

Midnight Arcade

Talal Alyan

first the dress falls,
beneath that cotton,

you are naked.
you are also alone.

next the kitchen,
underneath the

fluorescent lights
you spread the cast

of your body across
the tiles on the floor.

every light of the house
will be on. you will sleep

like you haven't
slept in a year.

like you've just returned
or departed

whichever feels less
like loss.