

2019, Michigan attic (summer)

runner

Antonia Piedmonte-Lang

April 13, 2026

In her room time moves to a cherry colored mist. It is sweet and orange because the sun is going down, and the sound of a careful shift on the shaft of a guitar rings over and over from down the tan carpeted stairs, under the crack of her elevated door. It's the kind of weather that makes her limbs slow and muddled, a little numb. Like stumbling loosely to the bathroom in the dark, little birds reminding you of the up and coming rise. Mind matches this stupor, and is better for it. Without its crisp turns and sharp edged rails she is better. She can see herself as if she were outside herself: Lock of hair running down her forehead. For some reason in her detached mind's eye, this lock is blond, turned a soft orange with the dust and the stream of evening from the window on her slanted attic ceiling. Arms, they are outstretched. Her love is here and he is giddy. He will always begin from that other plane of excitement. The one lovers are supposed to be on when they see, what they perceive/sense to be, a part of themselves before them. That big smile, a happy meeting of arms around arms, pieces so giddy to be puzzled together. She has seen this statement on many. It's funny how different they can be and still share this expression, this moment of "recognition." She finds it curious, responds in a way that makes her concerned a bit for her psychology. She's got a detachment from the human body and its demands. Its emotions, expressed so simply. Emotion to limb to Other's limb to emotion. This circuit in her is separate, the track is split, with one hovering a bit above, parallel to the other. Emotion reigning over limb. Emotion strong, loving and hateful mostly, always.. Lost on her poor debased body. Can never quite make it to body then to Other (that major, electrifying step). But she can see how they'd attach, she really can. And yes, a current of electricity does at times make its way. So he's got that welcome on his face inviting an upbeat, happy energy. She's dense with her figurings though and she knows she'll bring him to her plane out of her sheer inability to fake it. So he'll come down, settle into her energy— where the slowness of things doesn't make for quick bodily somersaults. But her arms do outstretch; she can see the knobbls of her wrists signaling to the tips of her fingers to downfall, hang loose. Her neck itching back and to the side as if zombying to him. She sees all of this as if she were on the wall, or on his shoulder, but no. Some third place, somewhere still.