

Cynthia Bonitz

oh, to be lonely in brooklyn.

The F train never came.  
We stood like nothingness,  
so uncertain of ourselves,  
sheer wordless *what now?* staring into black over Marcy.  
It was aching cold, with the chronic silence,  
with white breath we challenged like fighters,  
like it somehow represented everything about life.

We couldn't say it. We wanted to.  
But we swallowed it, feeding it to our weeds,  
scripting the pitiful story into the bottom of our shoes,  
into the night's binge drinking.

Will we make it into the city tonight?  
Will I ever tell you I don't love you?

## Rant

The silence of you and me, that midnight,  
Under the covers, my daring darling,  
*dare.*

But the neighbors were so loud, and smoking,  
ranting about that party  
and the big rain at the Neutral Milk concert we had missed.  
(I hate using the word *rant*.)

But here, in this candled pocket, we were writing ourselves,  
peeling back the truth like rotten fruit,  
so sweet and melancholic and broken as it was,  
our demise, our point, my clothes astray.  
(But I like taking off your things.)

Watching your humidity, its weariness unfolding,  
I won't say a word, if you won't.  
Just the neighbors and their bullshit,  
covers and breath, our insaneness.  
*How to?* Don't ask me.  
Explanation in fingerprints, tracing bones, electricity.  
Will they ever stop talking? (Their nonsense is aching.)  
Nobody cares anymore about Bedford Avenue.