

## **Are you out there?**

You left a purple denim jumpsuit in your online shopping cart, told me one in five women owns a jumpsuit—seems you never achieved the social prestige of the one category. Your apartment, a two-bedroom boxcar off the old train depot smells like dust and trapped breath. I sigh. Your pride the day you presented me with the ad—*plenty of room and good light*—a smile breaking over your face, your eyeroll as I questioned you about rats. I check your email and no one has replied to you re: Day Baker – Part Time. You were leaving your career as a chemist, leaving the streets we decorated with paper boats, parade candy wrappers, and later, just-kissed women and empties. I find your hikers in the bottom of your bedroom closet, think you must have blistered heels if you made it out. I step over the water-damaged half wall to straighten a photograph above the fridge—you and I camping at Terra Nova. You are wearing your green pack, the only item missing here. Are you out there? I ask the crumpled moths on your counter. You grin at me from behind the glass, shading your eyes with your hand and I leave your boxcar to streets of urchin shells and rows of dried seaweed.