Edinburgh
by Olivia Geho

Even in early morning light,
the alleys trap darkness keep secrets 600 years old
about battles between classes, disease,
and our falling out, a dynamic
muted by the ancient walls,
left unsaid even after we boarded
the train back home.

I don’t know if it was your subtle hints
or my persistence in ignoring them,
but we shared silent dinners,
sipped lattes in the empty café,
stared out at the stone maze
that swallowed our voices.

We climbed a mountain, looked down
on the city from Arthur’s seat,
pressed our hands to the frigid compass
cemented to the rock in hope it would send us
in different directions on the way down
but we were only hushed by the wind pushing hair into our mouths.
On the train, I leaned on the window you drew magpies gliding deftly down cliff sides and
never looked up
because we’d spoken every word
into the bricks we touched
and the coffee mugs we cradled
on our lips while avoiding one another’s gaze.