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Apartment Complex

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John Poch
Apartment Complex

The woman on the patio below calls Brown Kitty into the night air as if this were the country, as if no one were sleeping here. It is not the country. I am not sleeping. I am hearing the tune of her throat and swallowing. I have heard her rant and despair to the men she loves to fight, who come and go, bay and croon, for she approximates the only late-night-calling woman home, letting chaos fly all hours with the brushing of her perfumed hair. The stars are visibly upset, and the moon...where is the moon? Where is the brown kitty the awakened take for a bad name in the night? I have paraded by the sliding glass door down there pretending things. Strange I should want to extend my call to save her from something terrible, having thought of fire and wished abusive men on her. How her precious game, her face and voice will fade, I cannot say. After all, I favor solitude and fear to give my throat away. She sings the name into the night. The words return with animal desire.

*"Apartment Complex" originally appeared in The Laurel Review
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