

The Commonplace

Valentina Cano

Love you heard, you said.
Love scratching with crystal
fingernails on that cracked window.
Are you sure you were awake?
Love like a millipede strolled
down the sidewalk, you said,
smiling, greeting the loose pebbles.
Love with a leash
around its thick neck, you told me.
Barking gloriously at its neighbors.
Are you sure?