

YOU

LOOK AT

ME

Like An

EMERGENCY

CIG HARVEY

I



HE SAID,

“Your hair
is so wonderfully
dishveled.”

I THOUGHT,

“You should
see the inside
of me.”





I know how it
feels to keep FEAR
quietly contained.



I sailed the
Atlantic navigating
by stars that mostly
disappeared.
When the storms
came I stood at the
stern offering the first verses
of Christmas carols
over and over
to the walls of
relentless waves.
I swam the last
mile fully clothed
to the hydrangea-
covered shore.





HE SAID,

“ I don't always
feel like
you want
me to feel.”



But I only hear
what I want to
hear.



A photograph of a blue 1976 Cadillac Eldorado convertible driving on a winding asphalt road. The car is in the foreground, moving towards the viewer. The road curves to the left. The background features a dense forest of green trees under a cloudy sky. A utility pole stands on the right side of the road. The license plate is visible and reads "76 CCDD".

i drove south on 131.

*a winding black snake
to the peninsula.
As I turned on the heat
the windows slowly
fogged up and the
car became a separate
planet suspended.
It was raining ^{9/8} ways
and I stood on the
pier like a question
mark on the wind.*







Mattresses and
foam egg-crates
the color of pale sun
on our living room
floor, mismatched cushions
and old stained pillows
propped up along the walls.
LAW AND ORDER marathons
play constantly on TNT
As long brown hair ^{THE COLOR OF}
^{MOIST SOIL}
falls in clumps like
a blanket beneath you.



