

i am not earth and you are in your home with the lights on.

