

Kayla Russell

JUNE 7TH AT 2 A.M.

The fog was thick
With cigarette smoke,
No real distinction
Between the white and gray
Streaks forming the atmosphere.
*How strange it felt
To be anything at all.*
As the words of a free spirit
In a sun dress
On the pavement
Rattling romance
Came out as the sound
Of my grandmother playing piano;
Rhythm encircling a moment,
Making it stand out in time.