G R A V I T Y
by Julia Lattimer

I am pulled to a girl
like my feet are pulled to the ground.
She stands in a window
6 years away
in a city a few miles closer.
Her hands do not shake
and her lips are not chapped.
She is steady and cool
and waiting.
When we stand in front of it
The grid of knobs yell conformity
trapped inside white walls, no doors

When we touch it
Electrons scatter, bringing paranoia, tear the plaster
When we turn it on
Speakers growl
They don’t understand

But when we grasp the faders, the knobs, the filters
Power vibrates to all through the room
Small, cold, and absurdly far away, Pluto has always been selfish with its secrets.
the spaces between

bedsheets
fingers
heartbeats
hushed sighs
basslines

what was said
and what was meant

who we thought we were and
who we actually are