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## That Damn Radiator

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## That Damn Radiator

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The rain comes in at 4:13 am.  
A soft dulling curtain, a background swirling.  
The snap, crackle percussion  
of drops smacking against the asphalt.

I see it all from the cheap ottoman on the second floor.

The window is open;  
the screen is halfway up.  
The off-white rusted radiator has yet to be turned on,  
so a cool fuzz outside  
floats in and fills the empty room.

I can smell the earth's raw breath;  
the heat of the sun has yet to take it away.  
The dewy morning mist unlocks all that's  
buried deep,  
and the intoxicating smell of you  
wafts up through those cracked copper grates.

It suffocates me like damp clothes  
sticking to my skin;  
dragging my heart down to my toes.

Your smell is not to stay.  
It is to linger just long enough;  
a sadistic reminder that says  
I'm right underneath you,  
doing just fine.